

011781. l. 24.



James Sheppard Scott

46, Kensington Park Gardens,
W.11.

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THE
BEAUTIES
OF THE
ENGLISH STAGE:

Consisting of the most affecting and sentimental

PASSAGES, | SIMILIES,
SOLILOQUIES, | DESCRIPTIONS, &c.

IN THE
ENGLISH PLAYS,
ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Digested under proper HEADS in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, with the NAMES and DATES of the PLAYS and their several AUTHORS refer'd to.

The THIRD EDITION,

In which the ERRORS of the former EDITIONS are corrected, and the COLLECTION is continued down to the present YEAR.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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REBELLION

OF THE

RUSSIAN STATE

AND THE
RUSSIAN PEOPLE
IN THE
RUSSIAN EMPIRE

ENGLISH EDITION

ANCIENT AND MODERN

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THE
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ENGLISH STAGE.

POPULACE.



THE Commonwealth is sick of her own
Choice :

Her over-greedy Love has surfeited :
A Habitation giddy and unsure
Has he that builds upon the Vulgar's
Hearts.

O thou fond Many ! with what loud Applause,
Didst thou beat Heav'n with blessing *Bullinbroke* !
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be ?
But being trim'd up in thy own Desires,
Thou beastly Feeder art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up !
So, so, thou common Dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton Bosom, of the royal *Richard*,
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead *Vomit* up,

VOL. III.

B

And

The BEAUTIES of

And how! 'st to find it. What Trust is in these Times?
 They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,
 Are now become enamour'd of his Grave.
 Thou, that threw'st Dust upon his sacred Head,
 When thro' proud *London*, he came fighting on
 After th' admired Heels of *Bullinbroke*,
 Cry'st now, O Earth! yield us that King again,
 And take thou this!

SHAKESPEAR's *Henry IV.*

The Publick is the Lees of vulgar Slaves:
 Slaves, with the Minds of Slaves: So born, so bred:
 Yet such as these, united in a Herd,
 Are call'd the Publick! Millions of such Cyphers
 Make up the publick Sum: An Eagle's Life
 Is worth a World of Crows. Are Princes made
 For such as these? who, were one Soul extracted
 From all their Beings, could not raise a Man?

SHAKESPEAR's *Troilus and Cressida.*

Yet what are Princes, but for such as these?
 'Tis Adoration, some say, makes a God:
 And who should pay it? Where would be their Altars,
 Were no inferior Creatures here on Earth?
 Ev'n those who serve, have their Expectances,
 Degrees of Happiness, which they must share
 Or they'll refuse to serve. *Ibid.*

Dissentious Rogues,
 That rubbing the poor Itch of your Opinions,
 Make yourselves Scabs.
 That like not Peace nor War: The one affrights you,
 The other makes you proud.

Who deserves Greatness,
 Deserves your Hate. Your Affections are
 A sick Man's Appetite, who desires most that
 Which would encrease his Evil. He that depends
 Upon your Favours, swims with Fins of Lead.

SHAKESPEAR's *Coriolanus.*

See

See where their basest Mettle be not mov'd,
They vanish tongue-ty'd in their Guiltiness.

SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Cæsar*.

I'll about
And drive away the Vulgar from the Streets.
These growing Feathers pluckt from Cæsar's Wing
Will make him fly an ordinary Pitch,
Who else would soar above the View of Men,
And keep us all in servile Fearfulness, *Ibid.*

The Vulgar, a scarce animated Clod,
Ne'er pleas'd with aught above them, Prince or God.

DRYDEN's *Aurengzebe*.

Empire ! thou poor and despicable Thing,
When such as these unmake or make a King !

DRYDEN's *Conquest of Granada*.

The People like a headlong Torrent go,
And every Dam they break or overflow :
But unoppos'd, they either lose their Force,
Or wind in Volutes to their former Course.
Their Fright to no Persuasions will give Ear,
There's a deaf Madness in a People's Fear.

Ibid.

These Slaves,
These wide-mouth'd Brutes, that bellow thus for Freedom !

Oh ! how they run before the Hand of Pow'r,
Flying for Shelter into every Brake !
Like cowardly fearful Sheep, they break their Herd
When the Wolf's out and raging for his Prey.

OTWAY's *Caius Marius*.

The Rabble gather round the Man of News,
And listen with their Mouths.

The BEAUTIES of

Some tell, some hear, some judge of News, some make it,
And he that lies most loud, is most believ'd.

DRYDEN's *Spanish Friar*.

I have no Taste
Of popular Applause : The noisy Praise
Of giddy Crowds as changeable as Winds ;
Still vehement, and still without a Cause :
Servants to Chance, and blowing in the Tide
Of swoln Success ; but vering with the Ebb
It leaves the Channel dry.

Ibid.

Base mongrel Souls ! flesh 'em but once with Fortune,
And they will worry Royalty to Death !
But if some crabbed Virtue turn and pinch them,
They'll run, and yelp, and clap their Tails
Like Curs, betwixt their Legs, and howl for Mercy.

LEE's *Duke of Guise*.

The Crowd to restless Motion still inclin'd,
Are Clouds, that rack according to the Wind ;
Driv'n by their Chiefs, they Storms of Hailstones pour,
Then mourn and soften to a silent Show'r.

LEE's *Massacre of Paris*.

The Genius of your *Moors* is Mutiny :
They scarcely want a Guide to move their Madness :
Prompt to rebel on e'ery weak Pretence ;
Blust'ring when courted, crouching when oppress'd ;
Wise to themselves, and Fools to all the World ;
Restless in Change, and perjurd to a Proverb !
They love Religion sweeten'd to the Sense ;
A good, luxurious, palatable Faith !
Thus Vice and Godliness, prepost'rous Pair,
Ride Cheek by Jowl : But Churchmen hold the Reins ;
And whene'er Kings would lower Clergy-Greatness,

They'll

They'll learn too late what Pow'r the Preachers have,
And whose the Subjects are.

DRYDEN'S *Don Sebastian*.

The Scum
That rises utmost, when the Nation boils.

Ibid.

The Streets are thicker in this Noon of Night
Than at the mid-day Sun : A drowzy Horror
Sits on their Eyes, like Fear not well awake :
All crowd in Heaps, as at a Night's Alarm
The Bees drive out upon each other's Backs,
T' imbosc their Hives in Clusters : All ask News :
Their busy Captain runs the weary Round,
To whisper Orders ; and commanding Silence,
Makes not Noise cease, but deafens it to Murmurs.

Ibid.

Observe the Mountain Billows of the Main
Blown by the Winds into a raging Storm :
Brush off those Winds, and the high Waves return
Into their quiet, first-created Calm.
Such is the Rage of busy blust'ring Crowds,
Tormented by th' Ambition of the Great :
Cut off the Causes, and th' Effects will cease,
And all the moving Madness fall to Peace.

DRYDEN'S *Cleomenes*.

* The unthinking Crowd
Are govern'd only by their Ears and Eyes.

JOHNSON'S *Sultanes*.

* The Multitude unawed is insolent ;
Once seized with Fear, contemptible and vain.

MALLET'S *Mustapha*.

* The pliant Populace,
Those Dupes of Novelty, will bend before us
Like Officers to a Hurricane. MILLER'S *Mahomet*.

* The strong Report of *Arthur's* Death has worse
 Efection them than on the common Sort ?
 The Vulgar only shake their cautious Heads,
 Or whisper in the Ear, wisely suspicious,
 Gripping the Hearer's Wrist—who starts—and stops—
 With wrinkled Brows—and Shrugs—and rolling Eyes !
 As if his Life depended on his Secrecy !
 I saw a Smith stand with his Hammer thus !
 Who, while his Iron on the Anvil cool'd,
 With open Mouth swallowed a Taylor's News !
 Of thousands more of *Frenchmen* pouring on
 Our Coasts, in dreadful March of Fire and Sword !
 Another lean, unwashed Artificer
 Cuts of his Tale, and talks of *Arthur's* Death !
 CIBBER's *King John*.

P O P U L A R.

All Tongues speak of him, and the bleared Sights
 Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prattling Nurse
 Into a Rapture lets her Baby cry,
 While she chats him. The Kitchen-Malkin pins
 Her richest Lockram 'bout her reeky Neck,
 Clamb'ring the Walls to see him :
 Stalls, Bulks, Windows are smother'd up,
 Leads fill'd, and Ridges hors'd.
 I have seen the Dumb throng to see him,
 And the Blind to hear him speak, The Nobles bended
 As to *Jove's* Statue ; and the Commons made
 A Thunder and Show'r with their Caps and Shouts.
 SHAKESPEAR's *Coriolanus*.

All Nations bow their Heads with Homage down,
 And kiss the Feet of this exalted Man :
 The Name, the Shout, the Blast from e'ry Mouth
 Is *Alexander* ! *Alexander* bursts
 Your Cheeks, and with a Crack so loud
 It drowns the Voice of Heav'n ! Like Dogs you fawn,
 The

The Earth's Commanders fawn, and follow him :
Mankind starts up to hear his Blasphemy ;
And if this Hunter of the barb'rous World
But wind himself a God, you echo him
With universal Cry. *LEE's Alexander.*

Triumphant Brutus,
Like *Jove*, when follow'd by a Train of Gods,
To mingle with the Fates, and doom the World,
Ascends the brazen Steps o'th' Capitol,
With all the humming Senate at his Heels :
While you are but the Ape, the mimic God
Of this new Thund'rer, who appropriates
Those Bolts of Pow'r which ought to be divided :
Now, by the Gods ! I hate this upstart Pride,
His abject Soul, that stoops to court the Vulgar,
His Scorn of Princes, and his Lust to th' People !
O Collative ! have you not Eyes to find him ?
Why are you rais'd, but to set off his Honours ?
A Taper by the Sun, whose sickly Beams
Are swallow'd in the Blaze of his full Glory :
He like a Meteor, wades th' Abyss of Light,
While your faint Lustre adds but to the Beard,
That awes the World. When late through *Pompe* he
pass'd,

Fix'd on his Courser, mark'd you how he bow'd
On this, on that Side, to the gazing Heads,
That pay'd the Streets, and all imbois'd the Windows ;
That gap'd with Eagerness to speak, but could not,
So fast their Spirits flow'd to Admiration,
And that to Joy, which thus at last broke forth :
Brutus ! God Brutus ! Father of thy Country !
Hail, Genius, Hail ! Deliv'rer of lost *Rome* !
Shield of the Commonwealth, and Sword of Justice !
Hail, Scourge of Tyrants ! Lash of lawless Kings !
All Hail ! they cry'd, while the long Peal of Praises,
Tormented with a thousand echoing Cries,
Ran like the Volley of the Gods along.
But when you follow'd, how did their belling Bodies,

That ventur'd from the Casements more than Half
 To look at *Brutus*? nay, that stuck like Snails
 Upon the Walls, and from the Houses Tops
 Hung down, like clust'ring Bees upon each other?
 How did they all draw back at Sight of you,
 To laze, and loll, and yawn, and rest from Rapture!

LEE's *Lucius Junius Brutus*.

The People rend the Skies with loud Applause,
 And Heav'n can hear no other Name but yours!
 The thronging Crowds press on you as you pass,
 And with their eager Joy make Triumph slow!

DRYDEN's *Spanish Friar*.

I see you court the Crowd,
 When with the Shouts of the rebellious Rabble
 I see you born on Shoulders to Cabals;
 Where you all plot the royal *Henry's* Death;
 Cloud the majestick Name with Fumes of Wine;
 Infamous Scrowls, and treasonable Verse!
 While, on the other Side, the Name of *Guise*,
 By the whole Kennel of the Slaves is rung:
 Pamphleteers, Ballad-mongers, sing your Ruin,
 While all the Vermin of the vile *Parisians*
 Toss up their greasy Caps, where'er you pass,
 And hurl your dirty Glories in your Face.
 By Heav'n! I'd earth myself,
 Rather than live to act such black Ambition!
 But, Oh! you seek it with your Smiles and Bows,
 This Side, and that Side, cringing to the Crowd!
 You have your Writers too that chaunt your Battles;
 That stile you the new *David*! second *Moses*!
 Prop of the Church! Deliv'rer of the People!
 Thus, from the City as from the Heart, they spread
 Thro' all the Provinces, alarm the Countries,
 Where they run forth in Heaps bellowing your Wonders!

DRYDEN's *Duke of Guise*.

POVERTY.

the ENGLISH STAGE.

P O V E R T Y.

O reason not the Need, our basest Beggars
Are in the poorest Thing superfluous ;
Allow not Nature more than Nature needs,
Man's Life is cheap as Beasts. Thou art a Lady,
If only to go warm, were gorgeous,
Why, Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keep'st thee warm.

SHAKESPEAR's *King Lear*.

Thro' tatter'd Cloaths great Vices strait appear ;
Robes and furr'd Gowns hide all : Place Sins with
Gold,

And the strong Law of Justice hurtless breaks ;
Arm it in Rags, and Pigmy Straws do pierce it.

Ibid.

Wealthy Men, that have Estates to lose,
Whose conscious Thoughts
Are full of inward Guilt, may shake with Horror,
To have their Actions sifted, or appear
Before their Judge : But the Poor, that know them-
selves

As innocent as poor, that have no Fleece
On which the Talons of the griping Law
Can take sure Hold, may smile with Scorn on all
That can be urg'd against them.

BEAUMONT's *Spanish Curate*.

Want whets the Wit, 'tis true ; but Wit not blest
With Fortune's Aid, makes Beggars at the best :
Wit is hot fed, but sharpen'd with Applause ;
For Wealth is solid Food, but Wit is hungry Sauce.

DRYDEN's *Love Triumphant*.

Are all my Services forgot ?—— This Morn,
This splendid Morn beheld me first of Men,
Blest and applauded as my Chariot drove,

And by my Glories *Cæsar* was obscur'd !
 And now, the Day not yet obscur'd, behold
 Me last of Men, abandon'd and despis'd !
 O why is Man compos'd of such vile Stuff !
 Reduc'd at once to Beggary :—Hard Fate !
 Who now will ope their hospitable Doors,
 And shelter *Belisarius* from the Cold ?
 Who slake his Thirst, who spread the friendly Board
 To give the famish'd *Belisarius* Food !
 Or with an *Obolus* relieve his Wants !

PHILIPS's *Belisarius*.

P O W E R.

* I doubt she is so flush'd with the vast Views
 Of Power, and the exalted Heights she has gain'd,
 That, like the Faulcon, tow'ring in her Pride,
 And warm, and eager, for the glorious Quarry,
 She will despise the skilful Falconer's Call,
 Nor listen to, to the Voice that us'd to guide her.

Thomistocles.

* Power ! 'tis the fav'rite Attribute of Gods,
 Who look with Smiles on Men, who can aspire
 To copy them —

MARTYN's *Timoleon*.

* The Power to give creates us oft our Foes :
 Where many seek for Favour, few can find it :
 Each thinks he merits all that he can ask ;
 And, disappointed, wonders at Repulse ;
 Wonders awhile, and then sits down in Hate.

FROWDE's *Philotas*.

* Say, what is Power ?
 The vain Extent of Title and of Land ;
 The barbarous Impulse to th' insulting Wretch,
 To use his Fellow-creature like a Slave,
 The Woman's Idol, and the Man's Misfortune,
 As it too often robs him of Humanity.

This

This is the worst Degree—Behold the best,
And now 'tis lovely; the Redress of Wrongs,
Hunger's Repast, and the large Draught of Thirst,
The poor Man's Riches, and the rich Man's Wealth,
When thus apply'd —

HAYARD's *King Charles I.*

* What is Power,
But the nice Conduct of another's Weakness?

BROOKE's *Gustavus Vasa.*

* Power is a Curse when in a Tyrant's Hands,
But in a *Bigot* Tyrants—treble Curse.

MILLER's *Mahomet.*

* The Slave to Power
Still wears a pliant Tongue.—

Barbarossa.

PRAISE.

* Subjects of Praise, the juster that they are,
Are the less grateful to a virtuous Ear;
The Meritorious holds within himself
His sole Reward; the World approves it daily,
And leaves th' unletter'd Fool to Wealth and Honour,

HAYARD's *Scanderbeg.*

* My Soul,
Like yours, is open to the Charms of Praise:
There is no Joy beyond it, when the Mind
Of him who hears it, can with honest Pride
Confess it just, and listen to its Music.

WHITEHEAD's *Roman Father.*

PRAYER.

Prayers are the Alms of Churchmen to the Poor;
They send to Heav'n, but drive us from their Door.

SHAKESPEARE's *Hamlet.*

My

My Words fly up, my Thoughts remain below,
Words without Thoughts never to Heaven go.

SHAKESPEAR's *Hamlet*.

His pure Thoughts were born
Like Fumes of sacred Incense o'er the Clouds,
And wafted thence on Angels Wings, thro' Ways
Of Light, to the bright Source of all.

CONGREVE's *Mourning Bride*.

* Oh, gracious Heaven! support a Woman's
Weakness:

And, what my *Heart*, yet panting, fails to utter,
Take, from my Soul's touch'd Sense, and make my
Pray'r.

You are too great for Thanks! too good for Duty!

HILL's *Merope*.

PREPOSSESSION.

* Let us not give deluded Mortals Leisure
By Reason to disperse the mystic Gloom
We've cast about us.—Prepossession, Friend,
Reigns Monarch of the Million.

MILLER's *Mahomet*.

* Barb'rous Prejudice with Yoke of Iron
Weighs down thy Reason, warps thy honest Soul,
And turns thy Actions counter to thy Will.

Ibid.

PREDESTINATION.

The Gods foresaw it, and forbad his Being
Before he yet was born; I broke their Laws,
And cloath'd with Flesh his pre-existing Soul;
Some kinder Power too weak for Destiny,
Took Pity, and endu'd this new-form'd Mass,
With Temp'rance, Justice, Prudence, Fortitude,

And

And every kingly Virtue, but in vain.
For Fate, that sent him hood-wink'd to the World,
Perform'd its Work by his mistaking Hand.

DRYDEN's *Oedipus*.

SELF - P R E S E R V A T I O N .

What Courage tamely could to Death consent,
And not, by striking first, the Blow prevent?

DRYDEN's *Aurengzebe*.

Self-preservation is the first of Laws ;
And if, when Subjects are oppress'd by Kings,
They justify Rebellion by that Law,
As well may Monarchs turn the Edge of Right
To cut for them, when Self-defence requires it.

DRYDEN's *Spanish Friar*.

When Force invades the Gift of Nature Life,
The eldest Law of Nature bids defend :
And if, in that Defence, a Tyrant fall,
His Death's his Crime, not ours.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

* Self-preservation's Heaven's eldest Law,
Imprest upon our Nature with our Life,
In Characters indelible. Who shrinks
From this great Cause is wanting to his Reason :
But when our Honour is traduc'd and stab'd at,
'Tis Virtue, 'tis heroic Fortitude,
Then to encounter Violence with Force.

MALLET's *Mustapha*.

P R I D E .

* The Snarler Pride
Plac'd by a Mirror, starts, and barks, and bites,
At its own Image.

JEFFREYS's *Edwin*.

* Alas,

* Alas, *Philotas*, thy imperious Soul
That hardly bears Competitors in Glory,
Not ev'n thy Master's self, at length undoes thee.
His Favour's lost, thy Safety once, and Pride;
His gentle Temper, which long stood the Trial,
Broke by thy o'erstretch'd Pride, and haughty Bearing,
Experienc'd Archers send their Shafts with Ease,
And, slightly drawing, drive them as they please:
But when some more robust, some ruder Swain,
The distant Horns of the tough Yew wou'd strain
Beyond their Pitch, immoderate Strength to shew,
Harsh jars the String, in Shivers flies the Bow.

FROWDE's *Philotas*.

* I once imagin'd I was more than Man;
Heav'n has for this in Anger cast me down,
To prove that Empire is the Gift of Gods:
That they to Man both Good and Ill dispense;
That Life and Death, that Poverty and Wealth,
Are not of human Choice, but spring from Jove:
Hear but a late Example of his Pow'r;
Th' *Affyrian* King, proud Monarch of the East,
That spread his Conquests over half the Globe,
Made scepter'd Princes as his Vassals wait,
Their prostrate Necks the Footstool of his Throne,
His Light of Reason now entirely lost,
Leads in the Woods his Life among the Brutes;
The Grass his Food, the Dews of Heav'n his Drink,
And seems a Monument of Wrath divine,
Because he proudly thought himself a God.

TRACY's *Periander*.

P R I E S T. See REASON.

Do not, as some ungracious Pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny Way to Heav'n,
Whiles like a puffed and reckless Libertine,

Himself

Himself the Primrose Path of Dalliance treads,
And reeks not his own Reed.

SHAKESPEAR's *Hamlet*.

For whether King or People seek Extremes,
Still Conscience and Religion are their Themes.
And, whatsoever Change the State invades,
The Pulpit either forces or persuades.
Others may give the Fuel or the Fire,
But Priests the Breath that makes the Flame inspire.

DENHAM's *Sophy*.

The awful Guides of heav'nly Concernment !
That teach us Penance, Fast, and Abstinence,
To punish Bodies for the Soul's Offence.

DRYDEN's *Indian Emperor*.

Ill does he represent the Pow'rs above,
Who nourishes Debate, not preaches Love. *Ibid.*

You saucily teach Monarchs to obey,
And the wide World in narrow Cloisters sway ;
Set up by Kings as humble Aids of Pow'r,
You that which bred you, Viper like, devour :
You Enemies of Crowns !

DRYDEN's *Indian Emperor*.

Priesthood, that makes a Merchandize of Heav'n !
Priesthood, that sell, ev'n to their Pray'rs and Blessings,
And force us to pay for our own Cos'nage !
Nay, cheat Heav'n too with Entrails and with Offals !
Give it the Garbage of a Sacrifice,
And keep the best for private Luxury !

DRYDEN's *Troilus and Cressida*.

If we must pray,
Rear in the Streets bright Altars to the Gods,
Let Virgins Hands adorn the Sacrifice ;
And not a grey-beard forging Priest come there,

To

To pry into the Bowels of the Victim,
And with their Dotage mad the gaping World.

DRYDEN's and LEE's *Oedipus*.

Why seek we Truth from Priests ?

The Smiles of Courtiers, and the Harlot's Tears ;
The Tradesman's Oath, and Mourning of an Heir,
Are Truths to what Priests tell !

Oh ! why has Priesthood Privilege to lye,
And yet to be believ'd ?

Ibid.

I met a reverend, fat, old gouty Friar,
With a Paunch swell'd so high, his double Chin
Might rest upon't : A true Son of the Church !
Fresh-colour'd, and well-thriving on his Trade,
Come puffing with his greasy bald-pate Choir,
And fumbling o'er his Beads, with such an Agony,
He told 'em false for Fear : About his Neck
There hung a Wench, the Label of his Function,
Whom he shook off, i'faith, methought unkindly.
It seems the holy Stallion durst not score
Another Sin before he left the World.

DRYDEN's *Spanish Friar*.

You want to lead

My Reason blindfold like a hamper'd Lion,
Check'd of its noble Vigour : Then when baited
Down to obedient Tameness, make it couch,
And shew strange Tricks, which you call Signs of
Faith :

So silly Souls are gull'd, and you get Money !

OTWAY's *Venice Preserv'd*.

Kings went too far,

To trust the preaching Pow'r on State-Affairs,
To heav'nly Demagogues :

'Tis a Limb lopp'd from their Prerogative,
And so much of Heav'n's Image blotted from 'em.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

I tell

I tell thee, Mufti, if the World were wife,
They would not wag one Finger in thy Quarrels :
Your Heav'n you promise, but our Earth you covet,
The *Phaetons* of Mankind, who fire that World
Which you were sent by preaching, but to warm.

Ibid.

We know their Thoughts of us ; that Laymen are
Lag Souls, and Rubbish of remaining Clay,
Which Heav'n, grown weary of more perfect Work,
Set upward with a little Puff of Breath,
And bid us pass for Men.

Ibid.

We know their holy Jugglings,
Things that would startle Faith, and make us deem
Nor this, nor that, but all Religions false. *Ibid.*

Is not the Care of Souls a Load sufficient ?
Are not your holy Stipends paid for this ?
Were you not bred apart from worldly Noise,
To study Souls, their Cures, and their Diseases ?
The Province of the Soul is large enough
To fill up every Cranny of your Time,
And leave you much to answer, if one Wretch
Be damn'd by your Neglect.
Why then these foreign Thoughts of State Employ-
ments,

Abhorrent to your Function and your Breeding ?
Poor droning Truants of unpractis'd Cells,
Bred in the Fellowship of beardless Boys ;
What Wonder is it, if you know not Man ?
Yet there you live demure with down-cast Eyes,
And humble as your Discipline requires :
But when let loose from thence to live at large,
Your little Tincture of Devotion dies :
Then Luxury succeeds ; and set agog
With a new Scene of yet untasted Joys,
You fall with greedy Hunger to the Feast ;

Of

Of all your College Virtues nothing now
But your original Ignorance remains.

DRYDEN'S *Don Sebastian*.

Triumphant Plenty with a chearful Grace
Basks in their Eyes, and revels in their Face :
How sleek their Looks, how goodly is their Mien,
When big they strut behind a double Chin ?
Each Faculty in Blandishments they lull,
Aspiring to be venerably dull.
No learn'd Debates molest their downy Trance,
Or discompose the pompous Ignorance ;
But undisturb'd they loiter Life away,
So wither green, and blossom in Decay.
Deep sunk in Down, they by Sloth's gentle Care,
Avoid th' Inclemencies of Morning Air ;
And leave to tatter'd Crape the Drudgery of Pray'r.
But bloated with Ambition, Pride, and Avarice,
You swell to counsel Kings, and govern Kingdoms.
Content you with monopolizing Heav'n,
And let this little hanging Ball alone :
For give you but a Foot of Conscience there,
And you, like *Archimedes*, toss the Globe.

Ibid.

Yet Churchmen, tho' they itch to govern all,
Are silly, woeful, awkward Politicians :
They make lame Mischief, tho' they meant it well :
Their Int'rest is not finely drawn and hid,
But Seams are coarsely bungl'd up and seen.

Ibid.

The Gods are theirs, not ours ; and when we
pray
For happy Omens, we their Price must pay :
In vain at Shrines th' ungiving Suppliant stands,
In vain we make our Vows with empty Hands ;
Fat Offerings are the Priesthood's only Care,
They take the Money, and Heav'n hears the Pray'r :
With-

Without a Bribe their Oracles are mute,
And their instructed Gods refuse the Suit.

DRYDEN's *Cleomenes*.

Were all thy Tribe like thee, it well might
Startle our Lay unlearn'd Faith; when thro' such
Hands

The Knowledge of the Gods is reach'd to Man:
But thus those Gods instruct us, that not all,
Who, like Intruders, thrust into their Service,
And turn the holy Office to a Trade,
Participate their sacred Influence.

ROWE's *Ambitious Step-mother*.

Ill befall

Such meddling Priests, who kindle up Confusion,
And vex the quiet World with their vain Scruples.

ROWE's *Jane Shore*.

* When holy Guides neglect themselves for
Heav'n,

Nor fear to advance their Precepts by Example,
'Tis then the Gods are righteously rever'd,

CIBBER's *Cæsar in Ægypt*.

* It never was a prosperous World
Since Priests have interfer'd with temporal Matters;
The Custom of their Ancestors they slight,
And change their Shirts of Hair for Robes of Gold:
Thus Luxury and Interest rule the Church,
Whilst Piety and Conscience dwell in Caves.

The Fall of Mortimer.

* Awful Heaven:

Great Ruler of the various Hearts of Man!
Since thou hast rais'd me to conduct thy Church
Without the base Cabal too often practis'd,
Beyond my Wish, my Thought, give me the Lights,
The Virtues, which that sacred Trust requires:
A loving, lov'd, unterrifying Power,

Such

Such as becomes a Father ; humble Wisdom ;
 Plain, primitive Sincerity ; kind Zeal,
 For Truth and Virtue rather than Opinions ;
 And, above all, the charitable Soul
 Of healing Peace and Christian Moderation.

THOMPSON'S *Edward and Eleonora*.

* When such as thou with sacrilegious Hand
 Seize on the Apostolic Key of Heav'n,
 It then becomes a Tool for crafty Knaves
 To shut out Virtue, and unfold those Gates,
 That Heav'n itself had barr'd against the Lusts
 Of Avarice and Ambition— soft, and sweet
 As Looks of Charity, or Voice of Lambs
 That bleat upon the Morning, are the Words
 Of Christian Meekness ! Mission all divine !
 The Law of Love sole Mandate—but your Gall,
 Ye *Swedish* Prelacy ! your Gall hath turn'd
 The Words of sweet, but indigested Peace,
 To Wrath and Bitterness—Ye hallow'd Men !
 In whom Vice sanctifies, whose Precepts teach
 Zeal without Truth, Religion without Virtue,
 Who ne'er preach Heav'n but with a downward Eye
 That turns your Souls to Dross ; who shouting loose
 The Dogs of Hell upon us, Thefts, and Rapes,
 Sack'd Towns, and Midnight Howlings thro' the
 Realm

Receive your Sanction—O 'tis glorious Mischief
 When Vice turns holy, puts Religion on,
 Assumes the Robe pontifical, the Eye
 Of faintly Elevation blesteth Sin,
 And makes the Seal of sweet offended Heav'n
 A Sign of Blood, a Label for Decrees,
 That Hell wou'd shrink to own.—

BROOKE'S *Gustavus Vasa*.

* Babble on ye Priests, amuse Mankind
 With idle Tales of Flames and tort'ring Fiends,
 And starry Crowns, for patient Suff'rings here :

Yes,

Yes, gull the Croud, and gain their earthly Goods
For feign'd Reverfions in a heav'nly State.

SHIRLEY's *Parricide*.

* What, tho' Religion's *Guardians* taint her Tide!
Pure is the Fountain tho' the Stream flows *wide*;
Too oft her *erring Guides* her Cause betray:
Yet Rage grows *impious*, when it *bars* her Way.

HILL's *Merops*.

PRINCE.

* That Prince who would maintain the Reins of
Empire,
Tho' he have Eagle's Eyes and Lion's Heart,
Quick to discern, and vigorous to oppose
The deep-laid Schemes of artful Villainy,
Must not depend upon himself alone:
For oft the Mist of Flattery comes between
His sharpest Penetration, and the Truth;
Or Prepossession stirs some erring Passion,
And hurries him to Deeds which taint his Glory.

EL. HAYWOOD's *Fred. D. of Brunswick, &c.*

* 'Tis War that forms the Prince: 'Tis Hardship,
Toil;
'Tis sleepless Nights, and never-resting Days;
'Tis Pain, 'Tis Danger, 'tis affronted Death;
'Tis equal Fate for all, and changing Fortune;
That rear the Mind to Glory, that inspire
The noblest Virtues, and the gentlest Manners.

THOMPSON's *Agamemnon*.

* Were I, like private Virgins, free to love,
Then Modesty, our Sex's Guard and Grace,
With Coldness had receiv'd your tenderest Vows,
And for your Sighs, the wafting Winds had caught
them;
But Princes, born to Passions not their own,

Are

Are Slaves in Love, where happier Subjects reign :
The Hearts of royal Maids, like publick Treasure,
Are to the Exigents of State assign'd,
While private Comfort is referr'd to Virtue.

CIBBER's *King John*.

PRISON.

A dreadful Din was wont
To grate the Sense, when enter'd here, from Groans
And Howls of Slaves condemn'd, from Clink of
Chains,
And Crash of rusty Bars, and creaking Hinges !
And ever and anon the Light was dash'd
With frightful Faces, and the meagre Looks
Of grim and ghastly Executioners.

CONGREVE's *Mourning Bride*.

* How shall I bid thee Welcome to a Place
Where Joy yet never enter'd ? To a Place
Where Horrors only reign ?—— Groans are our
Musick,
And Sorrows our Companions.

MARTYN's *Timoleon*.

* They say this is the Dwelling of Distress,
The very Mansion-House of Misery !
To me alas, it seems but just the same,
With that more spacious Jail !—— the busy World ;
Where even Monarchs, if Ambition wake 'em,
Groan in the Gallings Chains of Discontent.

BELLERS's *Injured Innocence*.

PRODIGES.

The Spirit of King *Philip*, in those Arms
We saw him wear, pass'd groaning thro' the Court !

His

His dreadful Eye-Balls rolled their Horror upwards;
He wav'd his Arm, and shook his wond'ring Head!
I've heard that at the crowing of the Cock,
Lions will roar, and Goblins steal away;
But this majestic Air stalks steadfast on,
Spight of the Morn that calls him from the East,
Nor minds the opening of the Ivory-Door.

LEE's *Alexander*.

Portents and Prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their Name.

DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

In a lone Isle o'th' Temple while I walk'd
A Whirlwind rose, that with a violent Blast
Shook all the Dome: The Doors around me clapp'd;
The Iron Wicket that defends the Vault
Where the long Race of *Ptolemy's* are laid,
Burst open and disclos'd the mighty Dead:
From out each Monument, in Order plac'd,
An arm'd Ghost starts up: The Boy-King last
Rear'd his inglorious Head. A Peal of Groans
Then follow'd, and a lamentable Voice
Cry'd, *Egypt* is no more! My Blood ran back,
My shaking Knees against each other knock'd!
On the cold Pavement down I fell intranc'd,
And so unfinish'd left the horrid Scene!

DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

Our Ensigns, as they stood
Display'd before our Troops, took Fire untouch'd,
And burnt to Tinder!
Three Ravens brought their young ones in the Street,
Devouring them before the People's Eyes!
Then bore the Garbage back into their Nests!
A Noise of Trumpets rattling in the Air
Was heard, and dreadful Cries of dying Men!

OTWAY's *Caius Marius*.

Scarce

Scarce had we stepp'd on the forbidden Ground,
 When the Woods shook, the Trees stood bristling up :
 A living Trembling nodded thro' the Leaves ;
 And strait a rumbling Sound, like bellowing Winds
 Rose, and grew loud, confus'd with Howls of Wolves,
 And Grunts of Bears, and dreadful Hiss of Snakes,
 Shrieks more than human ! Globes of Hail pour'd
 down

An armed Winter, and inverted Day !

DRYDEN's *King Arthur*.

Scarce had the Night, upon her Car ascending,
 Thrown her black Influence round the mournful
 Heav'ns ;

When a mad Whirl-Wind, subterranean Blast,
 Made the Dome tremble from its deep Foundation,
 And shook the dreadful Glories of its Spires.
 The yawning Vault disclosed its gloomy Entrails,
 And lab'ring from its inmost Caverns groan'd :
 And then a Troop of Ghosts, bloody and baleful,
 And wonderfully pale, sprung glaring up :
 Then vanishing, so ruefully they shriek'd,
 That all the ghastly Hollow of the Dome,
 Multiplying Horror, dismally resounded.
 Then on a sudden, of their own Accord,
 The massy Gates, with jarring Sound flew open,
 Grating harsh Thunder on their brazen Hinges.

DENNIS's *Iphigenia*

Such unheard of Prodigies hang o'er us,
 As make the boldest tremble : See the Moon
 Robb'd of her Light, discolour'd, without Form,
 Appears a bloody Sign hung out by *Jove*,
 To speak Peace broken with the Sons of Men :
 The *Nile* as frighted sinks within its Banks ;
 And as this Hour I pass great *Isis*' Temple,

A sudden

A sudden Flood of Lightning rush'd upon it,
And laid the Shrine in Ashes.

YOUNG's *Busiris*.

* 'Twas wondrous,
The Storm that all at once alarm'd the Court
At Dead of Night : The Casements open'd round ;
And by the Light of visionary Lamps,
Two solemn Fun'rals first, and then a third
In slow Procession cross'd the Palace-Yard
To yonder Temple : There the first arriv'd
Appear'd to halt ; 'till join'd by that which follow'd
They enter'd, all the three, the Vault beneath,
Sacred to Royal Dust.

JEFFREY's *Edwin*.

P R O M I S E.

* A Promise may be broke ;
Nay, start not at it——'Tis an hourly Practice ;
The Trader breaks it, yet is counted honest.
The Courtier keeps it not——yet keeps his Honour,
Husband and Wife in Marriage promise much,
Yet follow sep'rate Pleasures, and are—virtuous.
The Churchmen promise too, but wisely they
To a long Payment stretch the crafty Bill,
And draw upon Futurity : A Promise !
'Tis the wise Man's Freedom, and the Fool's Restraint ;
It is the Ship in which the Knave embarks,
Who rigs it with the Tackle of his Conscience,
And fails with ev'ry Wind.

HAVARD's *King Charles I.*

P R O P H E T.

This shews you are above,
You Justices, that these our nether Crimes
So speedily can 'venge.

SHAKESPEAR's *King Lear*.

C

O thou,

O thou, whose most aspiring Mind
Known all the Business of the Courts above,
Opens the Closet of the Gods, and dares
To mix with *Jove* himself and Fate at Council.
O Prophet, answer me!

DRYDEN and LEE's *Oedipus*.

Prophetick Fury rolls within my Breast,
And as at *Delpbos*, when the foaming Priest,
Full of the God, proclaims the distant Doom
Of Kings unborn, and Nations yet to come;
My lab'ring Mind so struggles to unfold,
On *British* Ground, a future Age of Gold.

LANDSDOWN's *British* Inchanter.

PROVIDENCE.

Submit thy Fate to Heav'n's indulgent Care,
Tho' all seems lost, 'tis impious to despair:
The Tracks of Providence like Rivers wind,
Here run before us, there retreat behind:
And tho' immerg'd in Earth from human Eyes,
Again break forth, and more conspicuous rise.

HIGGON's *Generous Conqueror*.

Mark, Mark, *Ulysses*! how the Gods preserve
The Men they love, even in their own Despight!
They guide us, and we travel in the Dark!
But when we most despair to hit the Way,
And least expect, we find ourselves arriv'd!

LANDSDOWN's *Heroic Love*.

How just is Providence in all its Works?
How swift to overtake us in our Crimes? *Ibid.*

The holy Power that clothes the senseless Earth
With Woods, with Fruits, with Flowers, and verdant
Grass,

Whose

Whose bounteous Hand feeds the whole brute Creation,
Knows all our Wants, and has enough to give us.

Rowe's *Fair Penitent*.

The Ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzl'd in Mazes, and perplex'd with Errors;
Our Understanding traces them in vain.
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless Search;
Nor sees with how much Art the Windings run,
Nor where the regular Confusion ends,

ADDISON's *Cato*.

O murmur not, my Love, at Providence!
Heav'n is too wise and good to punish us
Without a Cause; nor let us rashly dare
To censure what we cannot comprehend.

ELIZ. HAYWOOD's *Fair Captive*.

* The Ways of Heav'n amaze us,
And far extend beyond the human Ken;
But sure if we can e'er oblige th' Immortals,
'Tis when we bring to injur'd Virtue Aid.

LEWIS's *Philip of Macedon*.

* Why all these Things are thus
Is hard to say; the smiling Sun beholds
The wide Creation preying on itself,
And the frail Creature breathes and lives on Ruin.

Arachne thus unwinds her silken Threads,
And Webs unseen th' insidious Insect spreads;
The royal Bee, Queen of the Rosy Bower,
Collects her precious Sweets from every Flower;
Now loads her little Limbs with anxious Care,
Now tries her slender Pinions in the Air;
Then homewards as she wings her fragrant Way,
Rich in the thymy Labours of the Day,
Sudden she strikes at once th' invenom'd Loom,
And finds a dreadful and lamented Doom.

CH. JOHNSON's *Medea*.

C 2

* Tax

* Tax not the Pow'rs above, lest we're forsaken :
 They often suffer what they don't approve.
 Their Vengeance makes us know why we are punish'd,
 Such Visitations whet our Penitence;
 Create Reflections on the inward Cause:
 For Conscience is the Mirror of our Souls,
 Which represents the Errors of our Lives
 In their full Shape.

The Fall of Mortimer.

* Forbear, fond Man. That Heaven thou dar'st accuse,
 Just, tho' mysterious, leads us on unerring,
 Thro' Ways unmark'd, from Guilt to Punishment.

Eurydice.

* O eternal Providence, whose Course
 Amidst the various Maze of Life, is fix'd
 By boundless Wisdom and by boundless Love,
 I follow thee, with Resignation, Hope,
 With Confidence and Joy ; for thou art good,
 And of thy rising Goodness is no End.

THOMPSON'S Edward and Eleonora.

* Forbear to tax th' eternal Hand of Truth,
 Whose Deeds are all unsearchable to us !
 Our finite Knowledge cannot comprehend
 The Principles of an unbounded Sway :
 Weak and disjointed are our judging Laws,
 And therefore vain and impious.

SHIRLEY'S Parricide.

* Stop, stop, my Thought, from guilty Progress
 now :

Nor dare accuse eternal Providence,
 For suffering such a Villain to commit,
 With dire Success, these most unheard-of Crimes !
 But, lo, at length the tardy Vengeance comes,
 And Justice arms the Fury 'gainst himself. *Ibid.*

* Unerring

* Unerring Power ! whose deep and secret Counsels
No finite Mind can fathom and explore ;
It must be just to leave your Creatures free,
And wise to suffer what you most abhor :
Supreme and absolute of these your Ways
You render no Account— We ask for none ;
For Mercy, Truth, and righteous Retribution
Attend at length your high and awful Throne.

LILLO's *Elmerick*.

* What the Gods intend — is theirs alone :
Let us not bar their great opposeless Wills,
By seeming more than they wou'd have us be :
So shall the Chain, that links Propriety,
Remain unbroken, and the Nerve of Hope
But brace Obedience to the Will of Heaven.

HAYARD's *Regulus*.

* Sink not beneath imaginary Sorrows :
Call to your Aid your Courage, and your Wisdom ;
Think on the sudden Change of human Scenes ;
Think on the various Accidents of War ;
Think on the mighty Pow'r of awful Virtue ;
Think on that Providence that guards the Good.

S. JOHNSON's *Irene*.

* How Heav'n in Scorn of human Arrogance,
Commits to trivial Chance the Fate of Nations !
While with incessant Thought laborious Man
Extends his mighty Schemes of Wealth and Pow'r,
And tow'rs and triumphs in ideal Greatness ;
Some accidental Gust of Opposition
Blasts all the Beauties of his new Creation,
O'eturns the Fabrick of presumptuous Reason,
And whelms the swelling Architect beneath it.

Ibid.

* This is thy Work, almighty Providence
Whose Power, beyond the Stretch of human Thought
Revolve

Revolves the Orbs of Empire ; bids them sink
Deep in the dead'ning Night of thy Displeasure,
Or rise majestic o'er a wondering World.

THOMPSON'S *Coriolanus*,

* There is a Power

Unseen that rules th' illimitable World,
That guides its Motions, from the brightest Star,
To the least Dust of this fin-tainted Mold
While Man, who madly deems himself the Lord
Of all, is nought but Weakness and Dependance.
This sacred Truth, by sure Experience taught,
Thou must have learnt, when, wandering all alone
Each Bird, each Insect, flitting thro' the Sky,
Was more sufficient for itself, than thou — *Ibid.*

* The Gods take Pleasure oft, when haughty
Mortals

On their own Pride erect a mighty Fabric,
By slightest Means, to lay their towering Schemes
Low in the Dust, and teach them they are nothing.
Ibid.

* Have we so idly learned

The noblest Lessons of our Infant Days,
Our Trust above ! Does there not still remain
The Wretch's last Retreat, the Gods, HORATIA ?
'Tis from their awful Wills our Evils spring,
And at their Altars may we find Relief.
Say, Shall we thither ? — Look not thus dejected,
But answer me. A Confidence in them,
Even in this Crisis of thy Fate, will calm
Thy troubled Soul, and fill thy Breast with Hope.

WHITEHEAD'S *Roman Father*.

Complaints of PROVIDENCE.

As Flies to wanton Boys, are we to th' Gods;
They kill us for their Sport.

SHAKESPEAR's *King Lear*.

Tell me, O ye Powers,
For I'll be calm: Was I not worthy of your Care?
And why ye Gods, was Virtue made to suffer,
Unless this World be but as Fire, to purge
Her Dross, that she may mount and be a Star?

LEE's *Mitbridates*.

Oh Heavens, and oh you ever burning Lights,
Who have beheld at Midnight from your Orbs,
Our Flames that kindled bright, as chaste as yours,
Which of you all, which most malignant Star,
Shew me that envious Fire that crost our Loves,
That I may curse him from his fatal Sphere. *Ibid.*

Is this then my Reward? Unnecessary Virtue,
Why do we wear thee thus to our undoing?

Ibid.

Here I am lost again!

Here all my Courage, which has born the Blow,
Of sternest War, shrinks like a beaven Coward!
Here I confess my Piety gives Way!
I could fall out with the forgetful Gods,
And curse the cruel Authors of my Beings. *Ibid.*

Curs'd Fate! malicious Stars! you now have drain'd
Yourselfes of all your poisonous Influence;
Ev'n the last baleful Drop is shed upon me! *Ibid.*

Hercules! why should a Man like this,
Who dares not trust his Fate for one great Action,
Be all the Care of Heaven!

DRYDEN's *All for Love*

Fool that I was, upon my Eagle's Wings,
I bore this Wren, till I was tired with soaring,

And now he mounts above me :
 Good Heavens ! is this, is this the Man who braves me,
 Who bids my Age make Way, drives me before him,
 To the World's Ridge, and sweeps me off like Rubbish.

DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

Afflictions sent from Heav'n without a Cause,
 Make bold Mankind enquire into its Laws.

DRYDEN's *Secret Love*.

O Virtue, blind and impotent as Fortune !
 Who would be good or pious, if this Queen,
 Thy great Example suffers ?

Ibid.

Is there no God,
 Who can controul the Malice of our Fate ?
 Are they all deaf ? Or have the Giants Heaven ?

DRYDEN's *Oedipus*.

Relentless Fates ! malicious cruel Pow'rs !
 Oh ! for what Crimes do you thus rack your Creature ?

LEE's *Theodosius*.

O ye eternal Pow'rs !
 That guide the World ! why do you shock our Reason
 With Acts like these, that lay our Thoughts in Dust ?

Ibid.

Ye Gods ! we are taught that all your Works are
 Justice :
 You are painted merciful, and Friends to Innocence ;
 If so, then why these Plagues upon my Head.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

Oh ! where was then
 The Pow'r that guards the sacred Lives of Kings ?
 Why slept the Lightning, and the Thunderbolt,
 Or bent their idle Rage on Fields and Trees,
 When Vengeance call'd them here ?

DRYDEN's *Spanish Friar*.

I am

I am at a Loss of Thought, and must acknowledge
The Counsels of the Gods are fathomless :
Nay, 'tis the hardest Task, perhaps of Life,
To be assur'd of what is Vice or Virtue :
Whether when we raise up Temples to the Gods,
We do not then blaspheme them : Oh ! behold me !
Behold the Game that laughing Fortune plays !
Fate or the Will of Heaven ! call't what you please,
That mars the best Designs that Prudence lays !
That brings Events about, perhaps to mock
At human Reach, and sport with Expectation.

LEE's *Lucius Junius Brutus*.

But is there Heav'n ? for I begin to doubt,
The Skies are hush'd, no grumbling Thunders roul :
Now take your Swing, ye Impious, sin unpunish'd :
Eternal Providence seems over-watch'd,
And with a slumbering Nod assents to Murder.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

O Pow'rs ! If Kings be your peculiar Care,
Why plays this Wretch with your Prerogative ?
Now flash him dead ; now crumble him into Ashes ;
Or henceforth live confin'd to your own Palace,
And look not idly out upon a World
That is no longer yours.

Ibid.

Yet sure the Gods are good : I would think so,
If they would give me Leave !
But Virtue in Distress, and Vice in Triumph,
Make Atheists of Mankind.

DRYDEN's *Cleomenes*.

Where shall the Brave and Good for Refuge run,
When to be virtuous, is to be undone ?
Sure *Jupiter's* depos'd, some Giant rules,
An impious World, contriv'd for Knaves and Fools.

LANDSDOWN's *British Inchanter*.

If Piety be thus debarr'd Access
On high ; and of good Men, the very best,
Be singled out to bleed, and bear the Scourge,
What is Reward ? and what is Punishment ?
But who shall dare to tax eternal Justice !

CONGREVE'S *Mourning Bride*.

Oh ! When shall I have Rest ?
Why are all these Things thus ? Is it of Force,
Is there Necessity I must be miserable ?
Is it of Moment to the Peace of Heav'n,
That I should be afflicted thus ? If not :
Why is it thus contriv'd ? Why are Things laid,
By some unseen Hand, so as of Consequence
They must to me bring Curses, Grief of Heart,
The last Distress of Life, and sure Despair ?

Ibid.

Sure some malignant Planet,
Which long has spar'd me, now of late begins
To shed on me its baleful Influence.

TRAP'S *Abramule*.

* Unequals Gods !

Who love to disappoint Mankind, and take
All Vengeance to yourselves ; why to the Point
Of my long flatter'd Wishes did ye list me ;
Then sink me down so low ? Just as I aim'd
The glorious Stroke that was to make me happy
Why did you blast my strong extended Arm,
But that to mock us is your cruel Sport ?
What else is human Life ?

THOMPSON'S *Sophonisba*.

* Ye strengthless Powers ! whose Altars smoak'd
in vain !

Gods of a Faithful, yet a cheated, People !
Why have you thus betray'd us, to the Foe ?
Why had six hundred Spanish Vagrants, Power

To

To crush my Throne, your Temples, Rites, and you ?
Where are *your Altars* ? Where *my Glories*, now ?
Where is *Axira* ? More, *Herself*, a God,
Than *your collected Queens*, of fancied Heaven !

HILL's *Alxira*.

* For what unhappy Guilt of mine, ye Pow'rs,
Are all these Loads of Sorrow heap'd upon me ?
Devoted to Obedience have I past
Life's tedious Travel, innocent in Will.

SHIRLEY's *Parricide*.

* Unhappy we !

Is this, ye Powers ! your Justice ! This the Lot
Of Innocence and Virtue ?—— But where roves,
By Fear made impious, my distracted Thought,
Thus to arraign the ever righteous Gods !
While now perhaps, with their keen Justice arm'd,
And covered by their Power, *Arminius* takes
Triumphant Vengeance on the vanquish'd Foe.
It must be so—— None serve the Gods in vain.

PATERSON's *Arminius*.

* No there is none ; no Ruler of the Stars,
Regardful of my Miseries.—— What Crime
Has drawn these Fortunes on me ?—— I have been
Too insolent, perhaps, in Youth's proud Joy ;
And felt not, as I ought, for *other's* Sorrows.
Thence, came this Tempest of Affliction o'er me.

HILL's *Merops*.

* Why have the Deities permitted this ?
Why have they sported with a Mortal's Mind
Unpitying it's Distraction ? - - - - -
- - Yet you are *just*, ye Gods !— Amazing Darkness
Dwells o'er the Eternal Will, and hides all Cause.
I must not dare to tax Almighty Power,
For what I suffer for it.

Ibid

P R U D E N C E.

* Let us

Act with cool Prudence, and with manly Temper,
As well as manly Firmness. — — — — —

'Tis Godlike Magnanimity, to keep.

When most provok'd, our Reason calm and clear,
And excuse her Will, from a strong Sense
Of what is Right without the vulgar Aid
Of Heat and Passion, which, tho' honest, bear us
Often too far.

THOMPSON'S *Tancred and Sigismunda*.

Ruin like yours is privileg'd to rail,
And when it raves, tho' impotent of Harm,
Prudence will shun its Walks, or hear regardless,
Nor answer to its Frenzy.

FRANCIS'S *Eugenia*.

* What can Prudence do,

Or human Wisdom, more than judge from Outside,
And flattering Likeness? Kings can see no Father;
High Heaven, alone, can read the Heart, in all
Its utmost Frauds, and mystic Characters.

JONES'S *Earl of Essex*.

* Prudence! the stale Pretence of ev'ry Knave!
The Traitor's ready Mask!

BARBAROSSA.

P U N I S H M E N T.

Heaven may forgive a Crime to Penitence,
For Heaven can judge if Penitence be true:
But Man, who knows not Hearts, should make
Examples,

Which like a Warning-piece, must be shot off,
To fright the rest from Crimes,

DRYDEN'S *Spanish Friar*.

You have forgot Reward!

The Part of Heaven in Kings for Punishment
Is Hangman's Work, and Drudgery for Devils.

DRYDEN'S *Don Sebastian*.

See they suffer Death :

But in their Deaths remember they are Men :
Strain not the Laws, to make their Tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degenerate Age requires
Severity and Justice in its Rigour.
This awes an impious, bold, offending World,
Commands Obedience, and gives Force to Laws:
When by just Vengeance guilty Mortals perish,
The Gods behold their Punishment with Pleasure,
And lay the uplifted Thunderbolt aside.

ADDISON's *Cato*.



R A C K.

I Saw him rack'd ! a Sight so dismal sad,
My Eyes did ne'er behold ! It is unutterable !
Behold the Rack set forth !

Philotas, like an Angel, seiz'd by Fiends,
Is strait disrob'd ; a Napkin ties his Head :
His warlike Arms, with shameful Cords are bound,
And every Slave can now the Valiant wound.
Did not your Eyes rain Blood, your Spirits burst,
To see your noble Fellow-soldier burn ?
Yet without trembling or a Tear, endure
The Torments of the Damn'd ? O ye Barbarians !
Could ye stand by, and yet refuse to suffer ?
You saw him bruis'd, torn, to the Bones made bare,
His Veins wide lanc'd, and the poor quivering Flesh
With Pincers from his manly Bosom ripp'd,
'Till you discover'd the great Heart lie panting !
Why stood you then like Statues ? There's the Case,
The Horror of the Sight had turn'd you Marble !
So the pale *Trojans* from their weeping Walls,
Saw the dear Body of the Godlike *Hector*,
Bloody and soil'd, dragg'd on the famous Ground !

Yet

Yet senseless stood, nor with drawn Weapons ran,
To save the great Remains of that prodigious Man!
LEE's Alexander.

Bring forth the Rack :
Fetch hither Cords, and Knives, and sulphurous
Flames,
He shall be bound and gash'd, his Skin flea'd off, and
burnt alive :
He shall be Hours, Days, Years a dying.
DRYDEN's and LEE's Oedipus.

Wire-draw his Skin, spin all his Nerves like Hair,
And work his tortur'd Flesh as thin as Flame.
LEE's Constantine.

Most cruel Racks, and Torments are preparing,
To force Confessions from their dying Pangs.
OTWAY's Venice Preserv'd.

Thou shalt behold him stretch'd in all the Agonies
Of a tormenting and a shameful Death !
His bleeding Bowels, and his broken Limbs,
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering Villain ! *Ibid.*

* Unchang'd *Philotas* view'd the various Pomp,
The Pageantry of Death ; and calmly cry'd,
Why loiter ye, my Friends ? Why does *Craterus*
Delay to torture *Alexander's* Foe ?
The dreadful Sign was given ; an Instant shew'd
His comely Body naked to the View ;
An Instant shew'd it all deform'd with Wounds ;
Distinct with purple Maze of gushing Blood,
That follow'd from the Whip's tormenting Stroke.

— — — — —
This o'er, a momentary Pause was given ;
And he exhorted to confess his Crimes :
At which, when he with Indignation scoff'd,
The dreadful Rack, with all its wrestling Pains,
A sad Alternative of Woe succeeds.
Pull, pull, *Craterus* cries ; the Slaves obey : Then

Then think his Nerves unbrac'd, his Limbs disjointed.

Again they pause, again the Question put ;
Again, with Heart undaunted he reply'd ;
Cease, cease your trifling, and begin your Tortures.

— — — — —
Astonish'd, and appall'd, the Tort'ers stand ;
Or he was more than Man, or sure the Sense
Of Honour left him not the Sense of Pain.
Next Fire must do its Part, the pointed Steel,
Red with uncommon Heat, now gores his Sides,
And smoaks, and hisses in the shrivell'd Flesh.

FROWDE's *Philotas*.

R A G E.

Oppose not Rage, while Rage is in its Force ;
But give it Way a-while, and let it waste :
The rising Deluge is not stopp'd with Dams ;
Those it o'er-bears, and drowns the Hope of Harvest !
But wisely manag'd, its divided Strength
Is sluic'd in Channels, and securely drained !
And, while its Force is spent, and unsupply'd,
The Residue with Mounds may be restrain'd,
And dry-shod we may pass the naked Ford !

SHAKESPEAR's *Troilus and Cressida*.

Now let hot *Aetna* cool in *Sicily*,
And be my Heart an ever-burning Hell,
These Miseries are more than may be borne !
To weep with them that weep, doth some Ease deal ;
But Sorrow flouted at, is double Death.

SHAKESPEAR's *Titus Andronicus*.

If there were Reasons for these Miseries,
Then into Limits could I bind my Woes :
Whene'er Heav'n weeps, does not the Earth o'erflow ?
If the Winds rage, does not the Sea wax mad,

Threat.

Threat'ning the Welkin with his big swell'n Face !
And wilt thou have a Reason for this Coil ?

SHAKESPEAR's *Titus Andronicus*.

Must I give Way and Room to your rash Choler,
Shall I be frighted when a Mad-man stares ?
Go shew your Slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble.
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy Humour ? By the Gods !
You shall digest the Venom of your Spleen,
Tho' it do split you.

SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Caesar*.

There are a thousand Furies in his Looks ;
And in his deadly Silence more loud Horror,
Than when in Hell the Tortur'd and Tormentors
Contend whose Shrieks are greatest.

BEAUMONT's *Double Marriage*.

Had I been sing'd with Lightning, I had stood,
With all my Wrongs, hush'd as unwindy Night :
But to be scorch'd thus by a Candle-snuff,
And which must die in its own Noisomeness,
Makes my Impatience swell above all Banks
Of common Temper ! HOWARD's *Duke of Lerma*.

Away, be gone ! and give a Whirlwind Room !
Or I will blow you up like Dust ! Avaunt !
Madness but meanly represents my Toil !
Eternal Discord,
Fury, Revenge, Disdain, and Indignation,
Tear my swell'n Breast, make Way for Fire and
Tempest !
My Brain is burst, Debate and Reason quench'd !
The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart
Splits with the Rack ; while Passions, like the Winds,
Rise up to Heav'n, and put out all the Stars !

LEE's *Alexander*.

Oh

the ENGLISH STAGE.

41

Oh that like Serpents hewn, we still might move,
Our Limbs lopt off, and kill with every Parcel.

LEE's *Mitbridates*.

Oh ! didst thou mark her when her Fury lighten'd !
She seem'd all Goddeſs: Nay, her Frowns became
her :

There was a Beauty in her very Wildneſs

LEE's *Theodofius*.

Oh ! I could ſhake the World,
With thundering forth my Wrongs ! hallow his Name
To the reſounding Hills ! *Borgia* ! Traitor *Borgia* !
Methinks that Word, that Spell, that horrid Sound,
That Groan of Air, would cleave the neighbouring
Rocks,
And ſcare the babbling Echoes from their Dens !

LEE's *Cæſar Borgia*.

Here thou haſt rous'd the Lion in my Heart :
Italian Spite, Revenge, and blaſting Fury
Devour my Soul ! All Mildneſs ſleeps like Death !
I boil like Drunkards Veins ! Death, Hell, and
Vengeance !

Ibid.

Bid the Sea liſten, when the greedy Merchant,
To gorge its ravenous Jaws hurls all his Wealth,
And ſtands himſelf upon the ſplitting Deck,
For the laſt Plunge.

Ibid.

The Pain is in my Head ; 'tis in my Heart ;
'Tis every where ; it rages like a Madneſs,
And I moſt wonder how my Reason holds !

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

Oh ! my Heart breaks ! I'm dying ! O ſtand off !
I'll not indulge this Woman's Weakneſs ! Still
Chaf'd and fomented, let my Heart ſwell on,

'Till

'Till with its Injuries it bursts, and shakes
With the dire Blow this Prison to the Earth !
OTWAY's *Orphan*.

Patience ! preach it to the Winds,
To roaring Seas, or raging Fires ! the Knaves
That teach it, laugh at you when you believe 'em.
Ibid.

My Mind, and its Intents are savage, wild,
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty Tygers, or the roaring Sea !
OTWAY's *Caius Marius*.

Sink me to Death ! plunge me in streaming Fire !
Heap Mountains on my Head, and bury my Disgrace !
I to this Earth will grow !
Outrave the Winter Sea ! outrage the Northern
Winds !
And with my loud Complaints alarm the Gods,
Till they resent the Wrongs
Of flattered Virgins, and confound Mankind !
TATE's *Loyal General*.

The burning Fever rages in my Veins :
But hold my Heart, restrain the Fury in,
Which heaves me like the frightened Winds for Vent !
SOUTHERN's *Loyal Brother*.

O man me, Reason !
Restrain the Sallies of my starting Passion,
Which else will plunge me in the Gulph of Madness !
The Thunder rages in my Breast for Vent !
Here, here it rolls to make its violent Way !
And now it bursts ! the flaming Bolts are hurled !
Ibid.

Oh ! give me Daggers, Fire or Water !
How I could bleed ! how burn ! how drown ! the
Waves
Hizzing,

Hissing, and booming round my sinking Head,
Till I descended to the peaceful Bottom!
O there's all Quiet! here all Rage and Fury!
The Air's too thin, and pierces my weak Brain!
I long for thick substantial Sleep. Hell! Hell!
Burst from the Centre, rage and roar aloud,
If thou art half so mad, so hot as I am!

OTWAY'S *Venice Preserv'd.*

Patience, the Refuge of poor stupid Cowards!
Go bid some massy pond'rous falling Weight,
Fly from its Center, and remount the Air;
Then, then I will be patient!

HIGGON'S *Generous Conqueror.*

Patience! O I've none!
Go bid the moving Plains of Sand lie still,
And stir not when the stormy South blows high!
From Top to Bottom thou hast tost my Soul,
And now 'tis in the Madness of the Whirl,
Requir'ft a sudden Stop!

DRYDEN'S *Don Sebastian.*

Tempests and Whirlwinds thro' his Bosom
move,
Heave up, and madly mount the Soul above
The Reach of Pity, or the Bounds of Love.

DRYDEN'S *Cleomenes.*

Wild with my Rage, more wild with my Desire,
Like meeting Tides, but mine are Tides of Fire.

DRYDEN'S *Tyrannick Love.*

O dismal! 'tis not to be born, ye Moralists!
Ye Talkers! what are all your Precepts now?
Patience! Distraction! Blast the Tyrant, blast him
Avenging Lightnings! snatch him hence, ye Fiends!
Nature can bear no more!

Ruin is on her, and she sinks at once!

Rowe's *Tamerlane.*

A little

A little longer yet, be strong my Heart !
 A little longer let the busy Spirits
 Keep on their chearful Round ! It will not be :
 Love, Sorrow, and the Sting of vile Reproach,
 Succeeding one another in their Course,
 Like Drops of eating Water on the Marble,
 At length have worn my boasted Courage down !
 I will indulge the Woman in my Soul,
 And give a Loose to Fears, and to Impatience !
 ROWE's *Tamerlane*.

Rage is the shortest Passion of our Souls :
 Like narrow Brooks that rise with sudden Show'rs,
 It swells in haste, and falls again as soon ;
 Still as it ebbs, the softer Thoughts flow in,
 And the Deceiver, Love, supplies its Place.
 DENNIS's *Iphigenia*.

At first her Rage was dumb, and wanted Words,
 But when the Storm found Way, 'twas wild and loud :
 Mad as the Priestess of the Delphic God,
 Enthusiastick Passions swell'd her Breast,
 Enlarg'd her Voice, and ruffled all her Form.

ROWE's *Fair Penitent*.

Madness ! Confusion ! let the Storm come on ;
 Let the tumultuous Roar drive all upon me !
 Dash my devoted Bark, ye Surges break it :
 'Tis for my Ruin that the Tempest rises !
 Ibid.

'Tis all in vain : This Rage that tears thy Bosom,
 Like a Bird that flutters in his Cage,
 Thou beat'st thyself to Death !

ROWE's *Jane Shore*.

Why would'st thou stop my Madne'ss,
 With ill-tim'd Reason ? While my Rage was hot,
 I was insensible of my Misfortunes,

But

But now I'm cold, my fest'ring Sorrows smart,
And I'm relaps'd into a Coward.

TRAP's *Abramule.*

Oh ! should her raging Passions reach his Ears,
His tender Love by Anger fir'd would turn
To burning Rage ; as soft *Cydonian* Oil,
Whose balmy Juice glides o'er the untasting Tongue,
Yet touch'd with Fire, with hottest Flames will blaze.

EDM. SMITH's *Phædra and Hyppolitus.*

Now *Minos*, I defy thee ;
Even all thy dreadful Magazines of Pains,
Stones, Furies, Wheels, are slight to what I feel,
And Hell itself's Relief !

Ibid.

Oh ! think you see me on the naked Shores !
Think how I scream, and tear my scatter'd Hair !
Break from the Embraces of my shrieking Maids,
And harrow on the Sand my bleeding Bosom !
Then catch with wide-spread Arms, the empty
Billows,

And headlong plunge into the gaping Deep !

Ibid.

Leave me to wild Despair !
Deluding Flatteries of impatient Grief,
Who think to calm a Tempest with a Song ;
Preach Patience to the Sea, when jarring Winds
Throw up her swelling Billows to the Sky !
And if your Reasons mitigate her Fury,
My Soul will be as calm !

H. SMITH's *Princess of Parma.*

* Rage is a sharp unmanageable Evil,
Preys on itself, is a devoted Foe
To Truth and Virtue.

CH. JOHNSON's *Medea.*

* How

* How rash, how inconsiderate is Rage!
 How wretched, oh, how fatal is our Error,
 When to Revenge precipitate we run!
 Revenge, that still with double Force recoils
 Back on itself, and is its own Revenge.
 While to the short-liv'd, momentary Joy,
 Succeeds a Train of Woes, an Age of Torments.
 What has thy Fury, hapless Woman, done?
 No more shall Slumber crown thy Nights with Peace,
 No more with grateful Sweets the rising Sun
 Salute thy Eyes, and chear thy Morning Wake.
 With sad Vicissitude, the glorious God,
 Rising and setting, shall behold thee wretched.

FROWDE's Philotas.

* Hell and Confusion! Horror and Despair!——
 O, for the Force of Thunder for the Rage
 Of angry Heaven, and our insulted Prophet——
 For the collected Strength of Armies join'd——
 For the swift Wing of Time, or flying Thought,
 That my Revenge may overtake, and strike
 The false perfidious Villain to the Centre——

HAVARD's Scanderbeg.

* O blind, O brutish, O injurious Rage!
 They, they are wise, who, when they feel thy Mad-
 ness
 Seal up their Lips.

THOMPSON's Edward and Eleonora.

* Do cool the boiling Cauldron with thy Breath,
 Go, bid the blazing Cataracts give o'er,
 Or to the Mountain Billows say, subside.
 As soon the Storms of Passion will be swag'd
 By cautious Councils and the sage Advice,
 When Injuries foment their forceful Swell.
 Nor Life nor Safety do I now regard;
 Nor Pomp of Dignity, nor Pride of Blood!

What's

What's outward Grandeur, all the Show of State,
To inward Harmony and Love's Delights!—
They only are the lasting Joys of Life,
The rest are vain and empty ev'ry one.

My Cup's imbitter'd, all the Strings are crack'd
That tun'd my Soul to Harmony and Peace :
Smooth ran my former Days, like glassy Streams
Reflecting Love and Friendship's chearful Beams !
Soft Songs of Rapture blest the winding Tide,
And Peace and Plenty wanton'd on its Side :
Amidst Security, lo, Storms assail !
And fell Confusion does o'er all prevail !

Wrongs, Rage and Vengeance now foment the
Strife,

And urge to Slaughter both the Friend and Wife.

SHIRLEY's *Parricide*.

R A P E.

- - - - - What stern ungentle Hands
Have lop'd and hew'd and made thy Body bare
Of her two Branches, those sweet Ornaments,
Whose circling Shadows Kings have sought to sleep in ;
And might not gain so great a Happiness,
As half thy Love ? Why do'st not speak to me ?
Alas ! a crimson River of warm Blood,
Like to a bubbling Fountain stirr'd with Wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosy Lips ;
Coming and going with thy honey Breath :
But sure some *Tereus* hath deflour'd thee,
And lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy Tongue ;
Ah ! now thou turn'st away thy Face for Shame,
And notwithstanding all this Loss of Blood,
(As from a Conduit with their issuing Spouts)
Yet do thy Cheeks look red as *Titan's* Face,
Blushing to be encountred with a Cloud.
Shall I speak for thee, shall I say 'tis so ?
Oh that I knew thy Heart, and knew the Beast,

That

That I might rail at him to ease my Mind !
 Sorrow conceal'd, like an Oven stop'd,
 Doth burn the Heart to Cinders where it is ;
 Fair *Philomela*, she but lost her Tongue,
 And in a tedious Sampler sew'd her Mind :
 But lovely Niece, that Mean is cut from thee,
 A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met withal ;
 And he hath cut those pretty Fingers off,
 That better cou'd have sew'd than *Philomel* ;
 Oh had the Monster seen those lilly Hands,
 Trembling like Aspen Leaves upon a Lute,
 And make the filken Strings delight to kifs them ;
 He wou'd not then have touch'd them for his Life.
 Or had he heard the heavenly Harmony,
 Which that sweet Tongue hath made ;
 He wou'd have drop'd his Knife and fell asleep,
 As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* Poet's Feet.

SHAKESPEAR's *Titus Andronicus*.

Feed your Wrath rather than your Lust,
 (It is a Vice comes nearer Manliness,)
 And punish that unhappy Crime of Nature,
 Which you miscall my Beauty : Flay my Face,
 Or poison it with Ointments, for seducing
 Your Blood to this Rebellion.

B. JOHNSON's *Volpone*.

'Tis nobler, like a Lion to invade
 Where Appetite directs, and seize my Prey,
 Than to wait tamely, like a begging Dog,
 'Till dull Consent throws out the Scraps of Love.
 I'll plunge into a Sea of my Desires,
 I'll tear up Pleasure by the Roots,
 And quench my Fever, tho' I drown my Fame.

ROCHESTER's *Valentinian*.

I blush that I have been so calm and tame :
 Conquests in Love and War are but the same ;

Both

Both reach'd by boldest Hands : And Fools alone
Thank Fate or you, for that which is their own.

HOWARD's *Vestal Virgin*.

Force is the last Relief which Lovers find,
And 'tis the best Excuse of Womankind :
It is Resistance that inflames Desire,
Sharpen's the Dart of Love, and blows the Fire :
Love is disarm'd that meets with too much Ease,
He languishes, and does not care to please :
And therefore 'tis your golden Fruit you guard
With so much Care, to make Possession hard.

DRYDEN's *Aurengzebe*.

Force never yet a gen'rous Heart did gain :
We yield on Parley, but are storm'd in vain.
Constraint in all Things makes the Pleasure less,
Sweet is the Love which comes with Willingness.

Ibid.

I'll fawn no more, but force her to the Bliss ;
And glut at once my Vengeance and Desire.

How it would fire my Soul,

To clasp this lovely Fury in my Arms ;
Whilst scorning to be pleas'd, she'd curse the Pleasure :
'Till with a sudden Rapture seiz'd she'd melt away,
And springing, give a Loose to lusty Joy.

LEE's *Mithridates*.

I'th' midst of Groans and Cries and gushing Tears
You should have ravish'd her ; your royal Hand,
Lock'd in her Amber Hair, should then have forc'd
her :

Who knows but Opposition mounts the Joy ?
Like that *Athenian* Tyrant, who ne'er took
His Barge for Pleasure, but in highest Storms :
Then would he stand, like *Neptune*, on his Deck,
And laugh to see the Dolphins back the Billows.

Ibid.

After the dreadful Extasy was over,
 The ravish'd Maid, half dead, with shrieking Pray'rs,
 Burst, at the last, from my relenting Arms,
 Ran to my Sword ; of which when I disarm'd her,
 She fled the Room, with Cries, like one distracted !
 Press'd with Remorse.

Nor did I enjoy expected Pleasure,
 Tho' these Hands did hold
 All Night her panting Beauties to my Breast :
 But, Oh ! what Joy, what Pleasure, what Content
 Could my griev'd Heart receive in ravish'd Kindness ?
 Her Lips, which, if *Ziphæus* had been there,
 Would sure have shot their gleamy Warmth at
 Distance,

Were cold to me, as Odours are in Frost :
 Her Face, like weeping Marble, damp'd my Flames ;
 And as I drew her trembling to my Arms
 She fainted still, and wo'd me with such Wailings
 Such Languishings, and broken Sighs, to leave her ;
 That had not more than monstrous Appetite
 Transported me, the Rose had been unblasted.

LEE'S *Mitbridates*.

Women pardon Force, because they find
 The Violence of Love is still most kind :
 Just like the Plots of well-built Comedies,
 Which then please most, when most they do surprize.
 But yet Inconstancy Love's noblest End destroys,
 Whose highest Joy is in another's Joys.

DRYDEN'S *Rival Ladies*.

It shall be so ! I'll yet possess my Love,
 Wait on, and watch her loose unguarded Hours ;
 Then, when her roving Thoughts have been abroad,
 And brought in wanton Wishes to her Heart,
 I'th' very Minute when her Virtue nods,
 I'll rush upon her in a Storm of Love,

Beat

Beat down her Guard of Honour all before me,
And surfeit upon Joys till ev'n Desire grows sick.
OTWAY's *Orphan*.

Why should you pluck the green distasteful Fruit
From the unwilling Bough,
When it may ripen of itself, and fall?
DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

Since Love is Choice,
You should have made a Conquest of her Mind,
And not have forc'd her Person by a Rape.
DRYDEN's *King Arthur*.

Proceed, be bold; and scorning to intreat
Think all her Strugglings feign'd, her Cries Deceit.
Not creeping like a Cur that fawns to please,
Nor whine, nor beg, but like a Lion seize,
LANSDOWN's *British Enchanters*.

What is her Love, her Virtue, or her Truth?
The Ravisher has caught her! she must yield!
O how that Image stings! Now, now he drags her!
His lustful Arm strong twisted in her Hair,
In his Right-hand with a drawn Sword he threatens:
See! she resists; and with her tender Nails,
She tears his Cheeks, and struggles out of Breath;
On Heaven she calls, on her *Achilles* calls!
Help! Help! she cries; I can resist no longer,
The Ravisher's too strong, and Innocence
Too weak for Lust! LANSDOWN's *Heroic Love*.

I long to clasp that haughty Maid,
And bend her stubborn Beauty to my Passion.
How will my Bosom swell with anxious Joy,
When I behold her struggling in my Arms,
With glowing Beauty and disorder'd Charms!
While Fear and Anger with alternate Grace
Pant in her Breast, and vary in her Face,

ADDISON's *Cato*.

Off Love and soft Compassion,
 Harden each Sinew of my Heart to Steel;
 I'll do what done, will shock myself and those
 Whom Time sets farthest from this dreadful Hour.
 As many Accidents concur to work
 My Passions up to this unheard of Crime,
 As if the Gods design'd it; be it then
 Their Fault, not mine.

Memnon, said she not *Memnon*?

My Heart began to stagger, but 'tis over.
 Heav'n blast me, If I thought it possible,
 I could be still more curs'd, that hated Dog
 Her Lord, her Life. I thank her for my Cure
 Of all my Remorse and Pity. This has left me
 Without a Check, and thrown the loosen'd Reins
 On my wild Passion to run headlong on,
 And in her Ruin quench a double Fire,
 The blended Rage of Vengeance and of Love.
 Destruction full of Transport, lo I come!
 Swift on the Wing to meet my certain Doom;
 I know the Danger and I know the Shame,
 But like our Phoenix in so rich a Flame;
 I plunge triumphant my devoted Head,
 And doat on Death in the luxurious Bed.

YOUNG'S *Busiris*.

He to whom, as to a God at parting,
 You gave with streaming Eyes your Soul's Delight,
 While yet your last Embrace was warm about him,
 Gloomy and dreadful as the stormy Night,
 Rush'd on your Child, your Comfort, your *Mandane*,
 All sweet and lovely as the blushing Morn,
 Seiz'd her by Force, now trembling, breathless, pale,
 Prostrate in Anguish tearing up the Earth,
 Imploring, shrieking to the Gods and you. *Ibid.*

* Canst thou think

An *Amazon* is won by whining Courtship.
 Or that she ever shall complain of Force?

The

The bold impetuous Warrior still they chuse,
In strict Embraces strain the struggling Youth,
Who, nobly daring, gratefully offends,
And spares their Cheek the Blush of dull Consent.

FROWDE's *Fall of Saguntum*.

Did now this City blaze
In streaming Fires around the sacred Fane,
Shrieking and clinging to the Shrine, I'd force her
Another *Semele* enjoy'd in Flames. *Ibid.*

* Couldst thou inspir'd with Love so delicate,
For such a charming Maid, so soft so perfect,
Couldst thou use Force?— What!—lock thy furious
Hand

In her torn Hair, and drag her shrieking loud,
Invoking Heav'n and Earth, and cursing thee!
Injure, perhaps, and wound with thy Abuses
Her polish'd Limbs!— By Violence tear from her
Joys of a Moment, insincere, unripe,
Not half possess'd!

Virginia.

R A V I N G.

My Breath can still the Winds,
UncLOUD the Sun, charm down the swelling Sea,
And stop the Floods of Heaven!

BEAUMONT's *Philaster*.

My Reason bears no Rule upon my Tongue,
But lets my Thoughts break all at random out.

DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

Hark! Hark! A hollow Voice calls out aloud,
Jocasta! Yes I'll to the Royal Bed,
Where first the Mysteries of our Love were acted,
And double dye it with imperial Crimson!
Tear off this curling Hair!
Be gorg'd with Fire, stab every vital Part!

And when at last I'm slain, to crown the Horror,
My poor tormented Ghost shall cleave the Ground,
To try if Hell can yet more deeply Wound!

DRYDEN's and LEE's *Oedipus*.

'Tis well! I thank you Gods! 'tis wond'rous well!
Daggers and Poison! Oh! there's no need
For my Dispatch! And you, ye merciless Pow'rs!
Hoard up your Thunder-Stores! Keep, keep your Bolts
For Crimes of little Note!

O barbarous Men; and, oh! the hated Light!
Why did you force me back to curse the Day!
To curse my Friends, to blast with this dark Breath
The yet untainted Earth, and circling Air!
To raise new Plagues, and call new Vengeance down!
Why did you tempt the Gods, and dare to touch me?
Methinks there's not a Hand that grasps this Hell,
But should run up like Flax, all blazing Fire.

My Wings are on:
I'll mount! I'll fly! and with a Port divine,
Glide all along the gawdy milky Soil,
To find my *Laius* out, ask every God
In his bright Place, if he knows *Laius*!
My murdered *Laius*! Shall I not find him out?
Will you not shew him? Are my Tears despis'd?
Why then I'll thunder: Yes I will be mad,
And fright you with my Cries! Yes, cruel Gods!
Tho' Vultures, Eagles, Dragons, tear my Heart;
I'll snatch celestial Flames, fire all your Dwellings,
Melt down your golden Roofs, and make your Doors
Of Chrystal fly from off their Diamond Hinges!
Drive you all out from your ambrosial Hives,
To swarm like Bees about the Field of Heaven!

What ho! my *Oedipus*! See where he stands!
His groping Ghost is lodged upon a Tow'r!
Nor can it find the Road! Mount, mount my Soul!
I'll wrap thy shivering Spirit in lambent Flames,
And so we'll sail.

But

But see! we're landed on the happy Coast,
And all the golden Strands are covered o'er
With glorious Gods that come to try our Cause!
Jove! Jove! whose Majesty now sinks me down!
He, who himself burns in unlawful Fires,
Shall judge, and shall acquit us. Oh! 'tis done!
'Tis fix'd by Fate, upon Record divine,
And *Oedipus* shall now be ever mine. *Ibid.*

Sure, it is Doomsday:——Ha! by Hell it is!
And see the Heav'ns, and Earth, and Air,
All on Fire! The very Seas like molten Glafs,
Roll their bright Waves, and from the smoaky Deep
Cast up the glaring Dead! The Trumpet sounds,
And the swift Angels skim about the Globe,
To summon all Mankind!

LEE's *Cæsar Borgia.*

Run, fallly out, and set the World on Fire;
Alarm Nature; let loose all the Winds;
Set free those Spirits, whom strong Magic binds;
Let the Earth open all her sulph'rous Veins;
The Fiends start from their Hell and shake their
Chains;
'Till all Things from their Harmony decline,
And the Confusion be as great as mine.

OTWAY's *Don Carlos.*

Whirl, stop the Sun, arrest his Charioteer;
I'll ride in that away! Pull, pull him down;
Oh! how I hurl the Wildfire as I run!
Now, now I mount!

Ibid.

Strike, strike your Torches! Bid the Stars descend!
We wander in the Dark!

Hark! *Boreas* musters up his roaring Crew:
My Wings, and I'll among them! Wreath my Head
With flaming Meteors, load my Arms with Thunder;
Which as I nimbly cut my cloudy Way,

I'll hurl on this ungrateful Earth, and laugh
To hear the Mortals yelling.

Ay! There's the *Hesperian* Dragon! I must pass him,
Before I reach the golden Bough: There *Cerberus*,
Gorge thy curs'd Maw with that, and cease thy barking,
'Tis a delicious Morfel!

Ha! what a merry World is this *Elysium*!

See how the youthful Shepherds trip to th' Pipe,
And fat *Silenus* waddles in the Round!

Beware thy Horns, *Pan*! *Cupids* with their Bow-Strings,
Have tied 'em fast to th' Tree!

What's that? a Summons to me, from the Gods?
Back *Mercury*, and tell 'em I'll appear.

How! *Juno* dead! The Thunder then is mine!

And I'll have more than *Juno's* Privilege!

See how the *Aether* smoaks! The Chrystalline
Falls clattering down! This giddy *Phaeton*

Will set the World on Fire. Down with him *Jove*:

Wilt thou not bolt him? Then I'll act thy Part;

Force from thy flaming Hand the slothful Dart,

And thus I strike my Thunder thro' his Heart. }

TATE's *Coriolanus*

* Will ye not kill me yet? then hide at least,
Hide me from *Elfrid*; there, just there he stands
My murder'd Father, see, he looks as when
Extended on the Floor he grasp'd my Hand;
I thought it his Death's Pang, but oh! 'twas Instinct!
Why had not I the same? I find it now,
'Twas Nature powerful in a dying Father.

JEFFREYS's *Edwin*.

* Where, where's the Bridegroom? Where is the
dear Man?

Speak, thou his Friend, for I am come to claim him.

My Father here! O sacred Sir! your Blessing;

These are my Nuptials, this the Torch of *Hymen*,

The Temple open! Then he waits me there.

Why

Why then I'll fire
The lofty Pile, and make it his vast Urn;
So gently creeping steal me to his Side,
And mount together in the glorious Flames.

FROWDE's *Fall of Saguntum*.

* Perdition to my Soul !
O execrable Murtherefs ! Wretch accurst !
This, this alone, was wanting to compleat
Of Woes and Crimes thy complicated Lot.
Now is thy Measure full ; The fabled Plagues,
Wheel, Stone, and Vulture of the Grecian Hell,
Match not the Tortures that I feel within :
Or my Brain turns, or I'm already there.
The gloomy Horrors of the Place arise
Thick on my Soul and realize apace.
See the grim *Cerberus* crouching shuns my Sight
And owns a blacker Shade than e'er he saw.
The triple Furies curl their vengeful Snakes,
Their baneful Eyes shoot terrible Dismay ;
They pull they tear me to the dreadful Bar :
In horrid Pomp, th' infernal Judges sit.

FROWDE's *Philotas*.

* O, this poor Brain ! ten thousand Shapes of Fury
Are whirling there, and Reason is no more.
Him ! him ! a Caitiff, black with every Vice !
Debase, herself to him :— The Thought is Hell !
Well, well— and I, how have I doated on her
Whole Years of Fondness ; cherish'd, pleas'd, adorn'd
her
With all that Love can give— Yet she has done this !
Confusion on my Folly.—

Eurydice.

* How should it be
When the Brain turns and feels the Lash of Madness.
Can we do aught but well, when the hot Spirits
Ferment and boil ?— O excellent !— I feel

58 The BEAUTIES of

The quick Rotation— Stop, O stop, old Time,
Thy Hour-wing'd Chariot, let my Head relieve
Thy hoary Age, and run the boundless Race—

HAVARD's *Scanderbeg*.

* Ha ! who art thou, who with an Ague Hand.
Strikes trembling on the Coward Note of Fear.
The Day has caught th' Infection of thy Look,
And sickens to a Gloom, ev'n I perceive
An icy Fear creep shiv'ring to my Heart—
Thou hast done this— Away 'Timidity ! —
Now I blaze up, and emulate the Sun—
I am all Fire— Our blended Rays descend,
And set the World on Flame— 'Tis a fit Torch,
To light me to Destruction and Revenge.

— — — — — Let Desolation
Take Hands with Vengeance : Let the Furies join
Their complicated Horrors— Sun, stand still,
And see me aet this Justice— Prophet, blush
At thy own Impotence, that cou'd not strike,
So bold a Blow as *Amurat* :— Away—
Hark ! How Fate thunders to the wond'ring World
The Sultan strikes— the Universe falls down,
And at one Blow I end the human Race. *Ibid.*

* What have I
To do with Heav'n ? Damnation ! What am I ?
All frail and transient as my laps'd Dominions !
E'en now the solid Earth prepares to slide
From underneath me, Nature's Power cries out,
Leave him thou Universe !— No— Hold me Heav'n,
Hold me thou Heav'n ! whom I've forsaken— Hold
Thy Creature, tho' accurs'd !

BROOKE's *Gustavus Vasa*.

* Off Traitors ! Off, or my distracted Soul
Will burst indignant from this Jail of Nature
To where she beckons yonder— No, mild Seraph !
Point

Point not to Life—I cannot linger here,
Cut off from thee, the miserable Pity,
The Scorn of Human-kind!—A trampled King!
Who let his mean, poor-hearted Love, one Moment,
To Coward Prudence stoop; who made it not
The first undoubting Action of his Reign,
To snatch thee to his Throne, and there to shield
thee,

Thy helpless Bosom from a Ruffian's Fury!—
O Shame! O Agony! O the fell Stings
Of late, of vain Repentance!—Ha! my Brain
Is all on Fire! a wild Abyss of Thought!—
Th' infernal World discloses! See! behold him!
Lo! with fierce Smiles he shakes the bloody Steel,
And mocks my feeble Tears!—Hence! quickly,
hence!

Spurn his vile Carcass! give it to the Dogs!
Expose it to the Winds and screaming Ravens!
Or hurl it down that fiery Steep to Hell,
There with his Soul to toss in Flames for ever!—
Ah Impotence of Rage!—What am I?—Where?
Sad, silent, all?—The Forms of dumb Despair,
Around some mournful Tomb?—What do I see!
This soft Abode of Innocence and Love
Turn'd to the House of Death! a Place of Horror!—
Ah! that poor Corse! pale! pale! deform'd with
Murder!

THOMPSON'S *Tancred and Sigismunda*.

REASON.

Good Reasons must of Force give Way to better.
SHAKESPEAR'S *Julius Caesar*.

Reason was given to curb our headstrong Will,
And yet but shews a weak Physician's Skill;
Gives nothing while the raging Fit does last,
But stays to cure it when the worst is past:

Reason's

60 *The BEAUTIES of*

Reason's a Staff for Age, when Nature's gone :
But Youth is strong enough to walk alone.

DRYDEN's *Conquest of Granada.*

Oh ! why did Heav'n leave Man so weak De-
fence,

To trust frail Reason with the Rule of Sense ?

'Tis over-pois'd, and kick'd up in the Air,

While Sense weighs down the Scale, and keeps it
there.

Or, like a captive King, 'tis born away,

And forc'd to countenance its own Rebel's Sway,

O no ! our Reason was not vainly lent,

Nor is a Slave, but by its own Consent !

If Reason on his Subjects Triumph wait,

An easy King deserves no better Fate.

Ibid.

Reason, alas ! it does not know itself,

But Man, vain Man ! would with his

Short lin'd Plummet

Fathom the vast Abyss of heavenly Justice.

DRYDEN's *Oedipus.*

Reason ! the Pow'r to guess at Right and Wrong !

The twinkling Lamp

Of wand'ring Life, that wakes and winks by Turns ;

Fooling the Follower between Shade and Shining !

CONGREVE's *Mourning Bride.*

What art thou, but the very Source

And Spring, from whence flow all our Miseries ?

Thou art that glimmering Light, by which alone

We can discern those Crimes, which otherwise

We ne'er had understood, at least as such,

And so had known no Guilt.

FILMEER's *Unnatural Brothers.*

De-

Deluded Man ! who fondly proud of Reason,
Think't that thy crazy Nature's Privilege,
Which is thy great Tormentor ! Senseless Fools,
In stupid Dulness blest'd, are only happy :
They feel no threat'ning Evils at a Distance :
Never reflect on their past Miseries :
Their solid Comfort is their Want of Sense.
But Reason is the Tyrant of the Mind ;
Awakes our Thoughts to all our Cares and Grievs ;
Distracts our Hopes, and in a thousand Shapes
Presents our Fears to multiply our Woes.

H. SMITH's *Princess of Parma*.

* Have a care of Reason :
'Tis an unwieldy Weapon, double edg'd,
To wound the female Hand, that rashly draws
Or plays too freely with it.

JEFFREYS's *Edwin*.

* Reason is too, too feeble to oppose 'em :
Man to Destruction runs with eager Pace,
Nor sees his Ruin—till his Fate is past.

TRACY's *Periander*.

* In vain, my Friend, we boast a reasoning
Mind,
A Form erect, by Nature's Hand bestow'd
To meet and look Misfortune in the Face,
If shook with Blasts of Passion, thus we fall
Prone and dejected, like the brute Creation.

BELLERS's *Injured Innocence*.

* If, King of *England*, in this weighty Matter,
On which depends the Weal and Life of 'Thousands,
You love and seek the Truth, let Reason judge,
Cool, steady, quiet, and dispassion'd Reason :
For never yet, since the proud selfish Race

Of Men began to jar, did Passion give,
Nor ever can it give, a right Decision.

THOMPSON'S *Edward and Eleonora*.

* Wou'dst thou destroy the Dignity of Man,
And level him with Brutes ? — — — depose fair Reason,
And substitute wild, warring Appetites,
Disgracing her mild Sway ? — — — But thou dost
best — — —

The Man who dares to act as thou hast done,
Is in the right to banish his Reflection — — —

HAVARD'S *Regulus*.

* Reason ! the hoary Dotard's dull Directress,
That loses all because she hazards nothing :
Reason ! the tim'rous Pilot, that to shun
The Rocks of Life, for ever flies the Port.

S. JOHNSON'S *Irene*.

* But, Reason's Line wants Depth to sound Hea-
ven's Will.

HILL'S *Merope*.

* Alas, had Reason ever yet the Power
To talk down Grief, or bid the tortur'd Wretch
Not feel his his Anguish ! 'tis impossible.
Could Reason govern, I should now rejoice
They were engag'd, and count the tedious Moments
'Till Conquest smil'd, and *Rome* again was free.
Could Reason govern, I should beg of Heaven
To guide my Brother's Sword, and plunge it deep
Ev'n in the Bosom of the Man I love.
I should forget he ever won my Soul ;
Forget 'twas your Command that bade me love him ;
Nay fly perhaps to yon detested Field,
And spurn with Scorn his mangled Carcase from me.

WHITEHEAD'S *Roman Father*.

* When Reason, like the skilful Charioteer,
Can break the fiery Passions to the Bit

And,

And, Spite of their licentious Sallies, keep
The radiant Tract of Glory ; Passions, then
Are Aids and Ornaments. Triumphant Reason
Firm in her Seat and swift in her Career,
Enjoys their Violence, and smiling, thanks
Their formidable Flame, for high Renown.

YOUNG's *Brothers*,

REBELLION.

If that Rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject Routs,
Led on by bloody Youth, guarded with Rage,
And countenanc'd by Boys and Beggary ;
I say, if damn'd Commotion so appear
In his true, native, and most proper Shape ;
You, reverend Father, and these noble Lords,
Had not been here to dress the ugly Forms
Of base and bloody Insurrection,
With your fair Honours. You, Lord Archbishop,
Whose See is by a civil Peace maintain'd,
Whose Beard the silver Hand of Peace has touch'd,
Whose Learning and good Letters, Peace has tu-
tor'd,

Whose white Investments figure Innocence,
The Dove, and very blessed Spirit of Peace :
Wherefore do ye so very ill translate yourself
Out of the Speech of Peace, that bears such Grace
Into the harsh and boisterous Tongue of War ?
Turning your Books to Graves, your Ink to Blood,
Your Pens to Launces, and your Tongue divine,
To a loud Trumpet, and a Point of War.

SHAKESPEAR's *Henry IV.*

RECONCILIATION.

Canst thou forgive me ? canst thou, my *Cleanthes* ?
Can I deserve thus to grow here once more ?

Let

Let me embrace myself quite into thee!

Come, come as fiercely as thou wilt; I meet thee,
I close within thee, and am thou again.

DRYDEN's *Cleomenes*.

Behold his Anger melts! He longs to love you!
To call you Friend! Then press you hard with all
The tender speechless Joys of Reconcilement!

ROWE's *Fair Penitent*.

Way dost thou turn away? Why tremble thus?
Why thus indulge thy Fears? and in Despair
Abandon thy distracted Soul to Horror?
Cast every black and guilty Thought behind thee,
And let them never vex thy Quiet more:
My Arms, my Heart, are open to receive thee,
With tender Joy, with fond forgiving Love,
And all the Longings of my first Desires.

ROWE's *Jane Shore*.

* Alas, *Cleora*, whither have I wander'd,
And stray'd a Wanton from thy tender Care!
How has my Ear been deaf, nor known till now
The gentle Voice that lures me Home to Love?
'To Love, to Constancy, and plighted Faith?
'Tis there, ye Gods, y'ave plac'd our highest Bliss;
Seat of Content, and calm Retreat from Care;
Sweet Softner of past Toils, and present Anguish:
There the kind Partner of our Fates attends,
Or Grief to mitigate, or heighten Joy;
And each *Cleora* makes her Master happy.
Forgive then my late Insolence of Words,
Vain Outrage on thy Sex, and empty Taunts,
Be all forgot as all shall be amended.

FROWDE's *Philotas*.

* O my *Daraxa*! thou hast charm'd my Soul!
This reconciling Interview has sooth'd
My troubled Bosom into tender Joy:

As when the Spring first on the soften'd Top
Of Lebanon, unbinds her lovely Tresses,
And shakes her blooming Sweets from Carmel's
Brow.

THOMPSON's *Edward and Eleonora*.

RECOVERY.

* The Moment that I sunk upon my Couch,
A sick and troubled Slumber fell upon me ;
Chaos of gloomy unconnected Thought !
That, in black Eddy whirl'd, made Sleep more
dreadful,
Than the worst waking Pang. While thus I tofs'd,
Ready to bid farewell to suff'ring Clay,
Methought an Angel came and touch'd my Wound.
At this the parting Gloom clear'd up apace ;
My Slumbers soften'd ; and, with Health, return'd
Serenity of Mind, and order'd Thought,
And fair Ideas gladdening all the Soul.
Aerial Musick too by Fancy heard,
Sooth'd my late Pangs, and harmoniz'd my Breast.

THOMPSON's *Edward and Eleonora*.

* See my *Clerical*,

Like a kind Master, absent long from Home,
The Soul with Smiles returns to its fair Dwelling ;
Flows thro' the purple Chambers of the Heart,
Where Life resides, to see that all is well,
And wakes her kindling Beauties to their Lustre.

FRANCIS's *Eugenia*.

REGICIDE.

If I could find Example
Of Thousands that had struck anointed Kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't : But since

Nor

Nor Brass, nor Stone, nor Parchment, bears even
 one,
 Let Villainy itself forswear it.

SHAKESPEAR's *Winter's Tale*.

Shed in a cursed Hour, and by a cursed Hand,
 Blood Royal, unreveng'd has curs'd the Land :
 Dreadful indeed ! Blood, and a King's Blood too !
 And such a King ! and by his Subjects shed !
 No Wonder then,
 If Monsters, Wars, and Plagues, revenge such Crimes !
 If Heaven be just, its whole Artillery,
 All must be emptied on us : Not one Bolt
 Shall err from *Thebes* ; but more be call'd for, more
 New moulded Thunder of a larger Size,
 Driven by whole *Jove*. What ! touch anointed
 Power !

Then Gods beware ! *Jove* would himself be next,
 Could you but reach him too.

DRYDEN's and LEE's *Oedipus*.

How sacred ought Kings Lives be held,
 When but the Death of one
 Demands an Empire's Blood for Expiation.

Ibid.

Fine Work above, that their appointed Care
 Should die such Death !

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

REJOICINGS.

A Love which knows no Bounds to *Antony*,
 Would mark the Day with Honours, when all
 Heav'n
 Labour'd for him ! when each propitious Star

Stood

Stood wakeful in his Orb, to watch that Hour,
And shed his better Influence!

DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

Summon the Priests to speedy Sacrifice;
Crown every Altar; heap the spicy Piles,
'Till the vast Fanes be hid in smoaky Gums:
No pensive Look prophane the general Joy;
Nor orphan'd Matrons be allow'd to mourn;
Nor Virgins widow'd on their bridal Day.

TATE's *Loyal General*.

Rouse up, ye *Thebans*, tune your *Io Pæans*:
Your King returns triumphant! Haste, all haste,
And meet with Blessings our victorious King:
Decree Processions; bid new Holidays;
Crown all the Statues of our Gods with Garlands:
And, as you us'd to supplicate your Gods,
So meet your King with Bays and Olive-branches;
Bow down, and touch his Knees!

DRYDEN's and LEE's *Oedipus*.

Let spacious *Crete* throughout her hundred Cities!
Resound her *Phædra's* Joy. Let Altars smok,
And richest Gums, and Spice, and Incense roll
The fragrant Wreaths to Heaven, to pitying Heaven!
Set all at large, and bid the loathsome Dungeons
Give up the meagre Slaves that pine in Darkness,
And waste in Grief! —

Let them be cheer'd! let the starv'd Prisoners riot,
And glow with generous Wine! Let Sorrow cease;
Let none be wretched, none, since *Phædra's* happy!

EDM. SMITH's *Phædra and Hyppolitus*.

* Forgive that unprepar'd,
We only with that Joy, that Transport, Wonder,
Which swell each *Grecian* Bosom, thus receive you.
And truly such a Burst I have not seen
Of that best Triumph. City, Country, all,

Is in a gay triumphant Tempest toss'd.
 I scarce could press along. The Trumpet's Voice
 Is lost in loud repeated Shouts, that raise
 Your Name to Heaven. Ten thousand Eyes, below,
 Ake to behold the Conqueror of *Troy*.

THOMPSON's *Agamemnon*.

RELIGION.

To prove Religion true,
 If either Wit or Sufferings could suffice,
 All Faiths afford the Constant and the Wise;
 And yet even they, by Education sway'd,
 In Age defend what Infancy obey'd.

DRYDEN's *Indian Emperor*.

All under various Names adore and love,
 One Power immense, which ever rules above,

Ibid.

By Reason Man a Godhead can discern,
 But how he would be worshipp'd, cannot learn.

DRYDEN's *Conquest of Granada*.

No Power is safe, nor no Religion good,
 Whose Principles of Growth are writ in Blood.

LEE's *Cæsar Borgia*.

If you've Religion, keep it to yourself;
 Atheists will else make use of Toleration,
 And laugh you out on't. Never shew Religion,
 Unless you mean to pass for Knaves of Conscience,
 And cheat believing Fools that think you honest.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

All Faiths are to their own Believers just;
 For none believe because they will, but must.

DRYDEN's *Tyrannick Love*.

The Ways of Heav'n, judg'd by a private Breast,
Is often what's our private Interest :
And therefore those who would that Will obey,
Without their Interest, must their Duty weigh.

DRYDEN's *Tyrannick Love*.

Jew, Turk, and Christian differ but in Creed ;
In Ways of Wickedness they're all agreed :
None upwards clears the Road ; they part, and cavil :
But all jog on, unerring, to the Devil.

LANSDOWN's *Jew of Venice*.

Look round, how Providence bestows alike
Sunshine and Rain to bless the fruitful Year,
On different Nations, all of different Faiths :
And (tho' by several Names and Titles worshipp'd,)
Heaven takes the various Tribute of their Praise,
Since all agree to own, at least to mean,
One best, one greatest, only Lord of all.

ROWE's *Tamerlane*.

Religious Lustre is, by native Innocence,
Divinely pure and simple from all Arts :
You daub and dress her like a common Mistress,
The Harlot of your Fancies ; and by adding
False Beauties, which she wants not, make the World
Suspect her Angel's Face is foul beneath,
And will not bear all Lights.

Ibid.

* The Gods my Foes—that sounds at first tremendous !

But do we know there are such vengeful Beings ?
Unseen, who see us !—hear, but are unheard !
Of Thought the Object, nor by Thought conceiv'd !
Dreams, Superstition, Priestcraft, downright Priest-
craft.

LEWIS's *Philip of Macedon*.

* Cast

* Cast off thy *Idol Gods* ; and be a *Christian*.
 That single Change reverses all our Fates.
 Kind to the *courted Souls of Pagan Converts*,
 We have a *Law*, remits their Body's *Doom*.
 This latent Law, by Heav'n's peculiar Mercy,
 Points out a *Road*, and gives a *Right*, to PARDON.
Religion can disarm a *Christian's Anger*.

HILL's *Alzira*.

* True Religion

Is always mild, propitious, and humble ;
 Plays not the Tyrant, plants no Faith in Blood,
 Nor bears Destruction on her Chariot-wheels ;
 But stoops to polish, succour, and redress,
 And builds her Grandeur on the publick Good.

MILLER's *Mahomet*.

* I tell thee, *Roman*, all your fine Distinctions,
 That call this Man divine, and that a Villain,
 Are but Religion's Cheat - - -

HAVARD's *Regulus*.

* Come then, Religion, holy, Heaven-born
 Maid,
 Thou surest Refuge in our Day of Trouble,
 To thy great Guidance, to thy strong Protection,
 I give my Child.

FRANCIS's *Eugenia*.

R E M O R S E.

* When Life is done,
 Useless were all Deceit ; but needful is Remorse,
 When Oaths so ill devis'd require Atonement.

CIBBER's *King John*.

* Tis ever thus
With noble Minds, if chance they slide to Folly;
Remorse stings deeper, and relentless Conscience
Pours more of Gall into the bitter Cup
Of their severe Repentance.

MASON'S *Elfrida*.

REPENTANCE.

Oh! my Offence is rank! It smells to Heav'n!—
It has the primal eldest Curse upon it,
A Brother's Murder! Pray I cannot:
Tho' Inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger Guilt defeats my strong Intent;
And like a Man to double Business bound,
I stand in Pause, where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed Hand
Were thicker than itself with Brother's Blood,
Is there not Rain enough in the sweet Heav'n's
To wash it white as Snow? Whereto serves Mercy,
But to confront the Visage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold Force,
To be fore-stall'd e'er we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
My Fault is past: But, oh! what Form of Pray'r
Can serve my Turn? Forgive me my foul Murder!
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those Effects for which I did the Murder!
My Crown, my own Ambition, and my Queen!
May one be pardon'd and retain th' Offence?

SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet*.

In the corrupted Currents of this World,
Offence's gilded Hand may shove by Justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked Prize itself
Buys out the Law: But 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling: There the Action lies
In its true Nature; and we ourselves compell'd,

Ev'n

Ev'n to the Teeth and Foreheads of our Faults,
 To give in Evidence. What then ? what rests ?
 Try what Repentance can ! what can it not ?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
 O wretched State ! O Bosom, black as Death !
 O limed Soul, that struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd. Help Angels ! make Essay !
 Bow stubborn Knees ; and Heart with Strings of Steel,
 Be soft as Sinews of the new-born Babe :
 All may be well.

SHAKESPEAR's *Hamlet*.

Let Wretches loaded hard with Guilt, as I am,
 Bow with the Weight, and groan beneath the Burden,
 Creep with the Remnant of the Strength they've left,
 Before the Foot-stool of the Heaven they've injur'd.

OTWAY's *Venice Preserv'd*

For true Repentance never comes too late ;
 As soon as born, she makes herself a Shroud,
 The weeping Mantle of a fleecy Cloud :
 And swift as Thought her airy Journey takes,
 Her Hand Heav'n's Azure Gate with trembling strikes ;
 The Stars do with Amazement on her look ;
 She tells her Story in so sad a Tone,
 That Angels start from Bliss and give a Groan.

LEE's *Massacre of Paris*.

Kind Heav'n, who knows our weak imperfect Nature,

How blind with Passion, and how prone to Evil,
 Makes not too strict Enquiry for Offences ;
 But is atton'd by Penitence and Prayer :
 Cheap Recompence ! here 'twould not be receiv'd ;
 Nothing but Blood can make the Expiation,
 And cleanse the Soul from inbred deep Pollution.

DENNIS's *Rinaldo and Armida*.

At length the Tumult of his Soul's appeas'd,
 And e'ery Doubt and anxious Scruple eas'd,

Boldly

Boldly he proves the dark, uncertain Road,
The Peace his holy Comforter bestow'd,
Guides and protects him like a guardian God.

ROWE's *Tamerlane*.

The Hours of Folly, and of fond Delight
Are wasted all, and fled : Those that remain
Are doom'd to weeping Anguish and Repentance.

ROWE's *Fair Penitent*.

Let that Night,
That guilty Night, be blotted from the Year !
Let not the Voice of Mirth or Musick know it !
Let it be dark and desolate ; no Stars
To glitter o'er it : Let it wish for Light,
Yet want it still, and vainly wait the Dawn !
For 'twas the Night that gave me up to Shame !

Ibid.

This fatal Form, that drew on my Undoing,
Fasting and Tears, and Hardships shall destroy :
Nor Light, nor Food, nor Comfort will I know,
Nor aught that may continue hated Life.
Then, when you see me meagre, wan, and changed,
Stretch'd at my Length, and dying in my Cave,
On that cold Earth I mean shall be my Grave :
Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,
At length her Tears have wash'd her Stains away ;
At length 'tis Time, her Punishment should cease :
Die thou poor suffering Wretch, and be at Peace.

Ibid.

These Books teach holy Sorrow and Contrition,
And Penitence. Is it become an Art then ?
A Trick that lazy, dull, luxurious Gownmen
Can teach us to do over ? I'll no more on't.
I've more real Anguish in my Heart,
Than all their pedant Discipline e'er knew,

Ibid.

I've inward turn'd my Eyes upon myself,
Where foul Offence and Shame have laid all waste;
Therefore my Soul abhors this wretched Dwelling,
And longs to find some better Place of Rest.

ROWE's *Fair Penitent*.

I will own the Merit of Reproach,
And for those foolish Days of Wanton Pride,
My Soul is justly humbled in the Dust:
Yet let the Saints be Witness of this Truth,
That now tho' late, I look with Horror back,
That I detest my wretched self and curse
My past polluted Life. All judging Heav'n,
Who knows my Crimes, has seen my Sorrow for 'em.

ROWE's *Jane Shore*.

'Tis time enough
To whine and mortify thyself with Penance,
When the decaying Sense is pall'd with Pleasure,
And weary Nature tires in her last Stage:
Then weep and tell thy Beads, when alt'ring Rheums
Have stain'd the Lustre of thy starry Eyes,
And failing Palsies shake thy wither'd Hand;
The present Moments claim more generous Use.

Ibid.

O ye Powers! that search
The Heart of Man, and weigh his inmost Thoughts!
If I've done amiss, impute it not:
The best may err, but ye are good!

ADDISON's *Cato*.

* O Penitence! let me truly taste thy Cup,
That throws Men down, only to raise them up.

WEBSTER's *Unfortunate Dukes, &c.*

* As for myself
Here I renounce the World, and all its Joys,
Resolved henceforth in some remote

And

And unfrequented Hermitage to spend
The small Remainder of my wretched Days
At Nature's Charge: Where the cold clammy Earth
Shall be my Bed: Homely, but wholesome Roots
My daily Food, and Water from the
Nearest Spring my only Drink. There, on my
Bended Knees, I'll try to appease the Anger
Of offended Heaven, and with repeated
Earnest Vows, solicit Pardon for all my Faults.

FILMER's *Unnatural Brother*.

* Sweet Peace of Mind! whence Pleasure borrows
Taste,

Daughter of Virtue! Whither art thou fled?
To what calm Cottage, to what blameless Shade,
Far from these guilty Walls! O Walls! O Race!
To Horrors doom'd!— Before me gathers fast
A deepning Gloom, with unknown Terrors big.

THOMPSON's *Agamemnon*.

* What is this Time and Place, and Joys of Cir-
cumstance?

That wind our Actions, so, as Heav'n's own Hand
What's done may not unravel?— Pardon may—
There's the *Litbean* Sweet, the Snow of Heav'n,
New blanching o'er the Negro Front of Guilt,
That to the Eye of Mercy all appears
Fair as th' unwritten Page— Yet self-convict,
Tho' Heav'n's free Pow'r shou'd pardon, where's my
Peace?

Thus, thus to be driven out from my own Breast!
To have no Shed, no shelt'ring Nook, at Home,
To take Reflection in! How looks the Wretch
Whose Heart cries Villain to itself?

BROOKE's *Gustavus Vasa*.

* What! will this Penitence not move thee?
Know

There is a rose-lip'd Seraph sits on high,

E 2

Who

Who ever bends his holy Ear to Earth
 To mark the Voice of Penitence, to catch
 Her solemn Sighs, to tune them to his Harp,
 And echo them in Harmonies divine
 Up to the Throne of Grace. Ev'n Heav'n is won
 By Penitence. MASON's *Elfrida*.

R E P U T A T I O N.

The purest Treasure mortal Times afford,
 Is spotless Reputation: That away,
 Men are but gilded Loam, or painted Clay.
 A Jewel in a ten times barr'd up Chest,
 Is a bold Spirit in a loyal Breast.

SHAKESPEAR's *Richard II.*

Not being the Worst stands in some Rank of Praise,
SHAKESPEAR's *King Lear*.

The Gravity and Stilness of your Youth,
 The World hath noted; and your Name is great
 In Mouths of wisest Censure. What's the Matter,
 That you unlace your Reputation thus,
 And spend your rich Opinion —

SHAKESPEAR's *Othello*.

Oh I have lost my Reputation!
 I have lost the' immortal Part of myself,
 And what remains is bestial. —

Ibid.

Good Name in Man or Woman
 Is the immediate Jewel of our Souls.
 Who steals my Purse, steals Trash; 'tis Something,
 Nothing:

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been Slave to Thousands:
 But he that filches from me my good Name,
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 But makes me poor indeed.

Ibid.

The

The talking World may persecute her Name,
Her Honour bleeds not, when they wound her Fame :
Honour's the Soul, which nought but Guild can wound,
Fame is the Trumpet which the People sound.

DAVENANT's *Siege of Rhodes.*

O Reputation ! dearer far than Life,
Thou precious Balam, lovely, sweet of Smell,
Whose Cordial Drops once spilt by some rash Hand,
Not all the Owner's Care, nor the repenting Toil
Of the rude Spiller ever can collect
To its first Purity and native Sweetness.

SEWELL's *Sir Walter Raleigh.*

* Dost thou know what Reputation is ?
Upon a Time, Reputation, Love, and Death,
Woud travel o'er the World ; and 'twas concluded
That they should part, and take three several Ways.
Death told 'em they should find him in great Battles ;
Or Cities visited with Plagues : Love gives them
Counsel

To inquire for him 'mongst unambitious Shepherds,
Where Dowries were not talk'd of ; and sometimes
'Mongst quiet Kindred, that had nothing left 'em
By their dead Parents : But, says Reputation,
Do not forsake me ; for it is my Nature,
If once I part from any Man I meet,
I am never found again !

WEBSTER's *Unfortunate Dutchess, &c.*

* Had he unjustly fallen, your Name had then
Been stain'd to latest Times with foul Reproach.
And what more dreadful, more to be abhor'd,
Than to be known with Infamy for ever !

PATERSON's *Aminius.*

RESIGNATION.

* Our Lot, or good, or bad, 'tis Heav'n appoints,
And Heav'n's Decrees are righteous!

SHIRLEY's *Parricide*.

* Augment the Woes ! compleat the dismal Scene !
And to a breathless Bridegroom, add the Sight
Of all the Joys I ever yet have known,
A Sacrifice to Death in thee, my Father !
A Sigh might heave, a silent Tear descend,
I might lament, but never would accuse :
Ev'n then should Grief a Victim fall to hope
For Restoration in another World.

Ibid.

* O fair Affliction ! be thy Soul at Peace ;
I meant not to awake, but hush thy Sorrows ;
Yet think that Resignation is a Duty ;
For righteous ever is the Will of Heav'n.

CIBBER's *King John*.

* Accuse not Heav'n's high Will
Nor struggle with the ten fold Chain of Fate
That links thee to thy Woes ! O, rather yield,
And wait the happier Hour, when Innocence
Shall weep no more. Rest in that pleasing Hope,
And yield thyself to Heav'n.

Barbarossa.

* Bid her remember that the Ways of Heav'n,
Tho' dark, are just : That oft' some Guardian
Pow'r
Attends unseen, to save the Innocent !
But if high Heav'n decrees our Fall, — O bid her
Firmly to wait the Stroke ; prepar'd alike
To live or die.

Ibid.

RETIRE.

RETIREMENT.

Has not old Custom made this Life more sweet
Than that of painted Pomp? Are not these Woods
More free from Peril than the anxious Court?
And this our Life, exempt from publick Haunt;
Finds Tongues in Trees, Books in the running
Brooks,
Sermons in Stones, and Good in every Thing!

SHAKESPEAR'S *As you like it.*

Ah Prince! hadst thou but known the Joys which
dwell
With humble Fortunes, thou wouldst curse the Royalty!
Had Fate allotted us some obscure Village,
Where only blest with Life's Necessaries
We might have pass'd in Peace our happy Days,
Free from the Cares which Crowns and Empires bring!
There no Step-Mother no ambitious Mother,
No wicked Statesman, would with impious Arts
Have strove to wrest from us our small Inheritance,
Or stir the simple Hinds to noisy Faction!
Our Nights had been all blest with balmy Slumbers.
And all our waking Hours been crown'd with Love!

ROWE'S *Ambitious Stepmother.*

Fly with me to some safe, some sacred Privacy,
There charm my Senses with *Semanthe's* Accents,
There pour thy Balm into my Love-sick Soul,
And heal my Cares for ever.

ROWE'S *Ulysses.*

Within an antient Forest's ample Verge,
There stands a lonely, but a healthful Dwelling.
Built for Convenience and the Use of Life:
Around it Fallows, Meads, and Pastures fair,
A little Garden, and a limpid Brook,
By Nature's own Contrivance seem dispos'd;

No Neighbours but a few poor simple Clowns,
Honest and true, with a well meaning Priest;
No Faction or domestick Fury's rage,
Did e'er disturb the Quiet of that Place.

Rowe's *Jane Shore*.

Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal Seat, the *Sabine* Field,
Where the great Censor toil'd with his own Hands,
And all our frugal Ancestors were blest
In humble Virtues, and a rural Life!
'There live retir'd; pray for the Peace of *Rome*;
Content thyself to be obscurely good!
When Vice prevails, and impious Men bear Sway,
The Post of Honour is a private Station.

Addison's *Cato*.

I fly from Care and Strife,
And gently tread the downward Path of Life:
No more expose myself to Fortune's Sport,
The Noise of War or Whispers of a Court:
In letter'd Solitude unenvied reign,
Admire the Hills, but live upon the Plain.

Sewell's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

We'll fly to some far distant lonely Village,
Forget our former State, and breed with Slaves,
Sweat in the Eye of Day, and when Night comes
With Bodies coarsely fill'd, and vacant Souls
Sleep like the labour'd Hinds and never think,
For if I think again, I shall go mad.

Ibid.

* Let Love prevail,
And guide our Steps to unfrequented Scenes
Of rural Freedom, Innocence, and Ease:
Your Passions, hush'd on *Adeliza's* Bo'om,
Ambition, Hate, Revenge shall die away:
And these fond folding Arms bound all your Wishes:
In Peace we'll pass the Day, in Love the Night,

Safe

Safe from the Storms that rock the World around us ;
And dwelling with the Villager, content,
Laugh at the gilded Thorns that plant a Crown.

JEFFREYS's *Edwin*.

* We'll fly unto some distant Place
Out of the reach of Fortune or its Frowns,
And there seek out some rural sweet Retreat,
Beneath the Shelter of a filvan Shade,
That neighbouring to it has a murr'ing Brook
Gliding its Silver Current gently on,
So clear, that at all Times may be discern'd
The shining Gravel and the pearly Shells :
The finny Fry, as numberless as Sands,
Cutting in sportive Play the limpid Stream.

WANDESFORD's *Fatal Love*.

* I have a little Villa in the *Abruzzo*,
A limpid Brook waters its verdant Meads,
And various Scenes of Woodland, Hill, and Dale,
Diversify the beauteous Spot, replete
With all that Nature, uncorrupted, wants ;
The cleanly Mansion in a Garden plac'd,
(Tho' breathing Marble people not the Grots,
Nor painted Triumphs animate the Wall)
Is yet convenient——thither I'll retire.

BELLERS's *Injured Innocent*.

* Glad will I throw this regal Pomp aside,
And, instant with you seek some distant Country,
Some gloomy *Thracian* Dale, where piny *Hemus*
May wrap us in impenetrable Shade :
There, there, the coarsest Life, fed by hard Toil,
Will be luxurious Ease to what I feel,
To this big Pang, that labours at my Heart,
And fires my mingling Passions into Anguish.

THOMPSON's *Agamemnon*.

* Yes we will go, my *sweet Ismene*, go,
 Where Sorrow's sharpest Eye shall fail to find us.
 Where we may mix with Men, who ne'er deceiv'd,
 And Women, born to be, the Charms they look.
 There is a Place which my *Eumenes* lov'd,
 Till Youth's fond Hope of Glory dash'd his Peace,
 Where Nature, plainly noble, knows no *Pomp*;
 And Virtue moves no *Envy*: ——— Quiet Plenty,
 Unartful Pleasure, unaffected Joy,
 And ever-blushing, ever-guileless Modesty
 Cloathe Love, and Taste, and Converse, neatly fine:
 Unloaded with their Tinsels,

HILL's *Merope*.

* How nobly does this venerable Wood,
 Gilt with the Glories of the orient Sun,
 Embosom yon fair Mansion! the soft Air
 Salutes me with most cool and temp'rate Breath;
 And as I tread, the Flow'r-besprinkled Lawn
 Sends up a Gale of Fragrance. I should guess,
 If e'er Content deign'd visit mortal Clime,
 This was her Place of dearest Residence

MASON's *Elfrida*.

* With thee my sweetest Comfort, I'll retire
 From splendid Palaces, and glittering Throngs,
 To live embosom'd in the Shades of Joy;
 Where sweet Content extends her friendly Arms,
 And gives increasing Love a lasting Welcome.
 With thee I'll timely fly from proud Oppression;
 Forget our Sorrows, and be bless'd for ever.

JONES's *Earl of Essex*.

* Then let us hence from this detested Place;
 My rescu'd Soul disdains the House of Greatness;
 Where humble Honesty can find no Shelter.
 From hence we'll fly where Love and Virtue call,
 Where Happiness invites — that Wish of all;

With

With sweet Content enjoy each blissful Hour
Beyond the Smiles of Fraud, or Frowns of Power.

JONE's *Earl of Essex*.

RETREAT.

Proud in his Loss, and rising in his Fall,
He at the last, retreated like a Lion,
Whom a bold Band of Huntsmen having found, }
And dar'd to raise, he rolls his Eyes around,
Lashing his Sides, and tearing up the Ground :
With Trouble from th' unequal Skirmish goes,
Majestick stalks along, and turns upon his Foes.

REVENGE. See JEALOUSY.

Revenge and Pleasure
Have Ears more deaf than Adders, to the Voice
Of true Decision.

SHAKESPEAR's *Troilus and Cressida*.

Vengeance in my Heart, Death in my Hand!
Blood and Revenge are brooding in my Skull!

SHAKESPEAR's *Titus Andronicus*.

Now might I do it now he's praying :
And now I'll do't ; and so he goes to Heaven !
And so am I reveng'd ! That would be scann'd !
A Villain kills my Father ; and for that
I, his foul Son, do this same Villain send
To Heav'n ! Oh ! this is Hire and Salary, not Re-
venge !

He took my Father grossly, full of Bread,
With all his Crimes broad blown, and fresh as May.
And how his Audit stands, who knows save Heav'n
But in our Circumstance, and Course of Thought,
'Tis heavy with him ! Am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of the Soul,

When

When he is fit and season'd for his Passage?
 No! up Sword, and know thou a more horrid Bent:
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in his Rage,
 Or in th' incestuous Pleasure of his Bed!
 At gaming, swearing, or about some Act
 That has no Relish of Salvation in it!
 Then trip him, that his Heels may kick at Heav'n,
 And that his Soul may be as damn'd, and black
 As Hell whereto it goes. Then I with Wings as swift
 As Meditation, or the Thoughts of Love,
 Will sweep to my Revenge.

SHAKESPEAR's *Hamlet*.

O that the Slave had forty thousand Lives,
 One is too poor, too weak for my Revenge,
 I wou'd have him nine Years a killing.

SHAKESPEAR's *Othello*.

Like to the *Pontic* Sea,
 Whose icy Current and compulsive Course,
 Ne'er knows retiring Ebb, but keeps due on
 To the *Propontic* and the *Hellespont*:
 Ev'n so my bloody Thoughts, with bloody Pace,
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble Love;
 Till that a capable, and a wide Revenge
 Swallow them up.

Ibid.

Had all his Hairs been Lives, my great Revenge
 Had Stomach for them all.

Ibid.

What servile Rascal, what most abject Slave,
 That lick'd the Dust where'er his Master trod,
 Bounded not from the Earth upon his Feet,
 And shook his Chains, that heard of *Brutus*' Ven-
 geance!

Who, that e'er heard the Cause, applauded not
 That *Roman* Spirit for his great Revenge?

ROCHESTER's *Valentinian*.

Oh!

Oh ! what a Conflict do I feel ! How am I
Toss'd like a Ship, 'twixt two encount'ring Tides !
Love that was banish'd hence. would feign return,
And force an Entrance : But Revenge !
Revenge ! the Porter of my Soul is deaf,
Deaf as the Adder, and as full of Poison !
Mighty Revenge ! that singly can't o'erthrow
All those joint Pow'rs which Nature, Virtue, Honour
Can raise against thee.

DENHAM's *Sophy*.

'Tis brave and noble, when the falling Weight
Of my own Ruin crushes those I hate.

Ibid.

Let not *Medea*'s dreadful Vengeance stand
A Pattern more, but draw your own so fierce,
It may for ever be th' Original !
Touch not, but dash with Strokes so bravely bold,
Till you have form'd a Face of so much Horror,
That gaping Furies may run frightened back !
That Fury may devour herself for Madness,
And sad *Medusa*'s Head be turn'd to Stone.

LEE's *Alexander*.

Yes, *Alexander*, now thou pay'st me well :
Blood for a Blow is Interest indeed !
Methinks I am grown taller with the Murder,
And standing strait on this majestic Pile,
I hit the Clouds, and see the World below me.

Ibid.

Peace then, full Heart ! move like a Cloud about !
And when Time ripens thee to break, O shed
The Stock of all thy Poison on his Head !

Ibid.

Tho' the Earth yawn'd so wide
That all the Labours of the Deep were seen,
And *Alexander* stood on th' other Side,

I'd

I'd leap the burning Ditch to give him Death,
Or sink myself for ever !

Ibid.

Remember he's a Man : His Flesh is soft,
And penetrable as a Girl's : We've seen him wounded ;
A Stone has struck him, yet no Thunder-bolt :
A Pebble fell'd this *Jupiter* along :
A Sword has cut him, and a Javelin pierc'd him ;
A Surfeit, nay, a Fit of common Sickness,
Brings this Immortal to the Gate of Death.

Ibid.

Down struggling Nature,
Be strangl'd in me all Remorse, all Thoughts
Of Pity : Yet I will be calmly cruel,
Nor shall he find the Depth of my Revenge.

LEE's Mithridates.

Revenge, the darling Attribute of Heav'n !
But Man unlike his Maker, bears too long,
Still more expos'd, the more he pardons Wrong :
Great in forgiving, and in suff'ring brave ;
To be a Saint, he makes himself a Slave.

DRYDEN's Spanish Friar.

My Vengeance, ripen'd in the Womb of Time,
Presses for Birth, and longs to be disclos'd.

DRYDEN's Duke of Guise.

My Brain runs this and that Way ; 'twill not fix
On aught but Vengeance !

Ibid.

Jealousy of Love
Greater than Fame ! Thou eldest of all Passions !
Or rather all in one ! I here invoke thee,
Where'er thou'rt thron'd, in Air, or Earth, or Hell,
Bring me to my Revenge, to Blood and Ruin.

Ibid.

Revenge.

Revenge, th' Attribute of Gods ! they stamp'd i
With their great Image on our Natures.

OTWAY's *Venice Preserv'd.*

I'd have thee be a Man, if possible,
And keep thy Temper ; for a brave Revenge
Ne'er comes too late. *Ibid.*

A base Revenge is Vengeance on myself.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian.*

All Stratagems are lawful in Revenge :
Promise, deceive, betray, or break your Trust,
Who rights his Honour, cannot be unjust.

RAVENSCROFT's *Italian Husband.*

That sweet Revenge comes smiling to my Thoughts ;
Adorns my Fall, and cheers my Heart in dying.

Rowe's *Fair Penitent.*

Will I revenge her ? Yes, at such a Rate,
That even the World's last Age shall hear and tremble.
Oh ! I will take the Villain in his Height !
Yes, in the Height of his presumptuous Pride,
And in the Foam of all his blustering Rage ;
And when he's most secure, and highest soars,
Then dash him from his Mountain heap'd on Moun-
tains,

And from the Affectation of Divinity,
Down, down to the Abyss ! But dash him so,
That he may feel the Blow, and die blaspheming !
Humble his Pride, extinguish his mad Rage,
And kill the Tyrant first, and then the Man !

DENNIS's *Appius and Virginia.*

Oh my *Mandane*,
The Gods by dreadful Means bestow Success,
And in their Vengeance most severely bless,
From thy bright streaming Eyes or Triumphs flow,
The

The Tyrant falls, *Mandane* strikes the Blow,
 So the fair Moon when Seas swell high and pour
 A wasteful Deluge on the trembling Shore ;
 Inspires the Tumult from her clouded Throne,
 Where silent, pensive, pale, she sits alone,
 And all the distant Ruin is her own.

YOUNG's *Busiris*.

* I'll act my Vengeance
 With this Right-hand, I'll see th' ungrateful Tyrant,
 You, *Zafima*, retain my Rival here,
 Her Shrieks shall waken his expiring Spirit,
 And point the Sting of Death— Guard, guard her
 well,

I'll be her faithful Servant still.— My Hate
 Defends her Life— Yes, if to fear his Loss
 Was almost fatal,— What must be her Torture
 When she beholds him pale and dead before her?
 When those fair Lights, that twin'd their wanton
 Beams

With hers, and fill'd her Love with curs'd Delight,
 Are fix'd— When those dear Lips, that Godlike Form,
 Are spoil'd of Breath ; a mangled lifeless Corps,
 Will she not then feel these tormenting Pangs
 That stab my Heart, rage and despair like me?
 She will, that Object shall avenge her Treason,
 And satisfy my Wrongs.

CH. JOHNSON's *Sultans*.

* Let 'em centre in Revenge
 The Sun's expanded Beams are weak and faint,
 But burn, and blaze, collected in a Point ;
 And to this Point I all my Actions turn,
 My Vengeance.

MARTYN's *Timoleon*.

* Come, ye Sister - Furies !
 Daughters of Hate and Hell ! arise, inflame
 My murderous Purpose ; pour into my Veins

Young

Your Gall, your Scorpion-fellness, your keen Hor-
 rors,
 That sting to Madness; till my burning Vengeance
 Hath her full Draught of Blood.

Eurydice.

* My Soul exults, dilated; the big Hope
 Of Vengeance is in View.—One only Day!
 Between the rising and the setting Sun,
 Three of my Foes must die; the guilty Husband,
 The Father, and the Bride. How shall I end
 them?

Ten thousand Ways croud on my raptur'd Brain,
 And each demands Precedence. Oh! my Heart
 Bounds lightly, and springs forward to the Work,
 Disburthen'd of her Anguish:—Godlike Vengeance.

CH. JOHNSON'S *Midea*.

* Inspire me, great Revenge, to shape my
 Course,

That no Appearance of Design be seen.
 Hasten to *Craterus*, as a Slave inform him,
 Thy Mistress might, perhaps, clear up the Plot:
 Throw't in his Way to force Detection from me;
 This shall have good Effect. The specious Truth,
 That seems extorted, shall have double Weight;
 It cannot fail: I'll feast me on the Thought:
 And while Revenge, to make more sure the Blow,
 Like Age, proceeds with cautious Steps, and slow;
 From tardy Time, that may my Hopes destroy,
 Eager I'll snatch the Bliss, and ruminate my Joy.

FROWDE'S *Philotas*.

* Come then, Revenge, thou Banquet of the
 Gods,

And let me gorge my rav'nous Appetite.
 Inspire me, *Nevefis*, thou subtlest Fury,
 Drive from my Soul the Weakness of my Sex,

And

And make me masculine in my Attempts.
 Some Women have done Wonders in their Rage !
 Why should not I, for I have Cause prodigious !
 Nature, for ever here I banish thee :
 Remorse and Conscience, Pity, all farewell ;
 Instruct me Malice, and assist me Hell.

The Fall of Mortimer.

- * To the just Gods, not us, pertaineth Vengeance.
 THOMPSON'S *Agamemnon*.

* Come, dire *Revenge* ! thou melancholy God !
 That comforts the Distress'd with shadowy *Hopings* !
 Strengthen our willing Hands.

HILL'S Alzira.

Revenge, thou com'st too sudden ;
 And risest to my View in such a Form,
 So shocking, so tremendous, that my Soul
 Shrinks back with Horror now I should embrace thee.

LILLO'S Elmeric.

- * What saidst thou ? What, against the Powers
 of Vengeance ?

The Gods gave honest Anger, just Revenge,
 To be the awful Guardians of the Rights
 And native Dignity of Human-kind.
 O were it not for them, the saucy World
 Would grow a noisome Nest of little Tyrants !
 Each Carrion Crow, on Eagle Merit perch'd,
 Would peck his Eyes out, and the Mongrel Cur
 At Pleasure bait the Lion.

THOMPSON'S Coriolanus.

- * Sweet Vengeance calls : Nor ever call'd a
 God

Such swift Obedience : Like the rapid Wheel,
 I kindle in the Course ; I'm there already ;
 Snatch the bright Weapons ; bound into my Seat ;
 Strike ; triumph : See him gasping on the Ground,
 And

And Life, Love, Empire, springing from his
Wound;

When godlike Ends by Means unjust succeed,
The great Result adorns the daring Deed.
Virtue's a Shackle under fair Disguise,
To fetter Fools, while we bear off the Prize.

YOUNG's *Brothers*.

* Now Vengeance steel my Heart!
Offended Woman, whilst her Pride remains,
To Malice only and Revenge will bow,
And every Virtue at that Altar sacrifice.

JONES's *Earl of Essex*.

RICHES.

* *Plutus* the God of Riches,
When he is sent by *Jupiter*, to any Man,
He goes limping, to signify that Wealth
That comes on God's Name, comes slowly, but when
he's sent

On the Devil's Errand, he rides Post, and comes in
by Scuttles.

WEBSTER's *Unfortunate Dutchess, &c.*

RIVAL. See CURSE. See IMPRECATION.

Love cannot, like the Wind, itself convey
To fill two Sails, tho' both are spread one Way.

HOWARD's *Indian Queen*.

When Fame's the Mistress, more than one may
prove
Happy at once: But 'tis not so in Love!

HOWARD's *Vestal Virgin*.

Lovers, like Misers, cannot bear the Stealth
Of the least Trifle from their endless Wealth.

SEDLEY's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Love,

Love, and a Crown, no Rivalship can bear :
All precious Things are still possess'd with Fear.

DRYDEN's *Aurengzebe*.

And shall the Daughter of *Darius* hold him ?
That puny Girl, that Ape of my Ambition !
Who cry'd for Milk, when I was nurs'd in Blood !
Shall she, made up of wat'ry Element,
A Cloud ; shall she embrace my proper God,
While I am cast like Lightning from his Hand ?
No, I must scorn to prey on common Things :
Tho' hurl'd to Death by this disdainful *Jove*,
I will rebound to my own Orb of Fire,
And with the Rack of all the Heav'ns expire !

LEE's *Alexander*.

Roxana then enjoys my perjur'd Love !
Roxana clasps my Monarch in her Arms !
Doats on my Conqueror, my dear Lord, my King !
Devours his Lips, eats him with hungry Kisses !
She grasps him all ! She, the cursed happy she !
By Heav'n I cannot bear it ! 'tis too much !
I'll die, or rid me of this burning Torture !
I will have Remedy ; I will, I will,
Or grow distracted ! Madness may throw off
This mighty Load, and drown the flaming Passion !

Ibid.

Oh ! I shall find *Roxana* in his Arms,
And taste her Kisses left upon his Lips :
Her curs'd Embraces have defil'd his Body,
Nor shall I meet the wonted Sweetness there,
But artificial Smells, and aking Odours.

Ibid.

'Methinks I see her yonder ! O the Torment !
Busy for Bliss, and full of Expectation,
She adorns her Head, and gives her Eyes new
Lustre !

Languishes

Languishes in her Glass, tries all her Looks ;
Steps to the Door, and listens for his coming ;
Runs to the Bed, and kneels, and weeps and wishes !
Then lays the Pillow easy for his Head,
Warms it with Sighs, and moulds it with her Kisses !
O I am lost ! Torn with Imagination !
Kill me *Cassander*, kill me instantly,
That I may haunt her with a thousand Devils !

Ibid.

My Life ! my Soul ! My all ! *Octavia* has him !
O fatal Name to *Cleopatra's* Love !
My Kisses, my Embraces now are her's.

DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

What ! shall *Semantbe* triumph in my Spoils ?
Shall she enjoy him all, while I stand wishing,
And like a Spirit damn'd, am robb'd of Hope ?
O Hell ! it mads my Reason but to think on't !
I shall become their May-game :
At their loose Intervals of calmer Love
She'll hang upon his Lips, and beg him tell
The Story of my Passion o'er again !
Which he relates ; and with a scornful Smile
Adds to my Shame, to make the Girl more vain.

SOUTHERN's *Loyal Brother*.

My Fancy is too exquisite,
And tortures me with their imagin'd Bliss :
Some Earthquake should have sis'n, and rent the
Ground,
Have swallow'd him, and left the longing Bride
In Agony of unaccomplish'd Love.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

Ev'n Love's an Empire too ! the noble Soul,
Like Kings, is covetous of single Sway !

DRYDEN's *King Arthur*.

My

My Rival too! his last Thoughts hung on her,
 And as he parted left a Blessing for her:
 Shall she be blest and I be curst for ever!
 No, since her Beauty was the Cause
 Of all my Suff'rings, let her share my Pains,
 Let her like me of every Joy forlorn,
 Devote the Hour when such a Wretch was born:
 Like me to Desarts and to Darknes run,
 Abhor the Day, and curse the golden Sun,
 Cast every Good and every Hope behind,
 Detest the Works of Nature, loath Mankind;
 Like me with Cries distracted fill the Air,
 Tear her poor Bosom, rend her frantick Hair,
 And prove the Torments of the last Despair.

ROWE's *Jane Shore*.

I'll not waste my Curses,
 No, they shall all be carefully reserv'd
 For this detested Rival.—Whoe'er he be,
 May Fortune seem to smile upon their Wishes,
 But when they're just upon a Brink of Happiness,
 Secure of Disappointment, may she then
 Sever their Loves, and tear them from each other.

TRAP's *Abramule*.

Oh to compleat
 The direful Curses which I wou'd denounce
 Against that Foe who robs me of my Quiet;
 May he be satisfy'd he has a Rival,
 And never know the Person. So that he
 May feel the Pangs and Throws which I endure,
 And be as exquisite a Wretch as he
 Who makes him so.—

Ibid.

Thy Hate against him, if compar'd with mine,
 Is mild as Childrens undesigning Friendship;
 In Glory he's thy Rival, mine in Love,
 Thee he debars from Greatness, me from Happiness.

Ibid.

His

His Crime's the same
With his, who rival'd the great Thunderer,
Therefore it is but just, his Punishment
Should be the same, which that rash Fool endur'd;
O were it in my Power to make his Pains
As lasting too like that, this bold *Ixion*
Should suffer in a Circle of fresh Woe,
A Round of still returning Torment feel,
And groan out Ages on the racking Wheel.

Ibid.

My Ghost shall rise,
Shriek in thy Ears, and stalk before thy Eyes;
In Death I'll triumph o'er my Rival's Charms,
And chill thy Blood, when clasp'd within her Arms.

YOUNG's *Busiris*.

Oh the Pain of Pains,
Is when the fair one, whom our Soul is fond of
Gives Transport, and receives it from another.

Ibid.

Who is it, tell me, who enjoys thy Smile.
There is a happy Man, I swear there is,
I know it by your Coldness to your Friend.
That Thought has fix'd a Scorpion on my Heart,
That stings to Death.
Have I forsook myself, forgone my Temper
Headlong to all the gay Delights of Youth,
And fall'n in Love with Virtue most severe,
Turn'd superstitious to make thee my Friend;
Gods! have I struggled thro' the powerful Reasons,
That strongly combated my fond Resolves,
Was Wealth o'erlook'd and Glory of no Weight,
My Parents Crown forgot, and my own Conquests,
And all to be refus'd to sooth your Pride,
And make my Rival Sport.

Ibid.

And

And did she sigh, and did she drop a Tear,
 The Tears she shed for me are surely mine,
 And shall another dry them on those Cheeks,
 And make them an Excuse for greater Fondness,
 Shall I assist the Villain in his Joys :
 No, I will tear her from him,
 I'd grudge her Beauties to the Gods that gave them.
 YOUNG's *Busiris*.

Another's Passion

Warm on that Lip, another's burning Arms
 Strain'd round the lovely Waist for which I die,
 And she consenting wooing growing to him ;
 What golden Scenes when absent did I feign,
 What lovely Pictures did I draw in Air,
 What Luxury of Thought ! and see my Fate !
 Shall then my Slave enjoy her, and I languish
 In my triumphant Car, my Foot on Purple,
 And o'er my Head a Canopy of Gold,
 Fate in my Nod, and Monarchs in my Train.

Ibid.

I never form'd a Wish,
 But full Fruition taught me to forget it,
 And am I lessen'd by my late Success,
 And have I lost my Conquest.

Ibid.

R O M E, or R O M A N S, *Antient*.

- * These *Romans*, who condemn the Thrones of Kings

By this their Insolence to Majesty,
 Betray the Rancour of their vain Ambition.
 'Tis not the King they hate, but kingly Right :
 They scorn our Crowns, from Want of Birth to wear
 them :

There's what recoils against their secret Wishes,
 And turns desponding Envy into Virtue.

CIBBER's *Cæsar in Ægypt*.

* The

* The *Romans* shall not hurt you—*Romans*
cannot;

For *Rome* is generous as the Gods themselves,
And honours, not insults, a generous Foe.

THOMPSON'S *Sophonisba*.

* What Peace with *Rome*?

With Tyrant *Rome*? who treads on Necks of
Kings,

And leads the Nobles of the Earth in Triumph;
Who rushing impious from the Robber's Den,
Usurp'd Dominion o'er the Nations round;

Who still pursuing War's inhuman Ways,
Unrighteous spread her Terrors o'er the World.
Dissembling, hollow, selfish, proud, and cruel:

What War has she made justly? or, what Peace,
What equal Peace concluded with the Free?

No; Peace with her is Slavery, certain Chains,
Inexorable Fate.

PATERSON'S *Arminius*.

R O M E, *Modern*.

* Her † Sons malicious Clemency shall spare.

To form new Legends sanctify new Crimes,
To canonize the Slaves of Superstition,
And fill the World with Follies and Impostures,
'Till angry Heav'n shall mark them out for Ruin,
And War o'erwhelm them in their Dreams of Vice.

S. JOHNSON'S *Irene*.

* The holy Sword of *Rome*, you see, forsakes
you;

Her Politicks, like other mortal Motives,
Begin their wiser Charities at Home;

Let but her pious Views be gorg'd with Pow'r,

Her full Contentment slumbers in her Chair,

And leaves Devotion for the vulgar Comfort!

CIBBER'S *King John*.

The BEAUTIES of
ROYALTY.

* When that Power, whose Will is Fate,
First call'd me to the Cares of Royalty;
And when those Cares had waken'd me to Thought,
To grave Reflection; Ignorance, I found,
Black, heavy, total, had o'erspread my Realms.
Her sterile Darkness, to a People rude
As Nature, at the Birth of Human-kind,
Seem'd venerable; seem'd the proper State
Of Greatness: And as Blindness is most vain,
The proud Barbarians, all they knew not, scorn'd.
Amid this general Night I turn'd my View
Back to th' enlighten'd Times of *Greece* and *Rome*,
The Times of Science and of glorious Deed;
And saw with pleasing Wonder to what Heights
Instruction and Example lift the Mind!
Their Story I revolv'd; and reverent own'd
Their polish'd Arts of Rule, their human Virtues;
The Lustre and the Dignity of Man.
'Till, what I long admir'd, at last I try'd
To emulate: Nor found the Trial vain.
Hence was my Soul with noble Aims enlarg'd
In War and Peace Heaven seconded my Cares:
My Neighbours fear'd, my Subjects blest my Sway:
But chief my Family, where blood-stain'd Rage
No longer rioted in Scenes of Death.

MALLET's *Mustapha*.

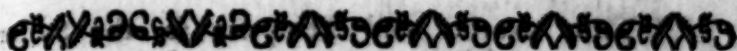
* Is this a just Return of all my Care?
My anxious toilsome Days, and watchful Nights?
Have I sent forth a Wish, that went not freighted
With all my People's Good? Or have I Life
Or Length of Days desir'd, but for their Sake?
The public Good is all my private Care.
Have I not ever thought the meanest Subject;
Oppress'd by Power, was, on his just Complaint,
Above a King? What *British* Bosom has

By

By foreign Tyranny been griev'd, whose Wrongs
I have not felt as mine, as mine redress'd ?
Or have I justly made a single Man
My Foe ? JONES's *Earl of Essex.*

RUFFIAN.

* Remorse and Pity
Are Strangers to this Heart. Whene'er they plead
I'm adamant: Weeping I never knew ;
Nature has form'd me rough ; and since stern For-
tune
Denies me her best Blessings (Pow'r and Riches)
I wage eternal War with their Possessors.
MARSH's *Amaz.*



SAILING.

THE threaden Sails
Born with the invifible and creeping
Wind,
Draw the huge Bottom thro' the furrow'd Seas,
Breafing the lofty Surge.
SHAKESPEAR's *Henry V.*

When Barks glide flowly thro' the lazy Main,
The baff'd Pilots turn the Helm in vain ;
When driven by Winds, they cut the foamy Way,
The Rudders govern, and the Ships obey.
SMITH's *Phædra and Hyppolitus.*

* When to the joyous Breeze we fpread our
Sails,
And left that Bay where *Simois* and *Scamander*
F 2 Mix

100 *The* BEAUTIES of

Mix with the rapid *Hellepont* ; while *Troy*,
 Or what was *Troy*, yet wreathing smok to Heaven,
 And *Ida*'s woody Top receding, sunk
 Beneath the trembling Main, the Sky was fair ;
 And, wing'd our Course with slender Airs, we sail'd,
 'Till strait, as Evening fell the fluttering Gale,
 Encreasing gradual from the red North-east,
 Blew stiff and fierce ; at last the Tempest howl'd :
 Next Morning nought but angry Seas and Skies
 Appear'd, conflicting round. Mean Time, right on
 Our strong-ribb'd Vessel drove before the Blast
 That falling somewhat off its Fury, gave us
 A quick auspicious Voyage. Safe we pass'd
 The *Cyclad* Isles, that, o'er the troubled Deep
 Seem'd then to float amidst the mingled Storm.

THOMPSON'S *Agamemnon*.

* Thro' Storms and Tempests so the Sailor
 drives,
 Whilst ev'ry Element in Combat strives ;
 Loud roars the Thunder, fierce the Lightning
 flies !
 Winds wildly rage ! and Billows tear the Skies !
 Safe thro' the War her Course the Vessel steers,
 The Haven gain'd, the Pilot drops his Fears :
 Thence, smiling, he to smoother Scenes looks on,
 And thinks no more of Dangers past and gone.

SHIRLEY'S *Parricide*.

SALUTATION in a MORNING to the

SULTAN.

First Officer, behind the Throne.

* The fragrant Health
 Of Morning when it shines, the gentle Calm
 Of Evening when its dewy Shades descend,

Repose

Repose on SOLYMAN; and make his Breast
A Paradise of Sweets. To him, the King
Of Kings, the Lord of West and East, belong
Justice and Mercy; to chastise all Vice,
And to reward all Virtue.

Second Officer on the Left.

Yet this Prince,
This first of Monarchs, mighty, and renown'd,
Shall die! shall die! shall die!

Third Officer, on the Right.

Praise be to him
Who lives for ever.

MALLET's *Mustapha*.

SCORN.

Oh! what a deal of Scorn looks beautiful
In the Contempt and Anger of her Lip!

SHAKESPEAR's *Twelfth Night*.

Love will not always last,
When urg'd with long Unkindness and Disdain!

DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

Since *Athenais* scorns thee, take again
Your ill tim'd Honours, take 'em, take 'em, Gods,
And change me to some humble Villager,
If so, at last for Toils at scorching Noon,
In mowing Meadows, or in reaping Fields;
At Night she will but crown me with a Smile,
Or reach the Bounty of her Hand to bless me.

LEE's *Theodosius*.

Oh! what a Thing, ye Gods, is Scorn or Pity!
Heap on me, Heaven, the Hate of all Mankind;

Load me with Malice, Envy, Detestation ;
Let me be horrid to all Apprehension ;
Let the World shun me, so I 'scape but Scorn !

LEE's Theodolites.

I feel your Scorn cold as the Hand of Death.

DRYDEN'S *Tyrannick Love*.

'Tis sweet to love ; but when with Scorn we meet,
Revenge supplies the Loss with Joys as great.

LANSDOWN'S *British* *Enchanters.*

How shall I teach my Eyes
To look with Scorn on Objects us'd to please:
Who never saw the Rose, might say 'twas foul,
The Sweetness known is hard to be forgot.

SEWELL's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

• Ah ! Can you bear Contempt? The venom'd
Tongue

Of those whom Ruin pleases ? The keen Sneer,
The lewd Reproaches of the Rascal Herd ;
Who for the self-same Actions, if successful,
Would be as grossly lavish in your Praise ? —
To sum up all in one—Can you support
The scornful Glances, the malignant Joy,
Or more detested Pity of a Rival ?
Of a triumphant Rival ?

THOMPSON'S *Agamemnon*.

SCULL.

Ham. Alas, poor *Yorick*, I knew him well, *Horatio* ; a Fellow of infinite Jest, of most excellent Fancy : He hath born me on his Back a thousand Times ; and how abhorr'd my Imagination is ! my Gorge rises at it ! Here hung those Lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your Jibes now ? Your Gambols ? Your Songs ? Your Flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table in an Uproar ? No one now

now to mark your own Jeering! Quite Chap-fallen
Now get you to my Lady's Chamber, and tell her,
let her paint an Inch thick: To this Favour she must
come: Make her laugh at that. Prithee, *Horatio*,
tell me one Thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Do'st thou think *Alexander* look'd o'this
Fashion in the Earth?

Hor. Even so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base Use we may return, *Horatio*!
Why may not Imagination trace the noble Dust of
Alexander, till he find it stopping a Bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No Faith, not a Jot: But to follow him
thither with Modesty enough, and Likelihood to lead
it; as thus: *Alexander* died; *Alexander* was buried;
Alexander return'd into Dust: The Dust is Earth; of
Earth we make Loam: And why of that Loam,
whereto he was converted, might not they stop a
Barrel?

Imperial *Cæsar* dead and turn'd to Clay,
Might stop a Hole to keep the Wind away.
O that the Earth, which kept the World in Awe,
Should patch a Wall, t'expell the Winter's Flaw.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Hamlet*.

SECRET.

Secrets are edged Tools,
And must be kept from Children and from Fools.

DRYDEN'S *Marriage A-la-mode*.

We'll unlock
Our safest Secrets; shed upon each other
Our tenderest Cares; and quite unbar those Doors
Which shall be shut to all Mankind besides

LEE'S *Theodosius*.

Be secret and discreet : Love's fairy Favours
Are lost, when not conceal'd.

DRYDEN's *Spanish Friar*.

Your Thoughts are still as much your own,
As when you kept the Key of your own Breast.

DRYDEN's *Duke of Guise*.

I never speak,
Not when alone, for fear some Fiend should hear,
And blab my Secret out. *Ibid.*

'Tis Heaven alone can tell
How fatally the Secret struggles here :
With what impetuous Force it beats my Breast,
And tears away my Quiet in its Way.

SOUTHERN's *Disappointment*.

Be secret all : Be hush'd,
As Urns and Monuments, that never blab.

LEE's *Massacre of Paris*.

He who trusts a Secret to his Servant,
Makes his own Man his Master.

DRYDEN's *Amphytrion*.

A mighty Secret labours in my Soul ;
And like a rushing Stream, breaks down the Dams,
To find a Vent !

DRYDEN's *Love Triumphant*.

Oh ! I will keep this Secret !
No Racks, no Shame, shall ever force it from me !
SMITH's *Phædra and Hyppolitus*.

Long has this Secret struggl'd in my Breast ;
Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd Bosom.

Ibid.

Sooner these trembling Leaves shall find a
Voice,

And

And tell the Secrets of their conscious Walks :
Sooner the Breeze shall catch the flying Sounds,
And shock the Tyrant with a Tale of Treason.

S. JOHNSON'S *Irene*.

SEDITION.

Sedition ever treads upon the Heels
Of Victory : The Soldiers, when no more
Their foreign Foes invite them to the Field,
Taught to dispute, raise new intestine Jars.

BECKINGHAM'S *Scipio*.

* Sedition, thou art up ; and in the Ferment
To what may not the madding Populace,
Gather'd together for they scarce know what,
Now loud proclaiming their late whisper'd Grievs,
Be wrought at length ?

FROWDE'S *Fall of Saguntum*.

SELF-CONVICTION.

* Self-conviction is the Path to Virtue.
An honourable Candor thus adorns
Ingenuous Minds ; the hard and ignorant,
As 'tis with Pain they look into themselves,
But little feel, and less reform their Errors.

CH. JOHNSON'S *Medea*.

SELF-MURDER†.

My Torch is out, and the World stands before me,
Like a black Desert at the Approach of Night,
I'll lay me down, and stray no further on.

DRYDEN'S *All for Love*.

† See more on this Subject, Vol. 2, p. 210, & seq.

106 The BEAUTIES of

Forfaken and forlorn, when a fair Prospect
Of everlasting Rest stands right in View!
This Load of Woe that bends me to the Ground,
I can with Life put off: Yes I will rush
Into the Arms of Death, and shelter there;
There sleep securely all my Cares away:
Nor shall the Noise of Empire, or of Love,
Awaken me to Wretchedness again.

SOUTHERN'S *Loyal Brother.*

SERAGLIO.

* The *Seraglio*
Is fenc'd by *Mahomet's* severest Laws:
'Tis Sacrilege, 'tis Height of Profanation,
For vulgar Feet to tread where the dread Race
Of *Ottoman* is form'd.

CH. JOHNSON'S *Sultaneſs.*

* Soon shall the dire *Seraglio's* horrid Gates
Close like th' eternal Bars of Death upon thee,
Immur'd, and buried in perpetual Sloth,
That gloomy Slumber of the stagnant Soul;
There shalt thou view from far the quiet Cottage,
And sigh for chearful Poverty in vain:
There wear the tedious Hours of Life away,
Beneath each Curse of unrelenting Heav'n
Despair, and Slav'ry, Solitude, and Guilt.

S. JOHNSON'S *Irene.*

SHAME.

Moon, step behind some Cloud! Some Tempest
rise

And blow out all the Stars, that light the Skies,
To shroud my Shame!

DRYDEN'S *Indian Emperor.*

I know

I know not how to tell thee !
Shame rises in my Face, and interrupts
The Story of my Tongue !

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

Oh ! thou hast known but little of *Calista* !
If thou hadst never heard my Shame ; if only
The Midnight Moon, and silent Stars had seen it,
I would not bear to be reproach'd by them ;
But dig down deep, to find a Grave beneath,
And hide me from their Beams.

ROWE's *Fair Penitent*.

* Of all Evils to the Generous, Shame
Is the most deadly Pang.

THOMPSON's *Sophonisba*.

* Shame urges on behind, un pitying Shame,
That worst of Furies, whose fell Aspect frights
Each tender feeling from the human Breast.

THOMPSON's *Agamemnon*.

* Can you resolve on Shame ?
On voluntary Shame ? That only Ill
The Generous fear, which kills the Soul itself.

Ibid.

S H E P H E R D.

To be no better than a homely Swain,
To sit upon a Hill, as I do now,
Ah ! what a Life were this ! how sweet, how lovely !

SHAKESPEAR's *Henry VI.*

S H I P.

S H I P.

This floating Ram did bear his Horns above,
 All tied with Ribbands, ruffling in the Winds;
 Sometimes he nodded down his Head a while,
 And then the Waves did heave him to the Moon;
 He clamb'ring to the Top of all the Billows!
 And then again he curtesy'd down so low,
 I could not see him; 'till at last all side-long,
 With a great Crack, his Belly burst in Pieces.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Tempest*.

Guion. As far as I could cast my Eyes
 Upon the Sea, something methought did rise
 Like blueish Mists, which still appearing more,
 Took dreadful Shapes, and thus mov'd towards the
 Shore:

The Object I could first distinctly view,
 Was tall strait Trees, which on the Water flew:
 Wings on their Sides instead of Leaves did grow,
 Which gather'd all the Breath the Winds could blow;
 And at their Roots grew floating Palaces,
 Whose out-blow'd Bellies cut the yielding Seas!

Montezuma. What divine Monsters, O ye Gods!
 are these,

That float in Air, and fly upon the Seas?
 Came they alive, or dead, upon the Shore?

Guion. Alas! they liv'd too sure: I heard them
 roar:

All turn'd their Sides, and to each other spoke:
 I saw their Words break out in Fire and Smoke.
 Sure 'tis their Voice that thunders from on high,
 And these the younger Brothers of the Sky:
 Deaf with the Noise, I took my hasty Flight,
 No mortal Courage can support the Fright.

DRYDEN'S *Indian Emperor*.

SHIPWRECK!

SHIPWRECK.

* O Sight of Woe!

Four goodly Ships abandon'd to the Storm,
Drive blindly with the Billows! their drench'd Sails,
Stript off, and whirl'd before the rending Wind.

Look! now they climb a fearful Steep, and hang
On the big Surge that mixes with the Clouds.
Save me! it bursts and headlong down thy reel
Into the yawning Gulph.

Ah! She strikes

On yonder wave-worn Cliff, the fatal Shock
Has doubtless shiver'd her strong Side, she sinks
So swiftly down, that scarce the straining Eye
Can trace her tallest Mast. ——— Where is she now!
Hid in the wild Abyfs, with all her Crew,
All lost for ever.

Eurydice.

SICKNESS.

And thus the Wretch, whose Fever-weaken'd Joints,
Like strengthless Hinges buckle under Life,
Impatient of his Fit, breaks like a Fire,
Out of his Keeper's Arms.

SHAKESPEAR's *Henry IV.*

He had a Fever when he was in *Spain*,
And when the Fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake! 'Tis true, this God did shake!
His Coward Lips did from their Colour fly;
And that same Eye, whose Bend does awe the World,
Did loose his Lustre! I did hear him groan
And that Tongue of his that bad the *Romans*
Mark him, and write his Speeches in their Books,

Alas!

110 *The BEAUTIES of*

Alas! it cried, give me some Drink, *Titinius*,
As a sick Girl.

SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Cæsar*.

Physicians had forsaken his Cure :
All scorch'd without, and all parch'd up within ;
The Moisture that maintain'd consuming Nature,
Lick'd up, and in a Fever fry'd away !

DRYDEN's *Rival Ladies*.

As he who in a Fever burning lies,
First of his Friends does for a Drop implore,
Which tasted once unable to give o'er,
Knows 'tis his Bane, yet still he thirsts for more !

OTWAY's *Don Carlos*.

The Disease

First on our Cattle seiz'd : The generous Horse,
That bore his Rider safe thro' armed Ranks,
Snapping in sunder Darts and Spears, then fell
Unhurt, untouch'd ! From Beasts it spread to Men !
'The merry *Greeks*, as at their Cups they sit,
Drop in the Midst of Laughter ; as some huge Tower,
At which Men gaze astonish'd at its Strength ;
If Waters undermine, and Springs unseen,
Sap its Foundation, unawares comes down,
And covers with its Ruins all the Place !
So look our strong Battalions, and so fall
Whole Ranks at once, and the Dead lie on Heaps !

LANSDOWN's *Heroic Love*.

O *Chryses* ! *Chryses* ! look on yonder Camp !
Behold whole Heaps of Dead, without one Wound !
Behold, how like the Dead the Living look !
So near their End, that they who wait their Friends
To the last Rites, are burnt on the same Pile !
The sturdy *Greeks*, unfinew'd by Diseases,
That firmly went, impressing deep the Ground

On

the ENGLISH STAGE. III

On which they trod, with their large lusty Strides,
Now scarcely crawl, supported on their Spears.

LANSDOWN's *Heroic Love*.

* I saw no King, no Man— save one poor Wretch,
Who sick in Bed, lay gasping for his Breath;
His Eyes, like dying Lamps sunk in their Sockets,
Now glar'd, and now drew back their feeble Light:
Faintly his Speech fell from his fault'ring Tongue,
In interrupted Accents as he strove
With the strong Agonies that shook his Limbs,
And writh'd his tortur'd Features into Forms
Hideous to Sight.

BELLERS's *Injured Innocence*.

S I G H.

When my Heart was ready with a Sigh to cleave in
two,

I have with mighty Anguish of my Soul,
Just at the Birth, stiff'd this still-born Sigh,
And forc'd my Heart into a painful Smile!

SHAKESPEAR's *Troilus and Cressida*.

He rais'd a Sigh so hideous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his Bulk,
And end his Being.

SHAKESPEAR's *Hamlet*.

His Sighs flew from him with so strong a Gale,
As if his Soul would thro' his Lips exhale.

LEE's *Sophonisba*.

Keep down, ye rising Sighs,
And murmur in the Hollow of my Breast;
Run to my Heart, and gather more sad Wind;
That when the Voice of Fate shall call you forth,
You may at once rush from the Seat of Life,

Blow

Blow the Blood out, and burst me like a Bladder!

LEE's *Alexander*.

Then such deep Sighs, heav'd from his woeful Heart,
As if his sorrowful Soul
Had crack'd the Strings of Life, and burst away !

DRYDEN *and* LEE's *Oedipus*.

I will be calm, press down the rising Sighs,
And stifle all the Swellings in my Heart!

LEE's *Cæsar Borgia*.

He knock'd his aged Breast, and inward groan'd,
Like some sad Prophet, who foresaw the Doom,
Of those whom best he lov'd, yet could not save.

DRYDEN'S *Don Sebastian*.

He fetches Sighs :

Which, while he vainly struggles to repress,
With terrible Convulsions shake his Soul.

DENNIS's *Rinaldo and Armida.*

A Sigh heaves in my Breast,
And stops the struggling Accents on my Tongue!

Rowe's Tamerlane.

The murmuring Gale revives the drooping Flame,
That at thy Coldness languish'd in my Breast:
So breathe the gentle Zephyrs on the Spring,
And waken every Plant and od'rous Flower,
Which Winter Frost had blasted, to new Life.

Ibid.

Go, my Heart's Envoy, tender Sighs, make haste;
And with your Breath swell the soft *Zephyrus* Blast !
Then near that fair one, if you chance to fly,
Tell her in Whispers, 'tis for her I die !

STEELE'S *Tender Husband.*

SIGHT.

SIGHT,

You see thro' Love, and that deludes your Sight,
As what is strait, seems crooked thro' the Water.

DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

Yet, I behold her ! yet ! and no more !
Turn your Light inward, Eyes, and view my Thoughts !
So shall you still behold her ! — 'Twill not be !
O Impotence of Sight, mechanic Sense !
Which to exterior Objects ow'st thy Faculty,
Not seeing of Election, but Necessity !
Thus do our Eyes, as do all common Mirrors,
Successively reflect succeeding Images :
Not what they would, but must ! A Star, a Toad ;
Just as the Hand of Chance administers !
Not to the Mind, whose undetermined View
Resolves, and to the present brings the past,
Essaying farther to Futurity !
But that in vain I have *Almeria* here
At once, as I before have seen her often.

CONGREVE's *Mourning Bride*;

I'll feed my famish'd Eyes
With looking on her : 'Tis a Sight indeed
For the high mounted Sun in all his Pride,
To stop and wonder at ! Let me fix here ;
Stretch wide the Gates of Sight, to take her in,
In the full Triumph of her conqu'ring Charms !
My eager Eyes devour her Beauties up,
Insatiable, and longing still for more !

SOUTHERN's *Fate of Capua*.

SILENCE.

Still as the peaceful Walks of antient Night,
Silent as are the Lamps that burn in Tombs.

SHAKESPEAR's *King Lear*.

Silence,

114 The BEAUTIES of

Silence, more dreadful than severest Sounds !
 Would she but speak, tho' Death, eternal Exile,
 Hung at her Lips, yet while her Tongue pronounces,
 There would be Musick, even in my Undoing.

LEE's *Alexander*.

Still as the Bosom of the desert Night,
 As fatal Planets, or deep plotting Friends.

Ibid.

Silent as the extatic Bliss
 Of Souls, that by Intelligence converse.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

When Wit and Reason both have fail'd to move
 Kind Looks and Actions from Success do prove,
 Ev'n Silence may be eloquent in Love.

CONGREVE's *Old Bachelor*.

Far from my Lips, within my Breast I'll keep it,
 Nor breathe it softly to myself alone,
 Lest some officious murmuring Wind should tell it,
 And babbling Echoes catch the feeble Sound.

ROWE's *Ulysses*

S I N.

There is a Method in Man's Wickedness ;
 It grows up by Degrees.

BEAUMONT's *King and no King*.

Hell gives us Art to reach the Depth of Sin,
 But leaves us wretched Fools, when we are in.

BEAUMONT's *Queen of Corinth*.

Heav'n should be ingenious
 In punishing such Crimes : The rolling Stone,
 And gnawing Vulture, were slight Pains invented,
 When *Jove* was young, and no Examples known
 Of mighty Ills ; but you have ripen'd Sin,

To

To such a monstrous Growth, 'twill pose the Gods,
To find an equal Torture !

DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

Oh ! you have perpetrated such a Crime,
As frighten'd Nature ; made the Saints above,
Shake Heaven's eternal Pavement with their Tremblings,
To view that Act !

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

But when a Monarch sins, it should be secret,
To keep exterior Shew of Sanctity,
Maintain Respect, and cover bad Example :
For Kings and Priests are in a Manner bound,
For Reverence Sake to be close Hypocrites.
Yet to be secret, makes not Sin the less ;
'Tis only hidden from the vulgar View ;
Maintains indeed the Reverence due to Princes,
But not absolves the Conscience from the Crime.

DRYDEN's *Amphytrion*.

In strict Virtue, listening to a Crime
And not rejecting, is itself a Crime,

DRYDEN's *Love Triumphant*.

SINCERITY.

* I know he would not patiently look on,
And suffer ill Designs to gather Strength,
Awaiting gentle Seasons : Yes I know
He had a troublesome old fashion'd Way
Of shocking courtly Ears with horrid Truth.
He was no civil Russian : None of those,
Who lie with twisted Looks, betray with Shrugs,
- - - He was none of those,
Is none of those dust-licking, reptile, close,
Insinuating, speckling, smooth Court-serpents,
That

116 The BEAUTIES of

That make it so unsafe, chiefly for Kings,
To walk this weedy World.

THOMPSON'S *Agamemnon*.

* No Wonder you *deteſt* my troubled Soul;
It burſts unveil'd from my *diſcloſing* EYES;
And glows on every *Feature's* honeſt Air.
Such is the *Plainneſs* of an *Indian* Heart
That it *diſdains* to ſculk behind the Tongue;
But *throws out* all its Wrongs, and all its Rage.
She who can hide her Purpose, can *betray*;
And that's a *Chriſtian* Virtue, I've not learnt.

HILL'S *Alzira*.

* Frank Sincerity,
Tho' no invited Guest is free to all,
And brings his Welcome with him.

HAVARD'S *Regulus*.

* Sincerity is not the Growth of *Africk*,
Too hot the Climate for ſo mild a Fruit. *Ibid.*

SINGING.

* Can any mortal Mixture of Earth's Mould
Breathe ſuch divine enchanting Ravishment?
Sure ſomething holy lodges in that Breſt,
And with theſe Raptures moves the vocal Air
To teſtify his hidden Reſidence.
How ſweetly did they float upon the Wings
Of Silence, thro' the empty-vaulted Night.
At every Fall ſmoothing the Raven down
Of Darkneſs, till it ſmil'd. I have oft heard
My Mother *Circe*, with the *Sirens* three,
Amidſt the flow'ry-kirtled *Naiades*,
Culling their potent Herbs and baleful Drugs,
Who, as they ſung, would take the priſon'd Soul,
And lap it in *Elyſium*: *Scylla* wept,
And chid her barking Waves into Attention,

And

And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd soft Applause :
Yet they in pleasing Slumber cull'd the Sense,
And in sweet Madness robb'd it of itself.
But such a sacred and Home-felt Delight,
Such sober Certainty of waking Bliss
I never heard till now. MILTON's *Comus*.

* *Thyrsis* ! whose artful Strains have oft delay'd
The huddling Brook to hear his Madrigal,
And sweeten'd ev'ry Musk-rose of the Dale ! *Ibid.*

* At last a soft and solemn breathing Sound
Rose like a Steam of rich distill'd Perfumes,
And stole upon the Air, that ev'n Silence
Was took e're she was 'ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her Nature and be never more,
Still to be so displac'd. I was all Ear,
And took in Strains, that might create a Soul
Under the Ribs of Death. *Ibid.*

S I R E N.

Thus as a Mariner, that sails along
With Pleasure hears th' enticing *Siren's* Song :
Unable quite his strong Desires to bound,
Boldly leaps in, tho' certain to be drown'd
OTWAY's *Don Carlos*.

The false *Siren*,
No longer hiding her uncomely Parts,
Struts on the Waves, and shews the Brute below.
DRYDEN's *Cleomenes*.

Sh'as charm'd thee like a *Siren* to her Bed,
With Looks of Love, and with enchanting Sounds :
Too late the Rocks and Quicksands will appear,
When thou art wreck'd upon the faithless Shore,
By following her Delusion !
ROWE's *Fair Penitent*.

S L A N D E R.

118 *The* BEAUTIES of

S L A N D E R.

'Tis Slander,
 Whose Edge is sharper than the Sword, whose
 Tongue
 Out-venoms all the Worms of *Nile*; whose Breath
 Rides on the posting Winds, and doth belye
 All Corners of the World! Kings, Queens, and
 States,
 Maids, Matrons, nay, the Secrets of the Grave,
 This vip'rous Slander enters!

SHAKESPEAR's *Cymbeline*.

When it concerns himself,
 Who is angry at a Slander, makes it true.

JOHNSON's *Cataline*.

O where is Honour safe? Not with the Living!
 They feed upon Opinions, Errors, Dreams,
 And make them Truths: They draw a Nourishment
 Out of Defamings; grow upon Disgraces:
 And when they see a Virtue fortify'd
 Strongly, above the Batt'ry of their Tongues,
 Oh! how they cast to sink it! And defeated,
 Soul-sick with Poison, strike the Monuments
 Where noble Names lie sleeping, till they sweat,
 And the cold Marble melt.

BEAUMONT's *Philaster*.

It is a busy talking World,
 That with licentious Breath blows like the Wind
 As freely on the Palace, as the Cottage.

ROWE's *Fair Penitent*.

Oh! that the busy World, at least in this,
 Would take Example from a Wretch like me!
 None would then waste their Hours in foreign
 Thoughts,
 Forget themselves, and what concerns their Peace,

To

To tread the Mazes of fantastick Falsehood ;
To haunt their idle Sounds and flying Tales
Thro' all the noisy giddy Courts of Rumour !
Malicious Slander never would have Leisure
To search, with prying Eyes, for Faults abroad,
If all like me, consider'd their own Hearts,
And wept the Sorrows which they found at Home !

Rowe's *Jane Shore*.

S L E E P.

How many Thousands of my poorest Subjects
Are at this Hour asleep. O Sleep ! O gentle Sleep !
Nature's soft Nurse ! how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my Eye-lids down,
And steep my Senses in Forgetfulness !
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky Cribs,
Upon uneasy Palates stretching thee,
And hush'd with busy Night-flies to thy Slumber,
Than in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great,
Under the Canopies of costly State,
And lull'd with Sounds of sweetest Melody ?
O thou dull God ! why liest thou with the Vile
In loathsome Beds, and leav'st the kingly Couch,
A Watch-case, or a common Larum-bell ?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy Mast,
Seal up the Ship-boy's Eyes, and rock his Brains
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
And in the Visitation of the Winds,
Who take the ruffian Billows by the Top,
Curling their monstrous Heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning Clamours in the slipp'ry Clouds,
That with its Hurley Death itself awakes ?
Canst thou (O partial Sleep !) give thy Repose
To the wet Sea-boy, in an Hour so rude ;
And in the calmest and most stillest Night,
With all Appliances and Means to boot,

Deny

Deny it to a King? Then haply low lie down,
Uneasy lies the Head that wears a Crown.

SHAKESPEAR's *Henry IV.*

Fast asleep

Enjoy the honey heavy Dew of Slumber,
Thou hast no Figure, nor no Phantasies,
Which busy Cares draw in the Brains of Men,
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Cæsar.*

O murd'rous Slumber,

Lay'st thou thy Leaden Mace upon my Boy,
That plays the Musick.

Ibid.

Methought I heard a Voice, cry sleep no more :
Macbeth doth murder Sleep, the innocent Sleep ;
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd Sleeve of Care ;
The Death of each Day's Life ; sore Labour's Birth ;
Balm of hurt Minds ; great Nature's second Course !
Chief Nourisher in Life's Feast !

SHAKESPEAR's *Macbeth.*

How happy is that Balm to Wretches, Sleep !
No Cares perplex them for their future State,
And Fear of Death thus dies in senseless Sleep ;
Unruly Love is this Way lull'd to Rest ;
And injur'd Honour, when Redress is lost,
Is no Way salv'd but this.
Your drinking Bravoes, when their Brains boil hot,
Are cool'd, and quietly refresh'd with Sleep.
The hestick Madman, when his Fever roars,
And all his Doctors fail to give him Ease,
His Malady grows weary at the last,
And Sleep, when nothing else, can give him Rest :
'Tis the best Physick for unquiet Minds.

BEAUMONT's *Queen of Corinth.*

Come

Come gentle Slumbers, in your flatt'ring Arms
I'll bury the Disquiets of my Mind.

ROCHESTER's *Valentinian*.

I never shall sleep more,
Yet old *Archilaus*,
With Grief and watching, spent in spite of all
Those Tides of Care, that swell'd e'er while so high,
Lies like a Child that brawl'd himself to sleep;
Ismenes too that wept to see me mourn,
Falls on his Breast and nods his Tears away:
So sleeps the Sea-boy on the cloudy Mast,
Safe as a drowsy *Triton* rock'd with Storms,
While tossing Princes wake in Beds of Down.

LEE's *Mitbridates*.

'Tis Midnight, yet there's not a *Theban* sleeps,
But such as ne'er must wake.

DRYDEN's and LEE's *Oedipus*.

Sleep, seal those Eyes,
And tie thy Senses in as soft a Bond,
As Infants void of Thought.

DRYDEN's *Troilus and Cressida*.

'Twas in the Dead of Night, just when soft
Sleep
Had seal'd my Eyes, and quite becalm'd my Soul.

LEE's *Lucius Junius Brutus*.

Oh! may the softest Arm
Of downy Slumber rock thee to Repose;
Lull all thy Senses fast; and may no Thought,
To interrupt the Quiet of thy Bed,
In the loose Revel of a Dream, present
These Images that keep me waking here!

SOUTHERN's *Disappointment*.

Oh! may the softest Down of sweet Repose
Receive thee gently on the Bed of Peace,
And fold thee gently in the kind Arms of Rest!

SOUTHERN's *Fatal Marriage.*

O Sleep! thou sweetest Gift of Heav'n to Man,
Still in thy downy Arms embrace my Friend,
Nor loose him from his inexistant Frame
To Sense of Yesterday, and Pain of Being.
In thee Oppressors sooth their angry Brow;
In thee th' Oppress'd forget tyrannick Pow'r;
In thee

The Wretch condemn'd is equal to his Judge;
And the sad Lover to his cruel Fair;
Nay, all the shining Glories Men pursue,
When thou art wanted, are but empty Noise;
Who then would court the Pomp of guilty Pow'r
When the Mind sicken's at the weary Shew,
And flies to temporary Death for Ease:
When half our Life's Cessation of our Being.

STEELE's *Lying Lovers.*

What means this Heaviness that hangs upon me?
This Lethargy that creeps thro' all my Senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with Care,
Sinks down to Rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd Soul may take her Flight,
Renew'd in all her Strength, and fresh with Life,
An Offering fit for Heav'n. Let Guilt, or Fear,
Disturb Man's Rest, *Cato* knows neither of them;
Indifferent in his Choice to sleep, or die.

ADDISON's *Cato.*

Sweet are the Slumbers of the virtuous Man:
A kind refreshing Sleep is fall'n upon him.
I saw him stretch'd at Ease; his Fancy lost
In pleasing Dreams.

Ibid.

O ye immortal Pow'rs, that guard the Just,
Watch round his Couch, and soften his Repose;

Banish

Banish his Sorrows, and becalm his Soul
With easy Dreams ! Remember all his Virtues,
And shew Mankind that Goodness is your Care !
ADDISON'S *Cato*.

Kind Sleep, Renewer of our daily Life,
Till Death closing our Eyes for ever from the
World,
We wake to one eternal Day of Bliss.
AMBROSE PHILIPS'S *Duke of Gloucester*.

* How gentle is his Sleep—Such always is
The Sleep of Innocence, in Youth or Age.
MARTYN'S *Timoleon*.

S M I L E.

Now let thine Eyes shine forth in their full
Lustre ;
Invest them with thy loveliest Smiles.
DENHAM'S *Sophy*

Smiles, not allow'd to Beasts, from Reason
move,
And are the Privilege of human Love.
DRYDEN'S *State of Innocence*.

A gloomy Smile arose
From his bent Brows, and still the more he heard,
A more severe and fullen Joy appear'd.
DRYDEN'S *Conquest of Granada*.

What Charms has Sorrow in that Face !
Sorrow seems pleas'd to dwell with so much Sweet-
ness ;
Yet now and then, a melancholy Smile
Breaks out like Lightning in a Winter Night,
And shews a Moment's Day.
DRYDEN'S *All for Love*.

A gloomy Smile
That shew'd a sullen Lothness to be kind.
DRYDEN's *Cleomenes*.

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a Sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his Spirit,
That could be moved to smile at any Thing.
DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

As Gleams of Sunshine soften Storms to Showers,
So if you smile, the Loudness of my Rage
In gentle Whispers shall return. *Ibid.*

SOCIETY.

* What a helpless Creature by himself,
Is the proud Lord of this inferior World,
Vain feeble Man! The Commoners of Nature,
Each Wing that flies along the spacious Sky,
Is less dependant than their boasting Master.
Hail social Life! into thy pleasing Bounds
Again I come, to pay the common Stock
My Share of Service, and in glad Return,
To taste thy Comforts, thy protected Joys.

THOMPSON's *Agamemnon*.

SOLDIER.

Oh! for a Muse of Fire!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the Port of Mars.

SHAKESPEAR's *Henry V.*

The Tyrant Custom
Has made the Flinty and Steel Couch of War,
My thrice driven Bed of Down!

SHAKESPEAR's *Othello*.

Rude am I in Speech,
And little blest with the soft Phrase of Peace:

For

For these Arms of mine had seven Years Pith,
Till now, some nine Months wasted, they have
used

Their dearest Action in the tented Field :
And little of this great World, can I speak
More than pertains to Feats of Broils and Battle.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Othello*.

They daily trust their Loves and Lives thro'
Hazards,

And fearless for their Country's Peace, march hourly,
Thro' all the Doors of Death, and know the
darkest,

What Labour would these Men neglect with Danger,
Where Honour sits, tho' seated on a Billow,
Rising as high as Heav'n, would not these Soldiers,
Like to so many Sea-gods, charge up to it?

Behold their Swords! *Time's* Scythe was ne'er so
sharp,

Nor ever at one Harvest mow'd such Handfuls ;
Thoughts ne'er so sudden, nor Belief so sure,
When they are drawn : And were it not sometimes,
I swim upon their Angers to allay them,
And, like a Calm, depress their foul Intentions,
They are so deadly sure, Nature would suffer.

BEAUMONT'S *Loyal Subject*.

Thou can'st fight well and bravely ; thou can'st
Endure all Dangers, Heats, Colds, Hungers :
Heaven's angry Flames are not suddener,
Than I have seen thee execute ; nor more mortal !
The winged Feet of flying Enemies,
I've stood and seen thee mow away like Rushes,
And still kill the Killer ! Oh ! were thy Mind
But half so sweet in Peace, as rough in Dangers !

ROCHESTER'S *Valentinian*.

The Soldiers grieve

To see the Nations, whom our antient Virtue,
 With many a weary March, and Hunger, conquer'd,
 With Loss of many daring Life subdued,
 Fall from their fair Obedience, and even murmur
 To see the warlike Eagles mew their Honours
 In obscure Towns, that us'd to prey on Princes:
 They cry for Enemies, and tell the Captain,
 The Fruits of *Italy* are luscious. Give us *Egypt*,
 Or sandy *Africa*, to display our Valours;
 There where our Swords may get us Meat and
 Dangers,

Digest our well-got Food; for here our Weapons,
 And Bodies that were made for shining Brasse,
 Are both unedg'd and old with Ease and Women.
 And then they cry again, Where are the *Germans*,
 Lined with hot *Spain*, or *Gallia*? Bring them near,
 And let the Son of War, steel'd *Mithridates*,
 Pour on us wing'd Legions, like a Storm,
 Hiding the Face of Heaven with Showers of Ar-
 rows;

Yet we dare fight as *Romans*. Then, as Soldiers
 Tired with a weary March, they tell their Wounds,
 E'en weeping ripe, they are no more nor deeper;
 And glory in those Scars, that make them lovely;
 And sitting where a Camp was, like sad Pilgrims,
 They reckon up the Times, and loading Labours
 Of *Julius*, or *Germanicus*; and wonder
 That *Rome*, whose Turrets once were topp'd with
 Honour,

Can now forget the Customs of her Conquests.
 Thus they repine; and then cry out, Who leads
 us?

Shall we stand here like Statues? Were our Fathers
 The Sons of lazy *Moors*? Our Princes *Persians*?
 Nothing but Silk and Softness?

ROCHESTER'S *Valentinian*.

To

To me the Cries of fighting Fields are Charms :
Keen be my Sabre, and of Proof my Arms ;
I ask no other Blessing of my Stars :
No Prize but Fame, no Mistress but the Wars.

DRYDEN's *Aurengzebe*.

Thus when the Warrior his lov'd Trumpet hears,
His martial Blood begins to warm apace
And boils and flushes in his kindling Face,
And much he longs to strive in Glory's Race.

LEE's *Septonisba*.

War was my Mistress, and I lov'd her long ;
She lov'd my Musick ; Shoutings were my Song ,
And clashing Arms, that echo'd thro' the Plain :
Neighings of Horses, Groans of dying Men ;
Notes which the Trump, and hoarser Drum affords,
And dying Sounds rising from Fall of Swords.

LEE's *Gloriana*.

This downright fighting Fool ; this thick-skull'd
Hero :

This blunt unthinking Instrument of Death,
With plain dull Virtue has outgone my Wit.

DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

Rough in Battle,
As the first *Romans* when they went to War ;
Yet after Victory more pitiful
Than all their praying Virgins left at Home.

Ibid.

Twelve Legions wait upon you,
And long to call you Chief : By painful Journies,
I led them patient of both Heat and Hunger !
'Twill do you good to see their Sun-burnt Faces,
Their scar'd Cheeks, and chopp'd Hands : There's
Virtue in them !

G 4

They'd

They'd sell those mangl'd Limbs, at dearer Rates
Than yon' trim Band can buy.

DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

Oh! thou hast fir'd me! My Soul is up in Arms,
And mans each Part about me! Once again
That noble Eagerness of Fight has seiz'd me!
That Eagerness, with which I darted upward
To *Cassius* Camp. In vain the steepy Hill
Oppos'd my Way, in vain a War of Spears
Sung round my Head, and planted all my Shield:
I won the Trenches, whilst my foremost Men
Lagg'd on the Plain below. Come on, my Soldier,
Our Hearts and Arms are still the same: I long
Once more to meet our Foes, that thou and I
Like Time and Death, marching before our Troops,
May taste Fate to them, mow 'em out a Passage,
And entering where the foremost Squadrons yield,
Begin the noblest Harvest of the Field.

Ibid.

Oh! when I see him arming for his Honour,
His Country, and his Gods, that martial Fire,
That mounts his Courage, kindles even to me!
And when the *Trojan* Matrons wait him out
With Prayers, and meet with Blessings his Return,
The Pride of Virtue beats within my Breast,
To wipe away the Sweat and Dust of War,
And dress my Hero, glorious in his Wounds!
Has he not met a thousand lifted Swords?
There's not a Day but he encounters Armies;
And yet as safe as if the broad-brim'd Shield,
That *Pallas* wears, were held 'twixt him and Death.

DRYDEN's *Troilus and Cressida*.

I have seen him fight against a Troop of *Vandals*
In your Defence, as if he lov'd to bleed,
—— When he has been all o'er Blood,

And

And hack'd with Wounds that seem'd to mouth his
Praises ;
I have seen him smile still as he push'd Death from
him,
And with his Actions rally distant Fate.

LEE's *Theodosius*.

I'll wade thro' Seas of Blood, and walk o'er
Mountains
Of slaughter'd Bodies, to immortal Honour !

Ibid.

Methinks the warring Spirit that inspires
This Frame, the very Genius of old *Rome*,
That makes me talk without the Fear of Death,
And drives my daring Soul to Acts of Honour,
Flames in your Eyes : Our Arms too are a-kin,
Ambitious, fierce, and burn alike for Glory.

Ibid.

Can'st thou love a Soldier ?

One born to Honour, and to Honour bred ;
One that has learnt to treat even Foes with Kindness ;
To wrong no good Man's Fame, nor praise himself.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

Let's join our Battle, with a Force may glut
The Front of Death, and choak him with himself ;
As fiercely as destroying Whirlwinds rise,
Or as Clouds dash, when Thunder shakes the Skies !

OTWAY's *Caius Marius*.

Let Honour call for my Blood,
And sluice it into Streams ;
Turn Fortune loose again to my Pursuit,
And let me hunt her thro' embattl'd Foes,
In dusty Plains, amidst the Cannons Roar ;
There I will be the first.

DRYDEN's *Spanish Friar*.

Do'st thou not know the Fate of Soldiers ?
 They're but Ambition's Tools, to cut a Way
 To her unlawful Ends ; and when they're worn,
 Hack'd, hewn with constant Service, thrown aside,
 To rust in Peace, or rot in Hospitals.

SOUTHERN's *Loyal Brothers.*

How nobly he becomes the great Battalion !
 See how he shines in Arms, and suns the Field !
 Moves, speaks, and fights, and is himself a War !

DRYDEN's and LEE's *Duke of Guise.*

O mighty Warrior, in the Heat of Broils,
 Now terribly did'st thou become a Field !

LEE's *Massacre of Paris.*

As for *Sebastian* ! we must search the Field,
 And when we see a Mountain of the Slain,
 Send one to climb ; and looking down below,
 There shall he find him at his manly Length,
 With his Face up to Heaven, in the red Monument,
 Which his true Sword has digg'd !

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian.*

He in the Battle, had a thirsty Sword,
 And well 'twas glutted there !

Ibid.

In Battle brave ;
 But still serene in all the stormy War,
 Like Heav'n above the Clouds ! And after Fight,
 As merciful and kind to vanquish'd Foes,
 As a forgiving God !

DRYDEN's *King Arthur.*

The Brave Abroad fight for the Wife at Home :
 You are but Camp Camelions, fed with Air ;
 Thin Fame is all the bravest Hero's Share.

DRYDEN's *King Arthur.*

When the young Hero, yet unfledg'd in Arms,
 Made the tough Age of old *Ramirez* bend,

He

He fought like *Mars* descending from the Skies,
And look'd like *Venus* rising from the Waves.

DRYDEN'S *Love Triumphant*.

To live and conquer, is the noblest Fate,
But the next Glory is a gallant Death ;
Success, O *Jove* ! and Victory are thine :
Fortune is thine ; my Honour is my own !
Facing my Doom, with my drawn Sword I'll stand,
Nor turn my Back upon the wrathful Bolt !

LANSDOWN'S *Heroic Love*.

O my *Antonio* ! I'm all on Fire !
My Soul is up in Arms, ready to charge
And bear amidst the Foe with conqu'ring Troops !
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to Liberty !
To Victory ! their Shouts and Clamours rend
My Ears, and reach the Heav'ns !

CONGREVE'S *Mourning Bride*.

Full fifty Years, harness'd in rugged Steel,
I have endur'd the biting Winter's Blast,
And the severer Heats of parching Summer ;
While they who loll'd at Home on lazy Couches,
Were at my Cost secure in Luxury.

ROWE'S *Ambitious Stepmother*.

O had'st thou seen him, like the God of War,
Whose grisley Terror perch'd upon his Plume,
Severely shining in his dreadful Helmet,
And thund'ring thro' the Tempest of the Field.

DENNIS'S *Rinaldo and Armida*.

A Joy shoots thro'
My drooping Breast ! As often, when the Trumpet
Has call'd my youthful Ardour forth to Battle,
High in my Hopes, and ravish'd with the Sound,

I have

I have rush'd eager on, amidst the foremost,
To purchase Victory, or glorious Death.

Rowe's *Tamerlane*.

This brave Man, with long Resistance,
Held the Combat doubtful;
His Party, press'd with Numbers, soon grew faint,
And would have left their Charge an easy Prey :
Whilst he alone, undaunted at the Odds,
Tho' hopeless to escape, fought well and firmly,
Nor yielded till o'ermatch'd by many Hands,
He seem'd to shame our Conquest, while he own'd it.

Ibid.

Impatient of the tedious Night, in Arms
Watchful they stood, expecting opening Day ;
And now are hardly by their Leaders held
From darting on their Foes : Like a hot Courser,
That bounding, paws the moulding Soil, disdaining
The Rein that checks him, eager for the Race.

Ibid.

What means that Shout, big with the Sounds of
War ?

What new Alarm ! A second, larger yet,
Swells in the Wind, and comes more full upon us !
Oh ! for some glorious Cause to fall in Battle !
O *Marcus* ! I am warm'd ; my Heart
Leaps at the Trumpet's Voice, and burns for Glory !

ADDISON's *Cato*.

Alas ! thou know'st not *Cæsar*'s active Soul !
With what a dreadful Course he rushes on
From War to War ! In vain has Nature form'd
Mountains and Oceans to oppose his Passage !
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his March !
The *Alps* and *Pyreneans* sink before him !

Thro'

Thro' Winds and Waves, and Storms, he works his
Way,
Impatient for the Battle!

ADDISON's *Cato*.

* 'Tis the Soldier's Lot
To meet the Frowns, as well as Smiles of For-
tune;

In private Combat, as in War uncertain.
Where is the Hero, who ne'er found his Equal,
Or which the Nation that can boast a Chief,
Who still return'd victorious from the Field?
Such was not *Pyrrhus*; such our mighty Foe,
Not even *Hannibal* himself shall prove.

FROWDE's *Fall of Saguntum*.

* *Soldier?* immortal Gods!—*Who* more de-
serves

To govern States, than he who best can *save*?
With how perverse an Aptitude Disdain
Forgets its own Foundation!—*Teach* it, Madam:
That All that swells *your Pride*, supports *my Ho-*
nour.

He who was, first, call'd *King*, e're that, was
Soldier;

Great, because brave, and scepter'd by his *Sword*.
HILL's *Merops*.

* The Lion when he's rous'd
Must have his Prey, whose Den we might have
past

In Safety while he slept. To draw the Sword,
And fire the youthful Warrior's Breast to Arms
With awful Visions of immortal Fame;
And then to bid him sheath it, and forget
He ever hop'd for Conquest and Renown;
Vain, vain Attempt.

WHITEHEAD's *Roman Father*.

SOLI

SOLITUDE.

Now my Comates and Brothers in Exile,
 Had not old Custom made this Life more sweet,
 Than that painted of Pomp ? Are not these Woods
 More free from Peril, than the envious Court ?
 Here feel we not the Penalty of *Adam*,
 The Seasons Difference, as the Icy Fang,
 And churlish Chiding, of the Winter's Wind ?
 Which when it bites and blows upon my Body,
 E'en till I shrink with Cold, I smile and say,
 This is no Flattery ! These are Counsellors,
 That feelingly perswade me what I am.
 Sweet are the Uses of Adversity,
 Which, like the Toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious Jewel in his Head :
 And this our Life, exempt from publick Haunt,
 Finds Tongues in Trees, Books in the running Brooks,
 Sermons in Stones, and good in every Thing.
 SHAKESPEAR's *As you like it.*

* A mossy Cave that fac'd
 The southern Sea, and in whose deep Recess
 Boil'd up a chrystal Fountain, was my Home.
 Herbs were my Food, those blessed Stores of Health
 Only when Winter, from my daily Search.
 Withdrew my verdant Meal, I was oblig'd
 In faithless Snares to seize, which truly griev'd me,
 My silvan Friends ; that ne'er till then had known,
 And therefore dreaded less the Tyrant Man.
 But these low Hardships scarce deserve Regard :
 The Pangs, that sharpest stung, were in my Mind ;
 There Desolation reign'd ; and there cut off
 From social Life, I felt a constant Death.
 And yet these Pangs at last forgot to throb :
 What cannot lenient gentle Time perform ?
 I eat my lonely Meal without a Tear ;
 Nor sigh'd to see the dreadful Night descend.

In my own Breast a World within myself,
In Streams, in Groves, in Sunny Hill and Shade ;
In all that blooms with vegetable Life,
Or joys with kindred animal Sensation ;
In the full peopled Round of azure Heaven
Where'er I, studious, look'd, I found Companions.
But, Chief, the Muses lent their softning Aid.
At their enchanting Voice my Sorrows fled,
Or learn'd to please ; while, thro' my troubled Heart,
They breath'd the Soul of Harmony anew.
Thus of the great Community of Nature
A Denizen I liv'd ; and oft in Hymns,
And rapt'rous Thought, even with the Gods convers'd,
That not disdain sometimes the Walks of Man,

THOMPSON'S *Agamemnon*.

* I want to be alone, to find some Shade,
Some solitary Gloom ; there to shake off
These harsh tumultuous Cares that vex my Life,
This sick Ambition on itself recoiling ;
And there to listen to the gentle Voice,
The Sigh of Peace, something, I know not what,
That whispers Transport to my Heart.

THOMPSON'S *Sophonisba*.

* Beneath the silent Gloom of Solitude,
Tho' Peace can sit and smile ; tho' meek Content
Can keep the chearful Tenor of her Soul,
Ev'n in the loneliest Shades ; yet let not Wrath
Approach, let black Revenge keep far aloof,
Or soon they flame to Madness.

MASON'S *Elfrida*.

SORROW.

S O R R O W.

Darkness and Solitude, and Sighs, and Tears,
And all th' inseparable Train of Grief,
Attend my Steps for ever !

DRYDEN's *Amphytrion*.

Some secret Anguish rolls within his Breast,
That shakes him like an Earthquake, which he presses
And will not give it Vent !
He blushes, and would speak, and wants a Voice ;
And flares, and gapes like a forbidden Ghost !

DRYDEN's *Cleomenes*.

Misfortunes on Misfortunes press upon me,
Swell o'er my Head like Waves, and dash me down !
Sorrow, Remorse, and Shame have torn my Soul,
And blast the Spring and Promise of my Year !
They hang like Winter on my youthful Hopes !
So Flow'rs are gather'd to adorn a Grave,
To lose their Freshness among Bones and Rottenss,
And have their Odours stifled in the Dust

ROWE's *Fair Penitent*.

* Past Sorrows, let us moderately lament 'em.
For those to come, seek wisely to prevent 'em.

WEBSTER's *Unfortunate Dutchess*, &c.

* Cover me, Hills ! ye Mountains, with your
Groves,
Come pitying, shadow me with sudden Night !
Oh ! hide me from his Sight ; deep at your Roots
Beneath the dusky Gloom o'erwhelm *Timandra*.
In the dark Caverns let me yell my Grievs,
Nor with my Shriek disturb his parting Soul.

FROWDE's *Fall of Saguntum*.

* Sorrows multiply from Age to Age,
While each revolving Hour of coming Life

Brings

Brings its own Portion to the common Sum.

BELLERS's *Injured Innocence.*

* O sacred Sorrow! He who knows not thee,
Knows not the best Emotions of the Heart,
Those tender Tears that humanize the Soul,
The Sigh that charms, the Pang that gives Delight;
He dwells too near to Cruelty and Pride,
And is a Novice in the School of Virtue.

THOMPSON's *Agamemnon.*

* Whole Years of Joy glide unperceiv'd away,
While Sorrow counts the Minutes as they pass——
'Tis Virtue's Office to suppress its own,
And bring Addition to the Bliss of others;
Or by partaking ease their Sorrows. Let us hence,
Speak Comfort to his Woes, and ease his Soul.

HAVARD's *Scanderbeg.*

* A general Face of Grief o'erspreads the City.
I mark'd the People as I hither came,
In Crouds assembled struck with silent Sorrow,
And pouring forth the noblest Praise of Tears:
Those whom Remembrance of their former Woes,
And long Experience of the vain Illusions
Of youthful Hope, and into wise Consent
And Fear of Change corrected, wrung their Hands,
And often casting up their Eyes to Heaven
Gave Sign of sad Conjecture.

THOMPSON's *Tancred and Sigismunda.*

* Ah! the black Rage
Of Midnight Tempest, or th' assuring Smiles
Of radiant Morn are equal all to me.
Nought now has Charms or Terrors to my Breast,
The Seat of stupid Woe. *Ibid.*

* Inexorable Death!
I ask thee not for Mercy! No, be cruel still
Behold in me the Wretch that dares thy Rage!

A griev-

A grieving Mother, whose Distress defies thee !
That thus arrests thy Triumph o'er her Child,
And will not let it pass. The Grave shall not devour
him :

O ! we must never part, one Earth shall hold us.
Now seize me, strike me, and compleat the Tyrant !
CIBBER's *King John*.

* What Mockery is the tinsel Pride
Of Splendor ; when by wasting Woes, the Mind
Lies desolate within ? -- Such, such, is mine !
O'erwhelm'd with Ills, and dead to every Joy.
Barbareffa.

S O U L.

It must be so : *Plato*, thou reason'st well :
Else whence this pleasing Hope, this fond Desire,
This longing after Immortality ?
Or whence this secret Dread, and inward Horror,
Of falling into Nought ? Why shrinks the Soul
Back on herself, and startles at Destruction ?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us ;
'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to Man.
Eternity, thou pleasing dreadful Thought !
Thro' what Variety of untry'd Being,
Thro' what new Scenes and Changes must we pass ?
The wide, th' unbounded Prospect lies before me ;
But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold : If there's a Power above us,
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
'Thro' all her Works, he must delight in Virtue ;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when ? or where ?
I'm weary of Conjectures ! ——
The Soul secure in her Existence, smiles
At the drawn Dagger, and defies its Point :

The

The Stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
Grow dim with Age ; and Nature sink in Years :
But thou shalt flourish in immortal Youth,
Unhurt amidst the War of Elements,
The Wrecks of Matter, and the Crush of Worlds.

ADDISON's *Cato*.

I have a Part within
Their Malice cannot reach. — Yes, yes, my Soul,
Thou shalt be feasted with a rich Repast,
The grave Historian and the moral Sage,
The searching Minds that scorn to be confined
On this dim Spot, but travel to the Seats
Of nobler Beings, and more finish'd Worlds,
All call and wait on thee.

SEWELL's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

* Alas ! how Mankind err in all their Thoughts
The only Prison that enslaves the Soul,
Is the dark Habitation where she dwells,
As in a noisome Dungeon, fetter'd down
To this unwholsome Floor of breathing Clay.
Were she but freed from thence, these solid Walls,
These massy Bars, and doubly grated Windows
Wou'd all in vain oppose her tow'ring Passage ;
Spite of such slight Obstructions she wou'd rise,
And wing her airy Way from Life to Life,
A long successive Course of various Being,
Enlarging as she goes her growing Force,
With added Faculties at ev'ry Stage !

BELLERS's *Injured Innocence*.

* We're taught, indeed, t'endure
What Heav'n's chastising Hand shall lay upon us.
But can it be, while this frail Flesh confines us ?
While the imprison'd Soul participates
Whate'er its weak Companion undergoes !
E'er we can reach Perfection, we must shake

The

The Body off. Then the expanded Soul
Pluming her Wings, may take her airy Way
Thro' yonder Worlds of Light, till she arrives
Where the eternal Source of all inhabits,
And treads th' Infinity of boundless Space.

MARSH's *Amasis*.

* The Soul, intent on Offices of Love,
Will oft' neglect, or scorn the weaker Proof
Which Smiles or Speech can give.

Barbarossa.

SPEAKING.

Thou speak'st
As if there were some Monster in thy Thoughts,
Too hideous to be seen.

SHAKESPEAR's *Othello*.

And when she speaks, O *Angelo*! then Musick,
Such as old *Orpheus* made, that gave a Soul
To aged Mountains; and made rugged Beasts
Lay by their Rage; and tall Trees, that knew
No Sound but Tempests, to bow down their Branches,
And hear, and wonder; and the Sea, whose Surges
Shook their white Heads in Heaven, to be as Mid-

night,

Still and attentive! steals into our Souls
So suddenly and strangely, that we are
From that Time no more our's, but what she pleases.

BEAUMONT's *Captain*.

O Heart! O bleeding Love! but speak, *Semandra*,
For there is wond'rous Reason, mighty Sense,
In all you say; and I could hear you ever.

LEE's *Mithridates*.

O speak, go on, the Air grows sensible
Of the great Things you utter, and is calm;

The

the ENGLISH STAGE. 141

The hurry'd Orbs with Storms so rack'd of late,
Seem to stand still, as if that *Jove* were talking.

DRYDEN's and LEE's Oedipus.

Speak this again :

But speak it to the Winds when they are loudest,
Or to the raging Seas ; they'll hear as soon,
And sooner will believe.

Ibid.

Oh ! thou hast utter'd Sounds of such a Strain,
As Nature cannot bear ! Like inmost Musick,
Which, while it charms the Sense, makes chill the
Blood.

LEE's Caesar Borgia.

Blast me not with such Sounds :

There's not one fatal Sentence, one dread Word,
But runs like Iron thro' my freezing Blood.

Ibid.

Oh ! while you speak, methinks a sudden Calm,
In spite of all the Horror that surrounds me,
Falls upon every frighted Faculty,
And puts my Soul in Tune !

LEE's Lucius Junius Brutus.

Oh ! speak that again !
Sweet as the Syren's Tongue those Accents fall,
And charm me to my Ruin.

SOUTHERN's Loyal Brother.

Speech is the Morning to the Soul ;
It spreads the beauteous Images abroad,
Which else lie furl'd, and clouded in the Soul.

DRYDEN's and LEE's Duke of Guise.

Oh ! I have heard him talk
Like the first Child of Love, when every Word
Spoke in his Eyes, and wept to be believ'd.

SOUTHERN's Disappointment.

Oh !

The

Oh ! thy charming Tongue
Is but too well acquainted with my Weakness ;
Knows let it name but Love, my melting Heart
Dissolves within my Breast ; till with clos'd Eyes
I reel into thy Arms, and all's forgotten !

OTWAY's *Venice Preserv'd.*

O stop not here ! my list'ning Soul is charm'd
Into my Ears, and dies upon the Sound
Of e'ery Word, soft as a Lover's Wish,
And I could hear you ever !

SOUTHERN's *Spartan Dame.*

Oh ! go on,
Speak yet a little more, a little longer !
For, by the Gods, that listen to our Talk,
'Tis Heav'n to me to hear you ! Not the Tongues
Of Deities plead so well ! My Heart leaps up,
And pants at all you utter ! Each pointed Syllable
From those dear lovely Lips runs to my Heart,
And circles in my Blood !

HOPKINS's *Pyrrhus.*

Oh ! I know
Thou hast a Tongue to charm the wildest Tempers ;
Herds would forget to graze, and savage Beasts
Stand still, and lose their Fierceness, but to hear thee,
As if they had Reflection : And by Reason,
Forfook a less Enjoyment for a greater !

ROWE's *Tamerlant.*

What mystick Riddle lurks beneath thy Words
Which thou would'st seem unwilling to express ?
Away with this ambiguous shuffling Phrase,
And let thy Oracle be understood.

ROWE's *Fair Penitent.*

He was the very Joy of all that saw him ;
Form'd to delight, to love, and to persuade :
Impassive Spirits, and Angelic Natures,

Might

Might have been charm'd, like yielding human Weak-
ness,

Stoop'd from their Heav'n, and listen'd to his Talking.

Rowe's *Jane Shore*.

Say any Thing, that I may hear thee talk!

For Charms are in thy Words, and Transport springs
From the bewitched Accents.

Mrs. WISEMAN's *Antiochus*.

Why are thy doubtful Speeches dark, and troubled,
As Cretan Seas, when vex'd by warring Winds?

SMITH's *Phædra and Hyppolitus*.

Fear not to speak it: Thy harmonious Voice
Will make the saddest Tale of Sorrow pleasing,
And charm the Grief it brings! Thus let me hear it,
Thus in thy Sight, thus gazing on those Eyes,
I can support the utmost Spight of Fate,
And stand the Rage of Heaven.

Ibid.

Tho' like a Sword each sharpen'd Syllable
Strikes thro' and thro' my Heart, I'll hear thee
calmly:

Yes, calm as Death, or sleeping Innocence!

CH. JOHNSON's *Force of Friendship*.

* Thy Words, tho' softer than the Dew that nurses
The blooming Infants of the Spring avail not;
Inchanting is thy Speech and might have Power
To shake a Mind less exercis'd and constant.

CH. JOHNSON's *Midas*.

* When the spoke,

Such a becoming Diffidence adorn'd
The Accents of her Voice, as seem'd to say,
She fear'd her Words might wound that Modesty,
In whose Defence her trembling Tongue pronounc'd
'em,

In

In gentle, yet in most persuasive Sort.

BELLERS's *Injured Innocence.*

S P H I N X.

Then *Sphinx* began to rage;
The Monster *Sphinx* laid your rich Country waste,
Your Vineyards spoil'd, your lab'ring Oxen slew;
Your selves for Fear, mew'd up within your Walls:
She, taller than your Gates, o'erlook'd your Town:
But when she rais'd her Bulk to sail above you,
She drove the Air around her like a Whirlwind,
And shaded all beneath; till stooping down,
She clap'd her leathern Wings against your Tow'rs,
And thrust out her long Neck ev'n to your Doors.
You durst not meet in Temples,
To invoke the Gods for Aid, the stoutest He
Who leads you now, crouch'd then like a dar'd Lark;
This *Creon* shook for Fear:
The Blood of *Laius* curdled in his Veins.

DRYDEN's and LEE's *Oedipus.*

S P I R I T S.

Some Astral Forms I must invoke by Pray'r;
Fram'd all of purest Atoms of the Air:
In airy Chariots they together ride;
And sip the Dew, as thro' the Clouds they glide:
Vain Spirits you, that shunning Heav'n's high Noon,
Swarm here beneath the Concave of the Moon:
Hence to the Task assign'd you here below;
Upon the Ocean make loud Tempests blow;
Into the Wombs of hollow Clouds repair,
And crush out Thunder from the bladder'd Air;
From pointed Sun-Beams take the Mists they drew,
And scatter them again in pearly Dew:
And of the bigger Drops they drain below,

Some

Some mould in Hail, and others stamp in Snow.

DRYDEN's *Tyrannic Love*.

STAG.

Under an Oak, whose antique Root peeps out
Upon the Brook that brawls along this Wood,

A poor sequester'd Stag,

That from the Hunter's Aim had ta'en a Hurt,
Did come to languish :

The wretched Animal heav'd forth such Groans,

That their Discharges stretch'd his leathern Coat

Almost to bursting ; and the big round Tears

Cours'd one another down his innocent Nose

In piteous Chase, and swell'd the running Brook.

SHAKESPEAR's *As you like it*.

STARS.

The Sparks of Light,

The Gems that shine in the blue Ring of Heav'n.

LEE's *Mitridates*.

The shooting Stars end all in purple Jellies.

DRYDEN's and LEE's *Oedipus*.

The radiant Galaxies of blended Stars,

Whose Influence govern Mortals here below.

HIGGON's *Generous Conqueror*.

* How dreadfully delightful 'tis to lose,

The dazzl'd Eye in yonder wide Expanse,

Where, round Ten-thousand radiant Fonts of Light

Myriads of Worlds roll ceaseless ;—— all obeying

And all declaring in their measur'd Orbs,

That universal Spirit which informs,

Pervades and actuates the wond'rous Whole.

BELLERS's *Injured Innocence*.

STATE.

* Commonwealths

Own no hereditary Right, unless our Worth
Shine equal to our Birth : Wherefore at once
Down with Nobility——The Commons rule !
A vast Prerogative and lineal Title,
And be the Right to rise superior Merit,

HAVARD's *King Charles I.*

STATESMAN.

They measure not the Compass of a Crown,
To fit the Head that wears it, but their own.

DAVENANT's *Siege of Rhodes.*

He that seeks Safety in a Statesman's Pity,
May as well run a Ship upon sharp Rocks,
And hope a Harbour.

HOWARD's *Duke of Lerma.*

Great Statesmen, Kings should watch while they
employ,
Lest what they build, those underhand destroy.

LEE's *Sophonisba.*

The Bold are but the Instruments o'th' Wise,
They undertake the Dangers we advise :
And whilst our Fabric with their Fame we raise,
We take the Profit, and pay them with Praise.

DRYDEN's *Conquest of Granada.*

Statesmen are

The Workmanship of inconsiderate Favour ;
The Creatures of rash Love : One of those Meteors
Which Monarchs raise from Earth ;
And People, wond'ring how they came so high,
Fear from their Influence Plagues, Wars, and Famine.

DRYDEN's *Secret Love.*

But

But Change in Statesmen is most natural :
They're Weathercocks of Time, and face about
To every veering Wind.

TATE's *Loyal General*.

This 'tis to serve a Prince too faithfully !
Who, free from Laws himself, will have that done
Which, not perform'd, brings us to sure Disgrace ;
And, if perform'd, to Ruin !

DRYDEN's *Spanish Friar*.

This 'tis to counsel Things that are unjust !
First to debauch a King to break his Laws,
Which are his Safety, and then seek Protection
From him they have endanger'd !

Ibid.

If Princes not protect their Ministers,
What Man will dare to serve 'em ?

Ibid.

None will dare
To serve them ill, when they are left to Laws :
But when a Counsellor, to save himself,
Would lay Miscarriages upon his Prince,
Exposing him to publick Rage and Hate ;
Oh ! 'tis an Act as infamously base
As should a common Soldier sculk behind,
And thrust his Gen'ral in the Front of War !
It shews he only serv'd himself before,
And had no Sense of Honour, Country, King,
But centred on himself ; and us'd his Master,
As Guardians do their Wards, with Shews of Care,
But with Intent to sell the publick Safety
And pocket up his Prince !

Ibid.

Unhappy Ministers to cheated Princes:
Who make new Quarrels, new Pretences find,

148 *The* BEAUTIES of

To please us Wretches, who destroy Mankind.
HIGGON'S *Generous Conqueror*.

Art thou a Statesman, and canst not be a Hypocrite?
Impossible!
Do not distrust thy Virtue.

DRYDEN'S *Don Sebastian*.

Thy Reasons were too strong,
And driv'n too near the Head to be but Artifice:
And after all, I know thou art a Statesman,
Where Truth is rarely found. *Ibid.*

Love and Interest sometimes
May make a Statesman honest.
DRYDEN'S *Cleomenes*.

'Tis the Sport of Statesmen,
When Heroes knock their knotty Heads together,
And fall by one another.
ROWE'S *Ambitious Stepmother*.

Thus Wit still gets the Mastery over Courage:
Long Time unmatched in War the Hero shone,
And mighty Fame in Fields of Battle won;
Till one fair Project of the Statesman's Brain
Bereaves him of the Spoils his Arms did gain,
And renders all his boasted Prowess vain. *Ibid.*

Oh! couldst thou charm the Malice of a Statesman,
And make him quit his Purpose of Revenge!
Thy preaching may reform the guilty World,
And Vice would be no more! *Ibid.*

Oh! what a Mine of Mischief is a Statesman,
Ye furious Whirlwinds, and ye treach'rous Rocks,
Ye Ministers of Death, devouring Fire,
Convulsive Earthquake, and plague-tainted Air,
All you are merciful and mild to him,

The

The passive Instruments of righteous Heav'n.
But he for Goodness form'd and plac'd to bless,
Wilful opposes Providence in Spite,
And is a Devil in his own Formation.

SEWEL's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

Curse on the Statesman's Grave who married first,
Debauching the pure Stream of Politicks,
With the base Mixture of connubial Love;
O *Rome*, wise *Rome*, thy nobler Genius scorns
These little Tyes of fond Humanity,
Fearing that Nature might o'er-rule thy Sons,
You check that Fear and o'er-rule Nature first.
Hence no Affection no Remorse controuls
Thy Statesman's Hands, no tender Look of Love
Disarms thy holy Butchers in their Wrath.

Ibid.

Statesmen have peculiar Arts:
They're so mysterious few can apprehend
The Favours they confer.

FENTON's *Mariamne*.

Statesman, thou art enur'd to Infamy!
Practice hath petrify'd thy wicked Heart,
Bred to Conspiracies, to fawn, betray,
To lye: Yet thou canst smile! yet thou canst sleep!

PHILIPS's *Belisarius*.

* You Statesmen are so shrewd in forming Schemes!
But often to secure some trivial Point,
And answer Ends as little wise as just!
Such Children are ye, busy, nice and anxious
To raise a Bawble, Paper Edifice,
That by its own slight Make betray'd to Ruin,
Wants not a Breath of Air to puff it down.

JEFF REYS's *Edwin*.

150 *The* BEAUTIES *of*

* Let Virtue's Slaves, let squeamish Honour's
Friends

By little narrow Rules pursue their Ends,
Not so ; but unconfin'd by idle Force,
The Politician steers a nobler Course
Where-e'er or Pow'r or Wealth their Charms display }
He rushes on, secure, and cannot stray,
For any Passage thither is his Way. }

LEWIS's *Philip of Macedon.*

* How various are the Moments Statesmen pass ?
When what they hope, or fear, yet waits th' Event !
Hope as the Morn in *May* with vernal Sweets,
And opening Buds, presents a pleasing Prospect ;
While, like a sudden Frost, succeeding Fear
Saddens the Landskip and corrects those Joys.

FROWDE's *Philotas.*

* Now let my secret Soul indulge the Joy,
The solid Joy which Politicians know
When on some Patriot-Fool they wreak their Ven-
geance.

The witless Hero, full of Noise and Honour,
Safe in his Indolence and conscious Virtue,
Encompass'd by the wary Statesman's Toils,
Falls the sure Victim to his Rage provok'd.

Ibid.

* A decay'd Statesman is a wretched Thing !
'Tis Flattery and ill Actions, which prefer us,
And we have Flatterers too that thrive by us ;
Power makes us Knaves, We're honest out of Service,
But, when our Prince's Favour falls away,
Nothing so despicable, or unregarded ;
Therefore 'tis Policy, when once we're in,
To finish by those Rules we did begin.

The Fall of Mortimer.

* Let

* Let Heav'n 'spy out for Virtue, and then starve it :
But Vice and Frailty are the Statesman's Quarry
The Objects of our Search, and of our Science ;
Mark'd by our Smiles, and cherish'd by our Bounty.
'Tis hence, you lord it o'er your servile Senates ;
How low the Slaves will stoop to gorge their Lusts,
When aptly baited : Ev'n the Tongues of Patriots,
Those Sons of Clamour oft relax the Nerve
Within the Warmth of Favour.

BROOKE'S *Gustavus Vasa*.

* How ill had Providence
Dispos'd the suffering World's oppress'd Affairs,
Had sacred Right's eternal Rule been left
To crafty Politician's partial Sway ?
Then Power and Pride wou'd stretch th' enormous
Grasp,
And call their arbitrary Portion, Justice :
Ambition's Arm, by Av'rice urg'd wou'd pluck
The Core of Honesty from Virtue's Heart,
And plant Deceit and Rancour in its Stead :
Falshood wou'd trample then on Truth and Honour :
And Envy poison sweet Benevolence.
Oh ! 'tis a goodly Groupe of Attributes,
And well befits some Statesmen's righteous Rules.

JONES'S *Earl of Essex*.

STORK.

The Stork's the Emblem of true Piety :
Because when Age has seiz'd, and made his Dam
Unfit for Flight, the grateful Young-one takes
His Mother on his Back, provides her Food,
Repaying thus her tender Care of him,
E'er he was fit to fly, by bearing her.

BEAUMONT'S *Spanish Curate*.

STORM.

I have seen Tempests, when the scolding Winds
 Have riv'd the knotty Oaks, and I have seen
 Th' ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
 To be exalted with the threatening Clouds,
 But never till To-night, never till now,
 Did I go thro' a Tempest dropping Fire;
 Either there is a civil Strife in Heav'n,
 Or else the World too saucy with the Gods,
 Incenses them to send Destruction.

SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Caesar*.

Let the great Gods
 That keep this dreadful Pother o'er our Heads,
 Find out their Enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
 That hast within thee undivulged Crimes,
 Unwhipp'd of Justice! Hide thee, thou bloody Hand,
 Thou perjur'd, and thou Similar of Virtue
 That are incestuous! Caitiff, to Pieces shake,
 That under Covert and convenient seeming
 Hast practis'd on Man's Life! Close pent-up Guilt,
 Rive your concealing Continents, and cry
 Those dreadful Summoners, Grace!

SHAKESPEAR's *King Lear*.

Tempests sometimes drive Ships into the Ports.

SEDLEY's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

The wrathful Skies
 Gallow the very Wanderers of the Dark,
 And make them keep their Caves:
 Since I was Man,
 Such Sheets of Fire, such Bursts of horrid Thunder,
 Such Groans of roaring Winds and Rain, I never
 Remember to have heard!

Ibid.

Thus Storms let loose,
 Do drive the Trunks of tallest Cedars down,

Tear

Tear from their Tops the loaded pregnant Vine,
And kill the tender Flowers but yet half blown :
But having no more Fury left in Store,
Heav'n's Face grows clear, the Storm is heard
no more,
And Nature smiles as gaily as before.

OTWAY's *Caius Marius*.

The Storm is hush'd, the Winds breathe out their
last ;
The Thunders too in feeble Bodies die ;
And all the ruff'd Elements return
To their dull Order.

TATE's *Loyal General*.

So black the Night, as if no Star e'er shone,
In all the wide Expanse ; the Lightning's Flash
But shews the Darknefs, and the bursting Clouds,
With Peals of Thunder, seem to rock the Land ;
No Beasts of Prey do now from Shelter roam,
But howl in Dens, and make the Forest groan.

YOUNG's *Busiris*.

* Hear ! from the Wintr'y North how keen it
howls
Thro' these lone Towers that rock with every
Blast,
Each Moment threat'ning Ruin on our Heads.
But see—stand here, and cast thy Eyes below
O'er the broad Ocean to the distant Sky,
See what Confusion fills the raving Deep !
What Mountain-waves arise !—'Tis terrible.

Eurydice.

* Look, from the turbid South
What Floods of Flame in red Diffusion burst,
Frequent and furious, darted thro' the dark
And broken Ridges of a thousand Clouds,

154 *The* BEAUTIES of

Pil'd Hill on Hill ; And hark, the Thunder rous'd
Groans in long Roarings thro' the distant Gloom.

MALLET's *Mustapha*.

S T R E A M.

When Tides against the Current flow,
The native Stream runs its own Course below.

DRYDEN's *Conquest of Granada*.

Thus Streams that beat against their Banks in
vain,
Retreating, swell into a Flood again.

OTWAY's *Don Carlos*.

So the pure limpid Stream, when foul with
Stains

Of rushing Torrents and descending Rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs refines,
'Till by Degrees the Chrystal Mirror shines ;
Reflects each Flow'r that on its Border grows,
And a new Heav'n in its fair Bosom shows.

ADDISON's *Cato*.

S U B J E C T S.

We are but Subjects, *Maximus* ! Obedience
For what is done, and Grief for what is ill done,
Is all we can call ours. The Hearts of Princes
Are like the Temples of the Gods, pure Incense,
Till some unhallowed Hands defile their Offerings,
Burns ever there : We must not put it out,
Because the Priests who touch those Sweets are
wicked :

We dare not dearest Friend, nay, more, we can-
not,

While we consider whose we are, and how,

To

To what Laws bound, much more to what Law-
giver ;
While Majesty is made to be obey'd,
And not enquir'd into.

ROCHESTER's *Valentinian*.

He who his Prince too blindly does obey,
To keep his Faith, his Virtue throws away.

DRYDEN's *Indian Emperor*.

Subjects are stiff-neck'd Animals : They soon
Feel slacken'd Reins, and throw the Rider down.

DRYDEN's *Aurengzebe*.

The Vulgar, Greatness too much idolize ;
But haughty Subjects, it too much despise.

DRYDEN's *Conquest of Granada*.

Was it for me to prop
The Ruins of a falling Majesty ?
To place myself beneath the mighty Flaw,
Thus to be crush'd and pounded into Atoms,
By its o'erwhelming Weight ? 'Tis too presuming
For Subjects to preserve that wilful Power,
Which courts its own Destruction.

DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

The Elephant is never won with Anger ;
Nor must that Man, who would reclaim a Lion,
Take him by the Teeth.
Our honest Actions, and the Truth that breaks,
Like Morning from our Service, chaste and blushing,
Is that which pulls a Prince back : Then he sees,
And not till then truly repents his Errors.

Ibid.

Subjects like these are seldom seen,
Who not forsake me at my greatest Need,
Nor for base Lucre sold their Loyalty ;

But

156 The BEAUTIES of

But shar'd my Dangers to the last Event,
And fenc'd them with their own.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

What have the People done, the Sheep of
Princes,
That they should perish for their Shepherds Fault?
They bring their yearly Wool, to cloath their
Owners,
And yet when bare themselves, are cull'd for
Slaughter.

DRYDEN's *Love Triumphant*.

* Authority is lost, when rebel Subjects dare
With curious Boldness, scan their Master's Right;
Controul his royal Pleasure, and rejudge
His highest Acts. Contempt unking's a Sovereign.

MALLET's *Muſtapha*.

SUBMISSION.

Abbot. * Thus bending to the Throne of In-
nocent,

Our holy Sov'reign Sire, whose Heav'n-born Pow'r
All Christian Crowns implicitly obey;
Thus come we humble Supplicants in Sighs,
And Sorrow for a sinful Son; whose rash
Ambition in his Pride of Pow'r has dar'd—
Oh! spare us to repeat the dreadful Crime,
Too black and terrible for Christian Ears!
But if the Pangs of Penitence may plead—

K. John. Behold him prostrate, contrite, whel'm'd
with Shame,

Off'ring this Sacrifice of temp'ral Glory,
His Crown surrender'd to the holy See,
To mitigate the Wrath of heav'nly Vengeance.

Pandolph. Thy Penitence, thy contrite Heart,
O Son,

Gives

Gives Joy and Transport to our holy Mother :
 Not human Nature is more prone t' offend,
 Than on sincere Repentance she to pardon !
 Yet think not Crowns or Scepters could alone
 Prevail, or tempt her, in the Pride of Nature,
 T' accept these Off'rings of thy mortal Pow'r,
 Which, as the human World esteems them—Thus
 Beneath her Foot she spurns their carnal Glory.
 But, as in social Life, Mankind requires
 Controuling Kings to rule their headstrong Passions,
 To curb Injustice by coercive Laws ;
 Thus' from the sacred Apostolick Grace,
 As tributary Lord, dependent ever
 On our holy Father, supreme on Earth,
 Receive this Circle of imperial Sway,
 Once more to keep these temp'ral Realms in Awe,
 And fight the sacred Battles of the Chair.

K. John. With lowly Reverence and humble
 Heart,
 Vowing Obedience to our sov'reign Pontiff,
 Unworthy I receive this temp'ral Crown ;
 But now must kneel for an afflicted People,
 Pierc'd with the Pains of Errors not their own :
 Oh ! never must these guilty Eyes look up !
 'Till holy Mercy shall restore their Peace,
 By Revocation of her dreadful Censures !

Pand. Arise, repentant Son, thy sweet Con-
 version
 Shall chase these Clouds of Vengeance from thy
 Land ;
 Of Souls unheal'd will we resume the Cure :
 Nor foreign or domestick Foe shall now
 Presume to give thy fertile Fields Annoyance :
 Now shalt thou find the holy Breath, that blew
 This Tempest up, shall make the Storm subside.
 This *Dauphin's* Thunder at our Word shall cease,
 And hush'd Ambition leave thy Realms in Peace.

CIBBER's King *John.*
 S U C

S U C C E S S.

If all Things by Success are understood,
Men that make War, grow wicked to be good.

HOWARD's *Indian Queen*.

Virtue without Success,
Is a fair Picture shewn by an ill Light :
But lucky Men are Favourites of Heaven,
All own the Chief, when Fortune owns the Cause.

DRYDEN's *Spanish Friar*.

It is Success makes Innocence a Sin :
If the End be glorious, glorious is the Way :
They always have the Cause, who have the Day.

CROWN's *Darius*.

Had I miscarried, I had been a Villain ;
For Men judge Actions always by Events ;
But when we manage by a just Foresight,
Success is Prudence, and Possession Right.

HIGGON's *Generous Conqueror*.

Fate holds the Strings, and Men like Children
move,
But as they're led ; Success is from above.

LANDDOWN's *Heroic Love*.

We cannot answer for unborn Events :
The Gods have plac'd them in the Hand of Fate,
To shape and fashion for their high Decrees ;
At their appointed Time to bring them forth,
To baffle human Wit and Industry.

SOUTHERN's *Fate of Capua*.

'Tis not in Mortals to command Success ;
But we'll do more, *Sampronius* ; we'll deserve it.

ADDISON's *Cato*.

* It is Success that colours all in Life:
Success makes Fools admir'd, makes Villains honest;
All the proud Virtue of this vaunting World
Fawns on Success and Power, howe'er acquir'd.

THOMPSON'S *Agamemnon*.

* By nobler Services Success is woo'd
By cool Deliberations, well-weigh'd Thoughts,
Prevented Accidents, foreseen Advantage,
Judgment correct, that only waits upon
Gray hair'd Experience, and slow teaching Time.—

HAVARD'S *Regulus*.

S U N.

So shews the blushing discontented Sun,
From out the fiery Portal of the East,
When he perceives the envious Clouds are bent
To dim his Glory, and to stain the Track
Of his bright Passage to the Occident.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Richard II.*

The setting Sun all curtain'd round with Night,
At his Departure gives a greater Light.

LEE'S *Sophonisba*.

The Sun when he from Noon declines,
And with abated Heat, less fiercely shines,
Seems to grow milder as he goes away,
Pleasing himself with the Remains of Day.

DRYDEN'S *Aurangzeb*.

So bright a Track, still leave the setting Suns,
That vanish in a Glory.

DRYDEN'S *Rival Ladies*.

As glorious as the Sun at Noon,
To th' admiring Eyes of gazing Mortals,

When

When he bestrides the lazy puffing Clouds,
And sails upon the Bosom of the Air.

OTWAY's *Don Carlos*.

Now *Phæbus* mounts triumphant in the Skies ;
The Clouds disperse, and gloomy Horror flies :
Darkness gives Place to the victorious Light ;
And all around is gay, and all around is bright.

LANSDOWN's *British Enchanter*.

So when from Western Hills, the burning Sun
Descends, and leaves his Empire to the Moon,
False Meteors glare, and scatter'd Drops of Light,
With Glow-worm Spangles dress the Gloom of
Night :

But as the radiant God remounts his Car,
The borrowed Vapours swiftly disappear :
They fly the Force of his celestial Ray,
Or their pale Fires are lost in Floods of Day.

CH. JOHNSON's *Victim*.

SUPERSTITION.

* O Superstition! thy pernicious Rigours,
Inflexible to Reason, Truth, and Nature,
Banish Humanity the gentlest Breasts.

MILLER's *Mabomet*.

* Thy other Fav'rites of maturer Age,
And more discreetly zealous, would not risque it :
Youth is the Stock, whence grafted Superstition
Shoots with unbounded Vigour.

Ibid.

* What a reasonless Machine
Can Superstition make the Reas'ner Man !

Ibid.

SUPPOSITION. See HOPE.

Suppose! thou dearest Child of flatt'ring Hope,
Big with Delight and prodigal of Bliss;
Shall I embrace thee with a Mother's Fondness?
No, thou art set at Distance from my Eyes,
And it were Madness but to wish thee there.

SEWEL's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

* Supposition still outflies Discretion,
And by a giddy Swiftneſs loſes Certainty.

HAVARD's *Regulus*.

SURPRISE.

All guard themselves when stronger Foes invade;
Yet by the Weak, Surprizes may be made.

DRYDEN's *Tyrannick Love*.

We came like bold intruding Guests,
And took 'em unprepar'd to give us Welcome:
The Scouts we kill'd, then found their Body sleeping:
And as they lay confus'd, we stumbl'd o'er them,
And took what Joint came next; Arms, Heads, or
Legs,
Somewhat undecently: But when Men want Light,
They make but bungling Work.

DRYDEN's *Spanish Friar*.

A Battle blindly fought,
Where Darkness and Surprise, made Conquest
cheap!
Where Virtue borrow'd but the Arms of Chance,
And struck a random Blow! 'Twas Fortune's
Work,
And Fortune take the Praise.

Ibid.

S U S P I C I O N.

Oh ! what a ready Tongue Suspicion has !
He that but fears the Thing he would not know,
Has by Instinct, Knowledge from other Eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanc'd !

SHAKESPEAR'S *Henry IV.*

Suspicion always haunts the guilty Mind :
The Thief still fears each Bush an Officer.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Henry VI.*

Suspicion's but at best a Coward's Virtue.

OTWAY's *Venice Preserv'd*.

* A Crowd of Thoughts,
Doubting, discordant, tumult in my Breast,
Unsettling my Resolves—What should I think?—
Suspicion may enquire, but must not judge —

MALLET's *Mustapha*.

* I wou'd not wrong
Virtue, so try'd, by the least Shade of Doubt :
Undue Suspicion is more abject Baseness,
Even than the Guilt suspected. —

HILL'S *Merops*.

SWEET.

A greater Sweetness on those Lips there grows,
Than Breath shut out from a new-folded Rose.

HOWARD'S *Indian Queen.*

She's sweeter than the Spring, wreath'd in the
Arms
Of budding Flowers.

HOWARD's *Duke of Lerma.*

O soft

O soft as Blossoms, and yet sweeter far !
Sweeter than Incense, which to Heaven ascends,
Tho' 'tis presented there by Angels Hands !

OTWAY's *Don Carlos*.

S W I M M I N G.

I saw him beat the Billows under him,
And ride upon their Backs : He trod the Water,
Whose Enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The most swoll'n Surge that met him : His bold
Head

High 'bove the contentious Waves he kept,
And oar'd himself with his strong Arms to Shore.

SHAKESPEAR's *Tempest*.

Accounted as we were, we both plung'd in
The troubl'd *Tiber*, chafing with the Shores :
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty Sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with Hearts of Controversy.

SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Caesar*.

Th' affrighted *Belvidera*,
As she stood trembling on the Vessel's Side,
Was by a Wave wash'd off into the Deep :
When instantly I plung'd into the Sea,
And buffeting the Billows to her Rescue,
Redeem'd her Life with half the Loss of mine :
Like a rich Conquest, in one Hand I bore her,
And with the other, dash'd the fancy Waves,
That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my Prize.

OTWAY's *Venice Preserv'd*.

He plung'd into the *Sein*, and where 'twas
swiftest,
Plough'd to his Point against the headstrong Stream.

LEE's *Massacre of Paris*.

* Now

* Now far casting o'er the Main his Eye,
 With trembling Indignation he beheld
 His distant Fleet inactive to his Aid;
 Then heav'd his Breast, and springing with the
 Thought,
 He headlong plung'd him in the Waves.

— — — — —
 In one rais'd Hand aloft above the Tide,
 Some Scrolls of high Importance he preserv'd;
 And, with his other, plough'd the Surge before
 him:

As oft, athwart the rapid Floods of Nile,
 Some monstrous Crocodile, in quest of Prey,
 Rolls his huge Length, thro' Showers of Darts
 along;
 So fearless of the hissing Shafts around him,
 Swam the fell *Cæsar* foaming to his Fleet.

CIBBER's *Cæsar in Ægypt.*

S W O O N I N G.

Her Eyes are clos'd, and tho' with her 'tis
 Night,

Her Beauty shines without the Help of Light;
 Nature begins to conquer in the Strife,
 And thro' her Lips soft Whispers steal off Life:
 How fresh they shew! The Roses almost gone;
 For want of Air, by Breath seem newly blown!
 Her Eyes begin to move, and shine with Life,
 Now sink again in Death's ungentle Strife!
 In doubtful Weather, so the Sun resigns
 Sometimes his Light to Clouds, and sometimes
 shines.

HOWARD's *Vestal Virgin.*

My Sight grows dim, and every Object dances,
 And swims before me in the Maze of Death.

DRYDEN's *All for Love.*

A sudden

A sudden Trembling seiz'd on all his Limbs ;
His Eyes distorted grew, his Visage pale ;
His Speech forsook him ; Life itself seem'd fled.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

A sudden Damp has seiz'd my vital Spirits ;
I see but thro' a Mist, and hear far off.

DRYDEN's *Love Triumphant*.

She faints !

Her Cheeks are cold, and the last leaden Sleep
Hangs heavy on her Lids !

ROWE's *Ulysses*.

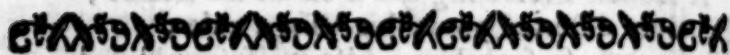
Sure I am near upon my Journey's End :
My Head runs round, my Eyes begin to fail,
And dancing Shadows swim before my Sight.

ROWE's *Jane Shore*.

She faints ! support her !
Sustain her Head, while I infuse this Cordial
Into her dying Lips ! From Spices, Drugs,
Rich Herbs, and Flowers, the potent Juice is
drawn ;
With wondrous Force it strikes the lazy Spirits,
Drives them around, and wakens Life anew :
And see ! she stirs, and the returning Blood
Faintly begins to blush again, and kindle
Upon her ashy Cheeks !

Ibid.

TEARS.



T E A R S.

LET me wipe off this honourable Dew,
That Silver-like doth progress on thy Cheeks:
My Heart hath melted at a Lady's Tears,
Being an ordinary Inundation:
But this Effusion of such manly Drops,
This Shower blown up by Tempest of thy Soul,
Startles my Eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
Than had I seen the vaulted Top of Heaven,
Figured quite o'er with burning Meteors.

SHAKESPEAR's *King John*.

Tears
Stood on her Cheeks, as doth the Honey-dew
Upon a gather'd Lily almost wither'd.

SHAKESPEAR's *Titus Andronicus*.

Thy Heart is big! Get thee apart, and weep:
Passion I see is catching, for my Eyes,
Seeing those Beads of Sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water.

SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Cæsar*.

What faucy Sorrow dares approach your Heart?
Waste not those precious Tears! O weep no more!
Should Heav'n frown, the World would be too
poor!

(Robb'd of the sacred Treasure of your Eyes,
To pay for Mercy, one fit Sacrifice!

ETHEREGE's *Love in a Tub*.

What precious Drops are those,
Which silently each other's Track pursue,
Bright as young Diamonds, in their infant Dew:

Your

the ENGLISH STAGE. 167

Your Lustre you should free from Tears maintain,
Like *Egypt*, rich without the Help of Rain,
Now curs'd be he, who gave this Cause of Grief,
And double curs'd, who does not give Relief.

DRYDEN'S Conquest of Granada!

I found her on the Floor,

In all the Storm of Grief; yet beautiful!

Sighing such Breath of Sorrow, that her Lips,
Which late appear'd like Buds, were now o'erblown!
Pouring forth Tears, at such a lavish Rate,
That were the World on Fire, they might have
drown'd

The Wrath of Heav'n, and quench'd the mighty
Ruins

LEE'S Mithridates.

'Twould raise your Pity, but to see the Tears
Force thro' her snowy Lids the melting Course,
To lodge themselves on her red murmuring Lips,
That talk such mournful Things; when freight a
Gale

Of starting Sighs carry those Pearls away,
As Dews by Winds are wafted from the Flowers.

Ibid.

By Heav'n's, my Love, thou dost distract my
Soul!

There's not a Tear that falls from those dear
Eyes,

But makes my Heart weep Blood.

Ibid.

Oh! I will credit my *Semandra's* Tears!

Nor think them Drops of Chance; like other Wo-
mens,

The Weather of their Souls, the chrystal Bubbles,
Which they can make at Will!

Ibid.

One

168 *The BEAUTIES of*

One Smile one Tear of Joy from my *Semandra*,
Will wash the Anger of the Gods away!

LEE's *Mithridates*.

She then look'd down and sigh'd,
While from her unchanging Face, the silent Tears
Dropp'd as they had not Leave, and stole their
parting.

DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

In Tears my fair *Candiope*!
So, thro' a wat'ry Cloud,
The Sun at once seems both to weep and shine!
For what Forefather's Sin do you afflict
Those precious Eyes? For sure you have
None of your own to weep!

DRYDEN's *Secret Love*.

Stop, stop those Tears, *Monimia*! for they fall,
Like baneful Dew from a distemper'd Sky!
I feel them chill me to the very Heart.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

Passion grew big, and I could not forbear!
Tears drown'd my Eyes, and Trembling seiz'd my
Soul!

Ibid.

I see thy modest Tears asham'd to fall,
And witness any Part of Woman in thee,

DRYDEN's *Troilus and Cressida*.

Believe these Tears, which from my wounded
Heart,
Bleed at my Eyes.

DRYDEN's *Spanish Friar*.

Still thou weepest!
Come, let me kiss thy Eyes, and catch those Pearls,

Hold

Hold thy Cheeks close to mine, that none may
fall,

And spare me some of those celestial Drops !

BANKS's *Unhappy Favourite*.

O dry those Tears, those Drops of liquid Pearl !

More precious far than aromatic Gums,

Or fragrant Balm, which Eastern Groves distil !

HIGGONS's *Generous Conqueror*.

Mine is a Grief of Fury, not Despair !

And if a manly Drop or two fall down,

It scalds along my Cheeks ; like the green Wood,

That sputtering in the Flames, works outward into
Tears.

DRYDEN's *Cleomenes*.

The waiting Tears stood ready for Command,

And now they flow to varnish the false Tale.

ROWE's *Ambitious Stepmother*.

A rising Storm of Passion shook her Breast,

Her Eyes, a piteous Show'r of Tears let fall,

And then she sigh'd as if her Heart were breaking !

ROWE's *Fair Penitent*.

O raise thee, my *Lavinia*, from the Earth !

It is too much, this Tide of flowing Grief,

This Waste of Tears !

Ibid.

Thou weep'st my Queen, and hang'st thy drooping
Head,

Like nodding Poppies, heavy with the Rain,

That bow their weary Necks, and bend to Earth.

ROWE's *Jane Grey*.

Thy tell-tale Eyes, the rising Breath that swells

Those snowy Orbs, these Tears of pearly Dew,

That, Drop by Drop, steal from thy languid Eyes,

Silently speak the Passion of thy Soul !

CH. JOHNSON's *Force of Friendship*.

170 *The* BEAUTIES of

From his big Heart, o'ercharg'd with generous
Sorrow ;
See the Tide working upward to his Eye,
And stealing from him in large silent Drops,
Without his Leave.

YOUNG's *Busiris*.

I kiss'd her softly, and she gave a Sigh !
Tears make her Cheek feel like a Damask Rose
Wet with cold Evening Dew.

RENTON's *Mariamne*.

* Thy Tears are no Reproach,
Tears oft look graceful on the manly Cheek,
The Cruel cannot weep. Lo ! Friendship's Eye
Gives thee the Drop it would refuse itself.

THOMPSON's *Sophonisba*.

* These fond Tears,
This Woman's idle, ineffectual Sorrow,
Are all th' Assistance which thy Friend can give :
Thus the poor Mother of the tuneful Brood,
Which some rapacious Peasant tears away,
With feeble Cries flutters around the Nest,
In vain opposing the Destroyer's Hand.

FROWDE's *Philotas*.

* Of Nature's Tears
I would not rob thee ; they invigorate Virtue,
Softens at once, and fortify the Heart ;
But when they rise to speak this desperate Language,
They then grow Tears of Weakness

THOMPSON's *Edward and Eleonora*.

* Hide not thy Tears ; weep boldly — and be
proud
To give the *flouring* Virtue manly Way.
'Tis Nature's Mark, to know an honest Heart by.
Shame

Shame on those Breasts of *Stone*, that cannot melt,
In soft *Adoption* of another's Sorrow.

HILL's *Almira*.

* Those Tears, my Daughter, are a Tribute due
To so much blasted Virtue! Heav'n, that knows
The Weakness of our Natures, will forgive,
Nay, must applaud Love's Debt, when decent paid:
Nor can the bravest Mortal blame the Tear
Which glitters on the Bier of fallen Worth.

SHIRLEY's *Parricide*.

* Oh! why in Tears?—— Yet even in Tears
most lovely!——

So charms sweet Morning, when the vernal Ray
Refulgent shines thro' the descending Dews,
And crowns the Prime of Nature with fresh Glories!

PATERSON's *Arminius*.

* Receive a Tribute Heav'n itself accepts;
These Tears of Joy, that stream to *Philip's* Praise;
And Tears, that flow from high born Hearts oblig'd
Are Bribes, which the most glorious Kings may take.

CIBBER's *King John*.

* How, thro' her Tears, with pale and trembling
Radiancé,

The Eye of Beauty shines, and lights her Sorrows!
As rises o'er the Storm some Silver Star,
The Seaman's Hope, and Promise of his Safety.

FRANCIS's *Eugenia*.

* Her Tears, like Drops of molten Lead,
With Torment burn their Passage to my Heart.

YOUNG's *Brothers*.

* Grief is th' unhappy Charter of our Sex;
The Gods who gave us readier Tears to shed
Gave us more Cause to shed them.

WHITEHEAD's *Cressa*.

T E R R O R.

* A nameless Terror stirs my Soul,
And spreads severe Disquiet thro my Bosom.
Why should I fear? The Man of Guilt alone
Should feel Disorder. — 'Tis but Nature's Frailty;
Th' unbidden Trembling of the various Heart,
Where Hopes and Fears arise, and pass by Turns.

MALLET's *Mustapha*.

* What Means this boding Terror that usurps,
In Spite o' me, Dominion o'er my Heart,
Converting the sweet Flow'r of new-blown Hope
To deadly *Night-Shade*! pois'ning to my Soul
The Fountain of its Bliss.

MILLER's *Mabomet*.

T H A N K S.

Oh! hadst thou fought so poorly as thou speak'st,
Thy Actions, all thy Laurels, that lie green
Upon thee, strait would wither and be Dust:
To mention but thy last, the last of Wars,
Which ev'n the Breath of Majesty makes vile;
So much below thy Valour is all Language!
The Glory of that Battle is your own:
To thee we owe the Day, our Life, and Empire!
Demand I say, ask me most royally;
I will be lavish to thy vast Ambition,
And crown thy Wishes like a giving God.

LEE's *Mithridates*.

Now by my Hopes of Mercy, he's so lost,
His Heart's so full, brimful of Tenderness,
The Sense of what you've done has struck him speech-
less,
Nor can he thank you now but with his Tears.

Ibid.

the ENGLISH STAGE. 173

Fain I in Gratitude would something say,
But am too far in Debt for Thanks to pay.

OTWAY's *Don Carlos*.

Well have you made amends by this last Comfort,
For the cold Dart you shot at me before :
For this last Goodness, O my *Athenais* !
I empty all my Soul in Thanks before you !

LEE's *Theodosius*.

Words would but wrong the Gratitude I owe you :
Should I begin to speak, my Soul's so full,
That I should talk of nothing else all Day.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

With Gratitude as low, as Knees can pay,
To those best holy Fires, our guardian Angels,
Receive these Thanks, till Altars can be rais'd.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

You have deserv'd from me
More than Reward can answer.
Were the main Ocean crusted into Land,
And universal Monarchy were mine,
Here should the Gift be plac'd.

Ibid.

What I am,
Is but thy Gift : Make what thou canst of me,
Secure of no Repulse.

Let my Tears thank you, for I cannot speak ;
And if I could,
Words were not made to vent such Thoughts as mine.

Ibid.

Grant me but Life, good Heav'n, but Length of
Days,
To pay some Part, some little of this Debt,
This countless Sum of Tendernefs and Love,

174 *The BEAUTIES of*

For which I stand engag'd to this All-Excellence:
Then bear me in a Whirlwind to my Fate!
Snatch me from Life, and cut me short unwarn'd;
Then, then 'twill be enough! ——— I shall be old,
I shall have liv'd beyond all *Æra's* then
Of yet unmeasur'd Time, when I have made
This exquisite, this most amazing Goodness,
Some Recompence of Love and matchless Truth!

CONGREVE'S *Mourning Bride*.

O call not to my Mind what you have done!
It sets a Debt of that Account before me,
Which shews me poor and bankrupt ev'n in Hopes!
Ibid.

What can I pay thee for this noble Usage,
But grateful Praise? So Heav'n it self is paid!

ROWE'S *Tamerlane*.

For that kind Word
Thus let me fall, thus humbly to the Earth,
Weep on your Feet, and bless you for this Goodness!
ROWE'S *Fair Penitent*,

O my more than Father!
Let me not live but at thy very Name!
My eager Heart springs up, and leaps with Joy!
When I forget the vast, vast Debt I owe thee;
Forget! but 'tis impossible, then let me
Forget the Use and Privilege of Reason,
Be driven from the Commerce of Mankind,
To wander in the Desert, among Brutes;
To bear the various Fury of the Seasons;
The Night's unwholesome Dew, and Noon-Day's
Heat;
To be the Scorn of Earth, and Curse of Heav'n.

Ibid.

Oh!

Oh ! let me unlade my Breast
 Pour out the Fulness of my Soul before you !
 Shew every tender, every grateful Thought,
 This wondrous Goodness stirs ! But 'tis impossible
 And Utterance all is vile ; since I can only
 Swear you reign here, but never tell how much !
 ROWE'S *Fair Penitent*.

Your Bounty is beyond my speaking ;
 But tho' my Mouth be dumb my Heart shall thank
 you ;
 And when it melts before the Throne of Mercy,
 My fervent Soul shall breathe one Prayer for you ;
 That Heav'n will pay you back, when most you need
 The Grace and Goodness you have shewn to me.
 ROWE'S *Jane Shore*.

There is a Kind of Gratitude in Thanks,
 Tho' it be barren, and bring forth but Words,
 SOUTHERN'S *Fate of Capua*.

You have so o'erpower'd me
 With unexpected Kindness, that my Tongue
 Is mute, and Speech too scanty to express
 My inward Gratitude—I cannot thank you.
 TRAP'S *Abramule*.

Such Thanks as Slaves redeem'd from Bondage
 give,
 Such Vows as Love recovered from Despair,
 Breathes forth in Extasy of rapt'rous Joy,
 Receive from these warm Lips ;
 I am that Slave from Chains by thee redeem'd,
 That Love by thee recovered from Despair.
 SEWEL'S *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

* Heart-deliver'd Greetings !
 Such as no Love, no Friendship ever breath'd :
 The Fervency of Thanks for his Deliverance,

When the wreck'd Sailor finds himself on Land,
Gives but a faint Idea of their Zeal.

HAVARD's *Regulus.*

* Your pious Offices shall ever be
My fervent Theme; and if my doubtful Span,
Relenting Heav'n should stretch to Years remote,
Each passing Hour shall still remind my Thought,
And tell me that I owe my all to thee;
My Friend shall thank you too for lengthen'd Life.

JONES's *Earl of Essex.*

THOUGHTS.

I have been studying how to compare
The Prison where I live, unto the World:
And for because the World is populous,
And here is not a Creature but myself,
I cannot do it: Yet I'll hammer't out:
My Brain I'll prove the Female to my Soul;
My Soul the Father; and these two beget
A Generation of still breeding Thoughts;
And these same Thoughts people this little World,
In Humours like the People of this World:
For no Thought is contented. The better Sort,
As Thoughts of Things divine are intermix'd
With Scruples, and set the Faith itself
Against the Faith.

Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Unlikely Wonders! How these vain weak Nails
May tear a Passage thro' the flinty Ribs
Of this hard World, my rugged Prison Walls;
And, for they cannot die in their own Pride,
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselves
That they are not the first of Fortune's Slaves;
And shall not be the last! Like silly Beggars,
Who sitting in the Stocks, refuse their Shame,
That many have, and others must be there;

And

And in this Thought they find a kind of Ease,
Bearing their own Misfortunes on the Back
Of such who have before endured the like.
Thus play I in one Prison many People,
And none contented : Sometimes am I a King;
Then Treason makes me with myself a Beggar ;
And so I am. Then crushing Penury
Persuades me I was better when a King :
Then I am king'd again ; and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by *Bullingbroke*,
And straight am nothing : But whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any Man, that but Man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
By being nothing.

SHAKESPEAR's *Richard II.*

Thought's the Slave of Life, and Life's Time's Fool
And Time that takes Survey of all the World,
Must have a Stop.

SHAKESPEAR's *Henry VIII.*

There is nothing,
Or good, or bad, but thinking makes it so.

SHAKESPEAR's *Hamlet.*

Thoughts succeed Thoughts, like restless troubl'd
Waves,
Dashing out one another.

HOWARD's *Duke of Lerma.*

Thus my Thoughts are tired
With tedious Journies up and down my Mind :
Sometimes they lose their Way ; sometimes as slow
As Beasts o'erloaded, heavily they move,
Press'd by the Weight of Sorrow, and of Love.

HOWARD's *Vestal Virgin.*

Consider ? How should I
 Consider who grow mad with growing Thoughts,
 When every one, endeavouring to be foremost,
 Stop up the Passage, and will choak my Reason.

LEE's Mithridates.

Pensive like Kings, in their declining State.

DRYDEN's Rival Ladies.

My Thoughts grow wild,
 And let in Fears of ugly Form upon me.

OTWAY's Orphan.

Oh ! that my working Thoughts were once at Rest,
 Still as fallen Stars, or Streams bound up in Frost !

TATE's Loyal General.

O peaceful Solitude !

Here all Things smile, and in sweet Concert join :
 All but my Thoughts, that still are out of Tune,
 And break like jarring Strings, the Harmony !

Ibid.

I think, therefore I am : Hard State of Man,
 That proves his Being by an Argument,
 That speaks him wretched ! Birds in Cages lose
 The Freedom of their Nature's unconfined ;
 Yet they will sing, and bill, and murmur there,
 As merrily as if they were on Wing :
 But Man, that reasoning Favourite of Heav'n,
 How can he bear it ? 'I ho' the Body find
 Respite from Torment, yet the Mind has none !
 But thousand restless Thoughts, of different Kinds,
 Beat thick upon the Soul ! Some are comparing
 The present with the past : How happy once
 I was, and now how wretched ! Some presenting
 My Miseries, by others Happiness ;
 Whilst others falsely flattering me to Life,

Tell

Tell me my Fortune ripens in the Womb
Of Time ; and I shall yet be happy.

SOUTHERN's *Loyal Brother.*

I'm glad to find thee and thy Mind at Peace,
Thy Thoughts all clear as chrystal current Streams
In wanton Play, coursing each other down
From the fair Fountain of an honest Soul.

SOUTHERN's *Disappointment.*

My ridden Thoughts, hagg'd with oppressive Tears,
Have sunk my Spirits to the Depth of Hell.

Ibid.

Oh ! sleep that Thought, and I shall be at Ease.

Ibid.

O name it not again !
It shews a beastly Image to my Fancy,
Will wake me into Madness !

OTWAY's *Venice Preserv'd.*

Wild hurrying Thoughts
Start every Way from my distracted Soul,
'To find out Hope, and only meet Despair.

SOUTHERN's *Fatal Marriage.*

Thinking will make me mad : Why must I
think,
When no Thought brings me Comfort ?

Ibid.

Thou hast rous'd a Thought,
Which like a sudden Earthquake, shakes my Frame,
CONGREVE's *Mourning Bride.*

Oh ! Thou hast search'd too deep !
There, there I bleed ! There pull the horrid Cords.
That strain my cracking Nerves ! Engines and Wheels.
That Piece-meal grind, are Beds of Down and Balm,
To that Soul-racking Thought !

Ibid.

See

See where he stands, folded and fix'd to Earth,
Stiffening in Thought.

CONGREVE's *Mourning Bride*.

Forget that Thought,
Which jarring grates your Soul, and turns the Har-
mony
Of blessed Peace, to curs'd infernal Discord.

ROWE's *Ambitious Stepmother*.

Thought is Damnation ! 'Tis the Plague of Devils
To think on what they are !

Ibid.

Her thoughtful Soul labours with some Event
Of high Import, which jostles like an Embrio
In its dark Womb, and longs to be disclos'd.

Ibid.

Stop there, *Aspasia* !
And bar my Fancy, from the guilty Scene !
Let not Thought enter, lest the busy Mind
Should muster such a Train of monstrous Images,
As would distract me !

ROWE's *Tamerlane*.

By Heav'n ! I'd rather be a Dog
And lead a brutal Life, without Reflection,
Than to be stung with this tormenting Thought !

DENNIS's *Rinaldo and Armida*.

Allow my melancholy Thoughts this Privilege,
To let them brood in secret o'er my Sorrows.

ROWE's *Fair Penitent*.

Turn not to Thought my Brain, but let me find
Some unfrequented Shade : There lay me down,
And let forgetful Dulness steal upon me.
To soften and assuage this Pain of thinking.

Ibid.

He heav'd beneath a pressing Load of Thought.

Ibid.

Would

Would I had met
Sharpest Convulsions, spotted Pestilences,
Or any other deadly Foe to Life,
Rather than heave beneath this Load of Thought.

Rowe's *Fair Penitent*.

There is a strange Disorder in thy Thoughts,
Something thou would'st unfold, but know'st not how.
Ibid.

O calm
The warring Passions, and tumultuous Thoughts,
That rage within thee, and deform thy Reason!

Ibid.

A thousand crowding Thoughts
Break in at once : This Way, and that, they snatch ;
They tear my hurried Soul ! All claim Attention,
And yet not one is heard !

Rowe's *Jane Shore*.

O Thought ! could thinking like a cruel Child
Destroy its Parent—All were well again,
But thou self-conscious multiply'st thyself,
Not losing aught tho' ever bringing forth,
Ill-fated Womb of bitter Fruitfulness.

Sewel's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

* Why do I think,
When ev'ry Thought adds Fuel to the Flame,
Brings in fresh Woe, and makes Pain perpetual ?
Here Reason is but giv'n us for a Curse,
And Sense is, when most exquisite, most painful :
But 'tis the Fate of Wretchedness like mine,
We, by avoiding, run into the Danger,
And striving not to think—then think the most.

Havard's *Scanderbeg*.

* In this dread Interval, O busy Thought,
From outward Things descend into thyself !

Search

Search deep my Heart ! Bring with thee awful Con-
science,

And firm Resolve ! That in th' approaching Hour
Of Blood and Horror, I may stand unmov'd ;
Nor fear to strike where Justice calls, nor dare
To strike where she forbids.

Barbarossa.

T H R E A T N I N G.

Some God pluck threescore Years from that fond
Man,

That I may kill him, and not stain my Glory !

BEAUMONT'S Maid's Tragedy.

From his iron Den I'll waken Death,
And hurl him on this King : My Honesty
Shall steel my Sword ; and on its horrid Point
I'll wear my Cause, that shall amaze the Eyes
Of this proud Man, and be too glittering
For him to look on.

Ibid.

By my just Sword, he'd safer
Bestride a Billow, when the angry North
Ploughs up the Seas, or made Heav'n's Fire his Food.

Ibid.

Set Hills on Hills betwixt me, and the Man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost Tops fall on his Neck
Like Thunder from a Cloud.

BEAUMONT'S Philaster.

Did he, my Slave, presume to look so high !
That crawling Insect, who from Mud began,
Warm'd by my Rays, and kindled into Man !

DRYDEN'S Aurengzebe.

Safer

the ENGLISH STAGE. 183

Safer thou may'st with Thunder play, kiss Fire,
Grapple with Death, a Pestilence invade,
With all his fatal purple Pomp array'd !

LEE's *Sophonisba*.

Oh ! wert thou young again, I would put off
My Majesty to be more terrible ;
That like an Eagle I might strike this Hare,
Trembling to Earth ! Shake thee to Dust, and tear
Thy Heart for this bold Lye, thou feeble Dotard !

LEE's *Alexander*.

Oh ! that thou wert a Man, that I might drive
thee
Around the World, and scatter thy Contagion,
As Gods hurl mortal Plagues when they are angry.
Ibid.

Think not I have forgot your Insolence :
No ; tho' I pardon'd it, yet if again
Thou dar'st to cross me with another Crime,
The Bolts of Fury shall be doubled on thee.

Ibid.

I'll pour such Storms of Indignation on thee,
Philotas' Rack, *Calisthenes*' Disgrace,
Shall be Delight to what thou shalt endure.

Ibid.

If she be dead — That If's impossible ;
And let none here affirm it for his Soul :
For he that dares but think so damn'd a Lye,
I'll have his Body strait impal'd before me,
And glut my Eyes upon his bleeding Entrails.

LEE's *Alexander*.

Peace, Villains ! Peace, conspiring Sycophants !
Now, by the Gods, my Eyes are half unscal'd ;
But if the Thought that kindles in my Breast,
Finds proper fuel to increase my fire,

I shall

I shall consume you : Traitors, if I find,
Which I begin to do, that you have play'd
The Villain :
Mark me ; if aught of this, if any Shadow
Appears that you conspir'd to betray me,
I'll heap such Horrors on your frightened Souls,
That you shall call your Brother Devils up,
To snatch you hence, rather than stand my Fury.

LEE's *Mithridates*.

Oh ! that thou wer't my equal, great in Arms,
As the first *Cæsar* was, that I might kill thee,
Without a Stain to Honour.

DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

When my Ghost is from this Body dash'd,
If such a Goblin as a Ghost there be,
I'll rise and wing the Midway Air to wait thee ;
Hurl'd thou shalt be, as *Saturn* was by *Jove*,
And flag beneath me while I reign above.

DRYDEN's and LEE's *Oedipus*.

Oh ! I can bear no more !
Thy cunning Engines have with Labour rais'd
My heavy Anger, like a mighty Weight,
To fall and crush thee dead ! See, thou rash *Ixion*,
Thy promis'd *Juno* vanish'd in a Cloud !
And in her Room, avenging Thunder rolls,
To blast thee !

Ibid.

But hear me, Maid, this Blot of Nature,
This deform'd loath'd Carcase
Is Master of a Sword, to reach the Blood
Of your young Minion, spoil the Gods fine Work,
And stab you in his Heart.

Ibid.

Yes, yes, ye Gods ! ye shall have ample Venge-
ance
On *Laius*' Murderer ! O the Traitor's Name !
I'll know it ; I will ; Art shall be conjur'd for't,
And

And Nature all unravell'd. I'll fetch him,
Tho' lodg'd in Air upon a Dragon's Wing;
Tho' Rocks should hide him: Nay, he shall be
dragg'd

From Hell, if Charms can hurry him along:
His Ghost shall be, by sage *Tiresias*' Pow'r,
Confin'd to Flesh, to suffer Death once more;
And then be plung'd in his first Fires again.

DRYDEN's and LEE's *Oedipus*.

My Vengeance rolls within my Breast! It must,
It will have Vent! My Blood rides high! I will
not hide

My Head, but meet thee in the very Face of
Danger!

Oh! Were I on some Precipice
High as *Olympus*, and a Sea beneath!
Call when thou durst, just on the sharpest Point,
I'll meet, and tumble with thee to Destruction!
A gnawing Conscience haunts not guilty Men,
As I'll haunt thee!

Nay, should'st thou take the *Stygian* Lake for Re-
fuge,

I'll plunge in after, thro' the boiling Flames,
To push thee hissing down the vast Abyss.

DRYDEN's *Troilus* and *Cressida*.

Rack me

Ye Pow'rs above, with all your choicest Torments,
Horror of Mind, and Pains yet uninvented,
If I not practise Cruelty upon her,
And treat Revenge, some Way yet never known!

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

Do me Justice,

Or, by the Gods, I'll lay a Scene of Blood,
Shall make this Dwelling horrible to Nature:

I will

186 *The* BEAUTIES *of*

I will have Justice :

Who'll sleep in Safety that has done me Wrong ?

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

Oh ! that I had

Some one renown'd, and winter'd as myself,
T'encounter, like an Oak, the rooting Storm !
But thou art weak, and to the Earth wilt bend,
With my least Blast, thy Head of Blossoms down.

LEE's *Cæsar Borgia*.

Speak then, or I will tear thee Limb from Limb :
Thou shalt be safe, if thou confess the Truth ;
But if thou hide aught from me, I will rack thee,
'Till with thy horrid Groans, thou wake the Dead :
Or I will cut thee to Anatomy,
And search thro' all thy Veins to find it out.

Ibid.

If then, I prove thee false, O *Bellamira* !
Not that celestial Copy, ev'n thy Face,
Shall 'scape ; but I will raze the Draught, as if
It ne'er had been the Pattern of the Gods :
If thou art false, and if I prove thee so,
That Skin of thine, that matchless West of Heav'n,
Which some more curious Angel cast about thee,
Will I tear off, tho' cleaving to the Shrine :
If thou dost play me false, think not of Mercy :
I'll take thee unprepar'd, and sink thy Soul,
Body and Soul to everlasting Ruin.

Ibid.

O did I know the Name of him I dread !
What God in Arms should save him from thy
Sword ?

Ibid.

I will crumble thee,
Thou bottled Spider, into thy primitive Earth,
Unless thou swear thy very Thought's a Lye.
DRYDEN's and LEE's *Duke of Guise*.

In-

the ENGLISH STAGE. 187

Infamous Wretch !

So much below my Scorn, I dare not kill thee !

DRYDEN's and LEE's *Duke of Guise*.

Hast thou compacted for a Lease of Years,
With Hell, that thus thou ventur'st to provoke me !

Ibid.

Had any broad-mouth'd slanderous Villain said it,
I would have turn'd him Outside to the Sun,
Display'd th' infected Fountain of his Thoughts,
And stabb'd the venom'd Lye down to his Heart.

SOUTHERN's *Disappointment*.

'Tho' he were great as the first *Cæsar* was,
High seated in the Empire of the World,
With Nations waiting round him for his Guards,
He went to nothing ; all his Glories here
Should meet his Fate, and fall before my Fury.

Ibid.

Destruction ! swift Destruction

Fall on my coward Head, and make my Name
The common Scorn of Fools, if I forgive him :

If I forgive him, if I not revenge

With utmost Rage, and most unstaying Fury,

Thy Sufferings, thou dear Darling of my Life !

OTWAY's *Venice Preserv'd*.

Cowards are scar'd with Threatnings : Boys are
whipp'd

Into Confessions ; but a steady Mind

Acts of itself, ne'er asks the Body Counsel.

Ibid.

Oh ! that I had the fruitful Heads of *Hydra*,
That one might burgeon where another fell !
Still would I give thee Work ! Still, still, thou
Tyrant !

And

188 *The BEAUTIES of*

And hiss thee with the last !

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

Think not you dream ; or if you did my In-
juries

Shall call so loud, that Lethargy should wake :
And Death should give you back to answer me :
The long expected Hour is come at length,
By manly Vengeance, to redeem my Fame :
And that once clear'd, eternal Death is welcome.

Ibid.

Thou hast dar'd

To tell me what I durst not tell myself ;
I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live ;
And live to hear it boasted to my Face :
All my long Avarice of Honour lost :
Heap'd up in Youth, and hoarded up for Age ;
Has Honour's Fountain sucked back the Stream ?
He has : And hooting Boys may dryshod pass,
And gather Pebbles from the naked Ford.
Give me my Love, my Honour, give 'em back !
Give me Revenge while I have Breath to ask it !

Ibid.

By Heav'n, I will not lay down my Commission,
Not at his Foot ; I will not stoop so low ;
But if there be a Part in all his Face
More sacred than the rest, I'll throw it there.

Ibid.

Avoid him ! If we meet,

It must be like the Crush of Heav'n and Earth,
T' involve us both in Ruin.

Ibid.

Thou might'st as safely meet

The Thunder launch'd from the red Arm of Jove.

DRYDEN's *Amphytrion*.

Thou

Thou would'st elude my Justice, and escape ;
But I will follow thee thro' Earth and Seas ;
Nor Hell shall hide thee from my just Revenge.

DRYDEN's *Amphytrion*.

Thou shalt be torn by Horses, rack'd alive,
Be bury'd quick ; I'll have thee hew'd to Pieces.
Prometheus' Vulture, and *Ixion*'s Wheel,
The Stone, the Sieve, the Tortures of the Damn'd,
Are but slight Pains : Thou shalt be more than
damn'd.

LANSDOWN's *Heroic Love*.

Better for him to tempt the Rage of Heav'n,
And wrench the Bolt red-hissing from the Hand
Of him that thunders, than but think that In-
solence :

'Tis daring for a God !

CONGREVE's *Mourning Bride*.

Wer't thou not privileg'd, like Age and Women,
My Sword should reach thee, and revenge the
Wrong

Thy Tongue has done my Fame !

ROWE's *Ambitious Stepmother*.

Oh ! had I been the Master but of Yesterday,
The World, the World had felt me, and for thee
I had us'd thee as thou art to me a Dog,
The Object of my Scorn and mortal Hatred :
I wou'd have taught thy Neck to know my Weight,
And mounted from that Footstool to my Saddle :
Then when thy daily servile Task was done,
I would have cag'd thee for the Scorn of Slaves,
'Till thou had'st begg'd to die ; and even that
Mercy

I had deny'd thee. —

ROWE's *Tamerlane*.

I'll print a thousand Wounds, tear thy fine Form,
And scatter thee to all the Winds of Heav'n.

Rowe's *Fair Penitent*.

To the Earth's utmost Verge I will pursue him :
No Place, tho' e'er so holy, shall protect him ;
No Shape, that artful Fear e'er form'd, shall hide him.

Ibid.

On Eagles Wings my Rage shall urge her Flight,
And hurl thee headlong from the topmost Height :
Then like thy Fate, superior will I sit,
And view thee fall'n, and grove'ling at my Feet ;
See thy last Breath with Indignation go,
And tread thee sinking to the Shades below.

Rowe's *Jane Shore*.

Dost thou know
How vile, how very a Wretch my Pow'r can make
thee ?

That I can let loose Fear, Distress, and Famine,
To hunt thy Heels, like Hell-hounds, thro' the
World ?

That I can place thee in such abject State,
As Help shall never find thee ? Where repining
Thou shalt sit down, and gnaw the Earth for An-
guish ;

Groan to the pitiless Winds without Return ;
Howl like the midnight Wolf amidst the Desarts ;
And curse thy Life in Bitterness of Misery ?

Ibid.

Is there Revenge on Earth, or Pain in Hell ?
Can Art invent, or boiling Rage suggest,
Even endless Torments, which thou shalt not suffer ?

SMITH'S *Phædra and Hyppolitus*.

Oh ! Thou shalt howl thy fearful Soul away,
While laughing Crowds shall echo to thy Cries,
And make thy Pains their Sport !

Drag

the ENGLISH STAGE. 191

Drag him to all the Torments Earth can furnish!
Let him be rack'd and ganch'd, impal'd alive!
Then let the mangl'd Monster fix'd on high,
Grin o'er the shouting Crowd, and glut their Vengeance!
Ibid.

* Then hear me, Heav'n! be Witness to my
Vow,

I will have Vengeance equal to their Crimes.
Yes, faithless Husband, and thou, perjur'd Friend,
Who oft has sworn eternal Truth and Zeal,
If Guilt has stain'd you, both alike shall prove
There is no Fury like an injur'd Love.
Convinc'd of Wrongs, my Rage shall know no
Bounds,

But pour like driving Floods from broken Mounds!
With sweepy Ruin to fell Conquest haste;
Lay Lives, Hopes, Honours, all one dreary Waste.
SHIRLEY'S Parricide.

* Insolent *Osmond*! know,

This upstart King will hurl Confusion on thee,
And all who shall invade his sacred Rights,
Prior to thine—Thine founded on Compulsion,
On infamous Deceit, while his proceed
From mutual Love and free long-plighted Faith.
She is, and shall be mine!—I will annul,
By the high Power with which the Laws invest me,
Those guilty Forms in which you have entrap'd,
Basely entrap'd, to thy detested Nuptials,
My Queen betroth'd; who has my Heart, my
Hand,

And shall partake my Throne—If, haughty Lord,
If this thou didst not know, then know't it now!
And know besides, as I have told thee this,
Should'st thou but think to urge thy Treason further—

Then

Than Treason more ! Treason against my Love !
Thy Life shall answer for it.

THOMPSON'S *Tancred and Sigismunda*.

* I will come.

And *with* me (tremble to be told it) comes
The God, that rais'd my Race to root out Tyrants.
For Thee proud Troubler of a pilfer'd Hour !
Whom Age and Guilt combine to shake from Empire !

Soon shall the Throne thou *hol'st* no more be thine,
And every snaky Fury *hiss* to find thee :
Horror and Penitence shall *pale* those Eyes,
Which, insolently ardent, *frown* on Virtue.
Menace and Insult, *then*, shall quit thy Voice,
And groaning Anguish grind it.

HILL'S *Merope*.

* May stern *Andate*, War's victorious Goddess,
Again resign me to your impious Rage,
If e'er I blot my Suff'rings from Remembrance,
If e'er relenting Mercy cool my Vengeance,
'Till I have driv'n you to our utmost Shores,
And cast your Legions on the crimson'd Beach.
Your costly Dwellings shall be sunk in Ashes,
Your Fields be ravag'd, your aspiring Bulwarks
O'erturn'd and levell'd to the meanest Shrub ;
Your gasping Matrons, and your Children's Blood,
With mingled Streams shall dye the *British* Sword,
Your captive Warriors Victims at our Altars,
Shall croud each Temple's spacious Round with
Death.

GLOVER'S *Boadicea*.

* Has honest Pride no just Resentment left !
Nor injur'd Honour Feeling ? Not Revenge !
High Heaven shall hear, and Earth regret my
Wrongs.

Hot Indignation burns within my Soul !

I'll do some dreadful Thing. — (I know not what !
Some Deed as horrid as the Shame I feel)
Shall startle Nature, and alarm the World ;
Then hence, like Lightning, let me furious fly
To hurl Destruction at my Foes on high ;
Pull down Oppression from its Tyrant Seat,
Redeem my Glory, or embrace my Fate.

JONES's *Earl of Essex*.

T H U N D E R.

From Winds and thick'ning Clouds we Thunder fear ;
None dread it from that Quarter which is clear.

DRYDEN's *Conquest of Granada*.

It comes like Thunder, grumbling in a Cloud,
Before the dreadful Break ; if here it falls,
The subtle Flame will lick up all my Blood,
And in a Moment turn my Heart to Ashes,

DRYDEN's *Troilus and Cressida*.

The Skies are hush'd, no grumbling Thunders roll.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

O for a Peal of Thunder, that could make
Earth, Sea, and Air, and Heav'n, and *Cato* tremble !

ADDISON's *Cato*.

T I M E.

Good Heav'n! thy Book of Fate before me lay,
But to tear out the Journal of this Day :
Or if the Order of the World below,
Will not the Gap of one whole Day allow,
Give me that Minute when she made her Vow. }
That Minute, ev'n the Happy from their Blifs might
give,

And those who live in Grief a shorter Time would live,
So small a Link, if broke, th' eternal Chain,
Would, like divided Waters, join again :

VOL. III.

K

It

It will not be, the Fugitive is gone,
 Press'd by the Crowd of following Minutes on :
 That precious Moment's out of Nature fled,
 And in the Heap of common Rubbish laid,
 Of Things that once have been, and are decay'd. }

DRYDEN's *Conquest of Granada*.

Tell her

To-morrow, if she please, I will be happy ;
 Oh ! why so long shou'd I my Joys delay,
 Time, imp thy Wings, let not thy Minutes stay, }
 But to a Moment change the tedious Day,
 The Day, 'twill be an Age before To-morrow :
 An Age, a Death, a vast Eternity,
 Where we shall cold, and past Enjoyment lye.

LEE's *Theodosius*.

Despair not then ; for Time these Grievs will cure,
 Time dries the sighing Widow's Eyes, and makes
 The Wretch in Bondage in his Chains forget
 That ever he was happy,

HIGGON's *Generous Conqueror*.

* Time, lenient Time, that heals the deepest Woe,
 And our observant Duty shall restore
 His Soul to Peace, and win him back to Virtue.

PATERSON's *Arminius*.

T I M O N's C U R S E.

Let me look back upon thee, O thou Wall,
 That girdlest in those Wolves ! Dive in the Earth,
 And fence not *Athens* ! Matrons turn incontinent ;
 Obedience fail in Children ; Slaves and Fools.
 Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
 And minister in their Steads to general Filths :
 Convert i'th' Instant green Virginity ;
 Do't in your Parents Eyes : Bankrupts hold fast,
 Rather than render back : Out with your Knives
 And cut your Trusters Throats : Bound Servants steal ;
 Large-

Large-handed Robbers your grave Masters are
 And pill by Law : Maid to thy Master's Bed ;
 Thy Mistress is o'th' Brothel : Son of sixteen
 Pluck the kind Crutch from thy old limping Sire ;
 With it beat out his Brains. Piety and Fear,
 Religion to the Gods, Peace, Justice, Truth,
 Domestic Awe, Night-Rest, and Neighbourhood,
 Instructions, Manners, Mysteries, and Trade ;
 Degrees, Observances, Customs, and Laws,
 Decline to your confounding Contraries ;
 And yet Confusion live : Plagues incident to Man ;
 Your potent and infectious Fevers heap
 On *Athens*, ripe for Stroke. Thou cold *Sciatica*.
 Cripple our Senators, that their Limbs may halt
 As lamely as their Manners : Lust and Liberty
 Creep in the Minds and Marrows of our Youth ;
 That against the Stream of Virtue they may strive
 And drown themselves in Riot. Itches, Blains
 Sow all th' *Athenian* Bosoms ; and their Crop
 Be general Leprosy : Breath infect Breath ;
 That their Society (as their Friendship) may
 Be meerly Poison. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But Nakedness, thou detestable Town !

SHAKESPEAR'S *Timon of Athens*.

T I T L E.

What tho' no gawdy Titles grace my Birth !
 Titles, the servile Courtier's lean Reward !
 Sometimes the Pay of Virtue, but more oft
 The Hire which Greatness gives to Slaves and Syco-
 phants :

Yet Heav'n that made me honest, made me more
 Than e'er a King did, when he made a Lord.

ROWE'S *Jane Shore*.

* Did Place draw Claim from Goodness, they had
 held
 Preferment, with the Highest—But their Virtues,
 K 2 Left

196 *The* BEAUTIES of

Left Room for *no* Enlargement.—*Native Eminence*
Borrows no Rank from *Title*—but *lends* All,
 That keeps *Contempt* from Greatness. HILL's *Merope*.

T O I L.

And Work is Pleasure when we chuse our Task.
 DRYDEN's *State of Innocence*.

Some Labour, ev'n the easiest Life would chuse. *Ibid.*

Our Labours you with sickly Eyes behold,
 And think them our Dishonour, which indeed
 Are the protractive Trials of the Gods,
 To prove heroic Constancy in Man.

DRYDEN's *Troilus and Cressida*.

T O M B.

Behold, my Son, this rude unpolish'd Marble, —
 The common Receptacle of our Dust,
 When Fate shall summon our obedient Spirits.

TATE's *Loyal General*.

They'll decently bestow
 This Lumber in some Vault by Nature fram'd ;
 Wrapp'd in no Sables but of decent Night :
 No Pageantry, or more superfluous Trains
 Of such as mourn for Hire : No fun'ral Dirge,
 But what the widow'd Turtle shall afford me.
 The Pomp that I despis'd in Life, in Death
 I hold most vain ; nor care to rot in State.

Ibid.

'Tis dreadful !

How rev'rend is the Face of this tall Pile,
 Whose antient Pillars rear their marble Heads,
 To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous Roof !
 By its own Weight made stedfast, and immovable.
 Looking Tranquility ! It strikes an Awe
 And Terror to my aking Sight ! The Tombs
 And monumental Caves of Death look cold,

And

And shoot a Chilness to my trembling Heart ;
The Horror of this Place,
And Silence will encrease my Melancholy !
CONGREVE'S *Mourning Bride*.

Can Pomp and Pride make Difference in our Dust !
Go cast a curious Look on *Hellen's* Tomb ;
Do Roses flourish there on Myrtles Bloom !
The mighty *Alexander's* Grave survey ;
See is there aught uncommon in the Clay !
Shines the Earth bright round it to declare
The glorious Robber of the World lies there ?
What *Egypt* do thy Pyramids, comprize !
What Greatness in the high raised Folly lies !
The Line of *Ninus* this poor Comfort brings,
We sell their Dust, and traffick for their Kings.
SEWEL'S *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

T O N G U E.

Some Devil whisper Curses in my Ear,
And prompt me that my Tongue may utter forth
The venomous Malice of my swelling Heart.
SHAKESPEAR'S *Titus Andronicus*.

O that delightful Engine of her Thoughts !
That blabb'd them with such pleasing Eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow Cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious Bird, it sung
Sweet vary'd Notes, enchanting every Ear. *Ibid.*

Oh ! that my Tongue had every Grace of Speech,
Great and commanding as the Breath of Kings,
Sweet as the Poets Numbers, and prevailing
As soft Persuasion to a Love-sick Maid.
That I had Art and Eloquence divine !
To pay my Duty to my Master's Ashes ;
And plead till Death the Cause of injur'd Innocence.
ROWE'S *Jane Shore*.

K 3

Speak

Speak on, and kill me with thy dying Voice,
Sweet Instrument of Sorrow grow not mute,
Till I am cold and senseless.

SEWEL's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

* Thou seest, *Cleora*, I have patient heard thee ;
And silent stood this Chain of long Reproach ;
This War of Tongue, this Din of clam'rous Virtue ;
Too sure Attendant on the nuptial State.
But since on Nature thou do'st thus exclaim,
Man too may tax her of unequal Dealing.
Oh ! wherefore gave she to thy Sex those Charms,
Which in her Infancy herself first wore ?
Blooming and sweet delightful to each Sense,
Mild, calm and gentle, she at first design'd you ;
But, in Mistake, she chanc'd to give you Tongues,
Unhappy Gift entrusted to your Care,
Whose proper Use your Passions quite pervert.

FROWDE's *Philotas*.

TRAITOR.

Remember him the Villain righteous Heav'n !
In thy great Day of Vengeance blast the Traitor
And his pernicious Counsels, who for Wealth,
For Power, the Pride of Greatness or Revenge,
Would plunge his native Land in civil Wars.

ROWE's *Jane Shore*.

* By Heav'n there's Treason in his Aspect !
That cheerless Gloom, those Eyes that pore on Earth,
That bended Body, and those folded Arms,
Are Indications of a tortur'd Mind,
And blazon equal Villainy and Shame.
In what a dire Condition is the Wretch,
Who, in the Mirror of Reflexion, sees
The hideous Stains of a polluted Soul ! —
To Corners then, as does the loathsome Toad,
He crawls in Silence : There sequester'd chews

The

the ENGLISH STAGE. 199

The foamy Ferment of his pois'nous Gall,
Hating himself and fearing Fellowship.

SHIRLEY's *Edward the Black Prince.*

TRAVELLER.

* Thus the lost Traveller at Close of Day,
Chearless, thro' *Lybia's* Wastes, pursues his Way;
Dreads the wide Plain where Trees, nor Hills, arise,
A sad Expanse, still lengthning with the Skies!
No Land-mark there, no Foot-steps can he trace,
Those from the unfaithful Sands the Winds eraze, }
And leave, as on the Sea, one undistinguish'd Face,
When to his weary Search no End is found,
Still in the Midst, he throws him on the Ground;
There, self-resign'd, expects approaching Fate,
And deems it Blessings to the former State.

FROWDE's *Fall of Saguntum.*

* As you have seen an unskill'd Traveller,
Charm'd with some shady Wood's delightful Prospect,
Stretch out his Limbs, luxuriously supine,
And sink in Slumbers thoughtless of his Journey,
Till on a sudden, swift-wing'd Night comes on,
He starts, and rouses from his golden Dream,
With aching Heart beholds declining Day,
Aghast and frightened roams the tractless Wild,
And vainly searches the forgotten Path,
Which intercepting Darkness bars from View.

ELIZ. HAYWOOD's *D. of Brunswick-Lunenburg.*

TREACHERY.

False Eyes

Are quick to see another's Treacheries.

HOWARD's *Indian Queen.*

When Breach of Faith join'd Hearts does disengage,
The calmest Temper turns to wildest Rage.

LEE's *Sophonisba.*

None can defend those, who betray themselves.
 SEDLEY's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Princes invite, who pardon Treachery.

Ibid.

A treacherous Friend will be a timorous Foe.

Ibid.

Howe'er in private, Mischiefs are conceiv'd,
Torture and Shame attend their open Birth :
Like Vipers in the Womb, base Treach'ry lies
Still gnawing that whence first it did arise :
No sooner born, but the vile Parent dies.

CONGREVE'S *Double Dealer*.

Nature abhors,
And drives thee out from the Society
And Commerce of Mankind, for Breach of Faith !
Men live and prosper but in mutual Trust,
A Confidence of one another's Truth :
That thou hast violated ! SOUTHERN'S *Oroonoko*.

* Why are the Bosoms of the Just and Brave
Shut from each other's Sight ? Why are they not
Open as chrystal Casements to the Eye ;
That artful Treachery might never cast,
Clouds of Suspicion o'er their honest Thoughts,
To marr that highest Happiness on Earth,
The mutual Confidence of noble Minds.

BELLERS'S *Injured Innocence.*

* It is the Curse of Treachery like mine,
To be most hated, where it most has serv'd.

HAVARD's *Regulus*.

TREASON.

The Heart and harbour'd Thoughts of Ill make
Traitors,
Not spleeny Speeches. ROCHESTER'S *Valentinian*.

Can Gold corrupt you to betray your Master ?
Dogs on their Feeders fawn, but you betray.

HIGGONS's *Generous Conqueror*.

How sweet is Treason when the Traitor's safe!

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

Who strike at Kings, repeat the Giants Crime,
And strike at *Jove*.

LANDDOWN's *Heroic Love*.

The faithful Dog flies at the Robber's Throat,
That would break in to force his Master's Treasure :
But Dogs are watchful Creatures ; true to Trust :
Men are the first to prey upon their Lords ;
In Dangers they forsake us, shifting still
From Side to Side, as they can mend their Bargain.

LANDDOWN's *Heroic Love*.

* In Faith, my Friends ! these Doubts disgrace our
Purpose.

The Man, who pauses in the Paths of Treason,
Halts on a Quicksand, the first Stop engulphs him.

HILL's *Henry V.*

* Capricious State of all Conspiracies !

Where build we e'er so wisely or so strong,
Founded on Reason, rais'd with utmost Caution ;
Some unthought Accident, and least suspected,
Throws to the Ground the goodly rising Fabrick.

FROWDE's *Fall of Saguntum*.

* Curs'd State of Politicians, where in Treason:

The Impotent and Heartless must be join'd !
And mix with those brave Spirits, who resolv'd,
And fearless, would go through the mighty Work,
'Till the concluding Period makes all safe.
But such, Conspiracy, is thy frail Fate,

So many different Hands to raise the Pile,
If but one stops, the Fabrick sinks in Ruin,
And crushes all that's near it with the Fall.

MARSH's *Amasis*.

* Think how the Sov'reign Arbiter of Kingdoms,
Deserts thy false Associates black Designs,
And frowns on Perjury, Revenge and Murder.
Embark'd with Treason on the Seas of Fate,
When Heav'n shall bid the swelling Billows rage,
And point vindictive Lightnings at Rebellion,
Will not the Patriot share the Traitor's Danger !

S. JOHNSON's *Irene*.

* Permitted oft, though not inspir'd by Heav'n,
Successful Treasons punish impious Kings. *Ibid.*

* The Cause of Treason never was confin'd
To Deeds of open War ; but still adopts
The Stab of crouching Murder.

The Regicide.

T R E A T Y.

* It is a vain Attempt
To bind the Ambitious and Unjust by Treaties :
These they elude a Thousand specious Ways ;
Or if they cannot find a fair Pretext,
They blush not in the Face of Heaven to break
them.

THOMPSON's *Coriolanus*.

T R E E.

Thus yields the Cedar to the Ax's Edge,
Whose Arms gave Shelter to the princely Eagle :
Under whose Shade the ramping Lion slept,
Whose Top-Branch overlook'd *Jove's* spreading Tree,
And kept low Shrubs from Winter's pow'ful Wind.

SHAKESPEAR's *Henry VI.*

I,

I, like a naked Tree, my Shelter gone,
To Winds and Winter Storms must stand expos'd.

DRYDEN's *Aurengzebr.*

The young Sapling
Is shrouded long beneath the Mother-Tree,
Before it be transplanted from its Earth,
And trust itself for Growth.

DRYDEN's *Troilus and Cressida.*

TRIAL.

* I see, 'tis not for Man to boast his Strength
Before the Trial comes—This very Hour,
Had I a thousand Parents all seem'd light
When weigh'd against my Country ; and but now,
One Mother seem'd of Weight to poize the World ;
Tho' conscious Truth and Reason were against her.
For, Oh ! howe'er the partial Passions sway,
High Heav'n assigns but one unbiass'd Way ;
Direct thro' ev'ry Opposition leads,
Where Shelves decline, and many a Steep impedes.
Here hold we on—tho' thwarting Fiends alarm,
Here hold we on—tho' devious Syrens charm ;
In Heav'n's disposing Pow'r Events unite,
Nor aught can happen wrong to him who acts aright.

BROOKE's *Gustavus Vasa.*

* Now let us thank th' eternal Pow'r ; convinc'd,
That Heav'n but tries our Virtue by Affliction :
That oft the Cloud which wraps the present Hour,
Serves but to brighten all our future Days !

Barbarossa.

TRIUMPH.

He comes, and with a Port so proud,
As if he had subdu'd the spacious World :

And

And all *Sinope's* Streets are fill'd with such
 A Glut of People, you would think some God
 Had conquer'd in their Cause, and them thus rank'd,
 That he might make his Entrance on their Heads !
 While from the Scaffolds, Windows, Tops of Houses,
 Are cast such gawdy Show'rs of Garlands down,
 That even the Crowd appear like Conquerors,
 And the whole City seems like one vast Meadow,
 Set all with Flow'rs, as a clear Heav'n with Stars.
 Nay, as I've heard, e'er he the City entred
 Your Subjects lin'd the Way for many Furlongs ;
 The very Trees bore Men : And as our God,
 When from the Portal of the East he dawns,
 Beholds a thousand Birds upon the Boughs,
 To welcome him with all their warbling Throats,
 And prune their Feathers in his golden Beams ;
 So did your Subjects, in their gaudy Trim,
 Upon the pendant Branches speak his Praise :
 Mothers, who cover'd all the Banks beneath,
 Did rob the crying Infants of the Breast,
 Pointing *Ziphares* out, to make them smile ;
 And climbing Boys, stood on their Father's Shoulders,
 Answering their shouting Sires, with tender Cries,
 To make the Concert up of general Joy.

LEE's *Mithridates*.

In purple Robes,
 With solemn State the Magistrates proceed :
 The Streets adorn'd ; the Doors with Statues grac'd ;
 Vast thronging Crowds retard the great Procession,
 Whose loud repeated Shouts divide the Air ;
 While flutt'ring Birds their empty Pinions shake :
 With Garlands crown'd the Virgins strew the Ways,
 And in glad Hymns repeat his glorious Name ;
 While joyful Mothers to their wond'ring Babes
 Point out the Hero as he drives along.

HIGGONS's *Generous Conqueror*.

* He

* He comes ! he comes ! the hapless Victor comes !
Even now his trophy'd Vessel streaks the Main,
And ploughs the Billows with triumphant Prow ;
Or, by glad Crowds receiv'd, perhaps, he hails
His native Shore, and presses on to Shame.
Ev'n now with Glory charg'd, with Conquest gay,
Crown'd with the Lawrels of ten famous Years,
He dreams to join them to the peaceful Olive ;
And after rugged Toils and perilous War,
Soft to repose him on the Myrtle Bed
Of calm domestic Blifs. How vain the Hopes !
How short the Prospect of believing Man !

THOMPSON'S *Agamemnon*.

TRUST.

Trust repos'd in noble Natures,
Obliges them the more.

DRYDEN'S *Assignation*.

I'll trust thee with my Life ! On those soft Breasts,
Breathe out the choicest Secrets of my Heart,
Till I have nothing in it left, but Love.

OTWAY'S *Orphan*.

We both are bound by Trust, and must be true,
For he, who to the Bad betrays his Trust ;
Tho' he does good, becomes himself unjust.

When *Brutus* did from *Cæsar*, *Rome* redeem,
The Act was good, but was not good in him :
You see the Gods adjudg'd it Parricide,
By dooming the Event on *Cæsar*'s Side.
'Tis Virtue not to be oblig'd at all,
Or not conspire our Benefactors fall.

DRYDEN'S *Tyrannic Love*.

TRUTH.

T R U T H.

* Truth is the fairest Ornament of Thrones.

CH. JOHNSON'S *Medæa*.

* Curse on the Coward or perfidious Tongue,
That dares not, even to Kings, avow the Truth !
Let Traitors wrap them in delusive Incense.
On Flattery Flattery heap, on Falshood Falshood :
Truth is the living liberal Breath of Heaven,
That sweeps these Fogs away, with all their Vermin.

THOMPSON'S *Agamemnon*.

* Truth, tho' sometimes clad
In painful Lustre, yet is always welcome,
Dear as the Light, that shows the lurking Rock :
'Tis the fair Star that, ne'er into the Main
Descending leads us safe thro' stormy Life ———

Ibid.

* Immortal Truth !

How do thy radiant Particles refine,
And greatly prove thy Origin divine !
What Raptures bring'st thou to the virtuous Breast,
Parent of Joy and everlasting Rest.

HAVARD'S *Scanderbeg*.

* Whatever Lies or legendary Tales
May taint my spotless Deeds ; the Guilt, the Shame
Will back revert on the Inventor's Head :
Truth will, like Oil, with baser Liquors mixt,
Still mount the Topmost, to a fair Display ?
And baffle Malice, Prejudice and Guilt.

SHIRLEY'S *Parricide*.

T U R T L E.

The Dove that murmurs at her Mate's Neglect,
But counterfeits a Coyness to be courted.

DRYDEN'S *Amphytrion*.

The

The Storm blown over, so the wanton Doves,
Shake from their Plumes, the Rain, and seek the
Groves,
Pair their glad Mates, and coo eternal Loves.

LANSDOWN'S *British Inchanters*.

TYRANNY and TYRANT.

Tyranny, that savage brutal Pow'r,
Which not protects, but still devours Mankind.

DENHAM'S *Sophy*.

And this to Tyranny belongs,
To forget Service, but remember Wrongs. *Ibid.*

Tyrants and Devils, think all Pleasure vain,
But what are still deriv'd from other's Pain.

DAVENANT'S *Siege of Rhodes*.

When thou wert form'd, Heav'n did a Man bring,
But the brute Soul, by chance was shuff'd in ;
In Woods and Wilds thy Monarchy maintain,
Where valiant Beasts by Force and Rapine reign :
In Life's next Scene, if Transmigration be,
Some Bear or Lion is reserv'd for thee.

DRYDEN'S *Aurengzebe*.

Our Emperor is a Tyrant fear'd and hated ;
I scarce remember in his Reign one Day
Pass guiltless o'er his execrable Head.
He thinks the Sun is lost, that sees not Blood :
When none is shed, we count it Holiday.
We, who are most in Favour, cannot call
This our own.

DRYDEN'S *Don Sebastian*.

You make yourself abhor'd for Cruelty,
The Empire groans under your bloody Reign,
And its vast Body bleeds in every Vein.

DRYDEN'S *Tyrannic Love*.

Proud,

Proud, impatient,
 Of aught superior, even of Heav'n that made him !
 Fond of false Glory ; of the savage Power
 Of ruling without Reason ; of confounding
 Just and unjust by an unbounded Will :
 By whom Religion, Honour, all the Bands,
 That ought to hold the jarring World in Peace,
 Were held the Tricks of States, Snares of wise
 Princes,
 To draw their easy Neighbours to Destruction ;
 To waste with Sword and Fire their fruitful Fields :
 Like some accursed Fiend, who 'scap'd from Hell,
 Poisons the balmy Air, thro' which he flies ;
 He blasts the bearded Corn, and loaded Branches,
 The labouring Hind's best Hopes, and marks his Way
 with Ruin. ROWE'S *Tamerlane*.

Methinks I see
 Th' insulting Tyrant, prancing o'er the Field,
 Strow'd with *Rome's* Citizens, and drench'd with
 Slaughter !
 His Horses Hoofs wet with *Patrician* Blood !
 O *Portius* ! is there not some chosen Curse,
 Some hidden Thunder in the Stores of Heav'n.
 Red with uncommon Wrath, to blast the Man,
 Who owes his Greatness to his Country's Ruin.

ADDISON'S *Cato*.

'Tis an impious Greatness,
 And mix'd with too much Horror to be envy'd. *Ibid.*

* Tyrant's not a Man, but worst of Monsters,
 That triumphs o'er a horrid Scene of Blood,
 Riots and revels in all human Woes.

TRACY'S *Periander*.

* Tyrants are plac'd as Comets in the Sky,
 To make us unbelieving Mortals wise ;
 Such Prodigies as these are giv'n, to prove
 There is a Deity that rules the World.

Ibid.

* What

* What can we offer to the Gods, more pleasing
Than base Usurpers, Foes to them and Virtue?
What can we sacrifice to *Jove* more proper,
Than Lust, Injustice, Cruelty, and Rapine?
One Tyrants's Blood is a more grateful Offering
Than Thousand Hecatombs.

MARTYN's *Timoleon*.

* Tyranny bleeds, Oppression is no more,
Such ever be the Fate of lawless Power!
Such be the Fate of Violence and Rapine! *Ibid.*

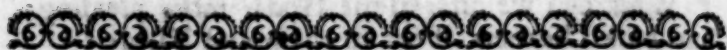
* Howe'er be told,
Not claim Hereditary, not the Trust
Of frank Election;
Not ev'n the high anointing Hand of Heav'n
Can authorize Oppression; give a Law
For lawless Pow'r; wed Faith to Violation;
On Reason build, Misrule, or justly bind
Allegiance to Injustice — Tyranny
Absolves all Faith; and who invades our Rights,
Howe'er his own commence, can never be
But an Usurper.

BROOKE's *Gustavus Vasa*.

* Tho' the Structure of a Tyrant's Throne
Rise on the Necks of half the suffering World;
Fear trembles in the Cement: Prayers and Tears,
And secret Curses sap its mould'ring Base,
And steal the Pillars of Allegiance from it;
Then let a single Arm but dare the Sway,
Headlong it turns, and drives upon Destruction.
Ibid.

* Where Tyranny and Guilt
Usurp the Throne, wakeful Suspicion dwells,
And Squint-ey'd Jealousy, prone to pervert
Ev'n Looks and Smiles to Treason. *Barbarossa.*

V A L E.



V A L E.

THEY had me hither to this Place,
 A barren and detested Vale, you see
 The Trees, tho' Summer, yet forlorn and lean,
 O'ercome with Moss and baleful Mistleto ;
 Here never shines the Sun, here nothing breeds
 Unless the nightly Owl, or fatal Raven :
 And when they shew'd me this abhorred Pit,
 They told me here at dead Time of the Night,
 A thousand Fiends, a thousand hissing Snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling Toads, as many Urchins,
 Would make such fearful and confused Cries,
 As any mortal Body hearing it,
 Should strait fall mad, or else die suddenly.

SHAKESPEAR's *Titus Andronicus*.

V A L O U R.

* True Valour, Friends, on Virtue founded strong,
 Meets all Events alike.

MALLET's *Mustapha*.

* Not to th' ensanguin'd Field of Death alone
 Is Valour limited : She sits serene
 In the delib'rate Council, sagely scans
 The Source of Action ; weighs, prevents, provides,
 And scorns to count her Glories, from the Feats
 Of brutal Force alone.

The Regicide.

V E N A -

V E N A L I T Y.

* Can there be such in that august Assembly?
If such there be, who to sinister Ends
To sordid Views now sacrifice her Fame;
'The Roman Genius shall, I trust, hereafter
Find out the Perfidy; and with Reproach
To future Times, mark their distinguish'd Names.
FROWDE's *Fall of Saguntum*.

* Could'st thou think
Timoleon wou'd not startle at Corruption?
The impious Man, who sells his Country's Freedom,
Makes all the Guilt of Tyranny his own.
His are her Slaughters, her Oppressions his.
Just Heav'n! reserve your choicest Plagues for him,
And blast the venal Wretch.

MARTYN's *Timoleon*.

* Each Magistrate that should administer
Justice impartial, made by *Mortimer*,
Must ruin others to preserve himself:
The Clergy and the Law are both his Creatures:
Places of Trust and Profit are all sold:
'Tis practis'd from the miter'd holy Head
To the needy, starving Verger of the Church:
You cannot serve Heaven on Cushions but you pay
for't,
Or blister your numb'd Knees upon the Marble;
Then from the Scarlet and the Purple Gown,
Down to the very Cryer of the Court.

The Fall of Mortimer.

V I C E.

Through tatter'd Cloaths great Vices do appear,
Robes and fur'd Gowns hide all. Plate Sins with
Gold,
And

212 *The* BEAUTIES *of*

And the strong Lance of Justice hurtless breaks :
Arm it in Rags, a Pigmy's Straw doth pierce it.
SHAKESPEAR's *King Lear*.

For often Vice provok'd to Shame,
Borrows the Colour of a virtuous Deed.
Thus Libertines are chaste and Misers good,
A Coward valiant and a Priest sincere
SEWEL's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

* Evil on itself shall back recoil
And mix no more with Goodness ; when at last
Gather'd like Scum, and settl'd to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless Change
Self fed, and self-consum'd.
MILTON's *Comus*.

* No ! these deluding Words
Can charm no longer ; their Enchantment flies ;
And in my Breast the guilty Passions jar
Unkind, unjoyous, unharmonious all.
Ah me ! from real Happiness we stray,
By Vice bewilder'd ; Vice, which always leads,
However fair at first, to Wilds of Woe.
THOMPSON's *Agamemnon*.

VICISSITUDES *of Fortune*. See GREATNESS.

But Yesterday the Word of *Cæsar* might
Have stood against the World ; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him Reverence.
SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Cæsar*.

I who some Moments pass'd wou'd not have chang'd
Condition with the blessed Gods themselves ;
Now in all Probability am lost,
And stand upon the very Brink of Ruin.
Not half an Hour ago, methought secure
I hugg'd myself, and almost could have wept

In

In mere Compassion to th' hard fated World,
Thinking how much my State was happier.

LEE's *Mithridates*.

What tho' our Glory be a while obscur'd,
The clearest Day is not without some Cloud;
Our next Attempt will give what this has lost,
And while th' heroick *Pyrrhus* shines in Arms,
Our wide Dominions shall the World o'er-run,
And my pale Crescent brighten to a Sun.

TRAP's *Abramule*.

Capricious Chance !

How swift a Turn was this——Just as my Hopes
Were elevated to the highest Pitch,
And bore me to the Clouds, they strait retreated,
And left me to Despair.

So have I heard with equal Suddenness,
Ebbing prodigiously the Sea withdrew,
And quite defenceless left the scaly Race ;
The Dolphins which e'er while with wanton Pride,
Spread their broad Fins and lash'd the foaming Tide;
Vainly assay'd to suck the faithless Flood,
With heaving Gills, and tumbled in the Mud,
And Whales which with their Trunks the Stars cou'd
reach,

Now flounc'd and panted on the slimy Beach ;
So have my Hopes, whose Waves e'er while ran o'er,
And to the Skies my tow'ring Wishes bore,
Retir'd, and left me gasping on the Shore.

Ibid.

* How sudden are the Blows of Fate ! what Change
What Revolution, in the State of Glory !

CIBBER's *Cæsar in Egypt*.

* I've try'd this World in all its Changes,
States, and Conditions ; have been great, and happy,
Wretch-

Wretched, and low, and past thro' all its Stages.
 And oh, believe me, who have known it best,
 It is not worth the Bustle that it costs;
 'Tis but a Medley, all of idle Hopes,
 And abject childish Fears.

Themistocles.

* This rising Day
 Saw *Sophonisba*, from the Height of Life,
 Thrown to the very Brink of Slavery;
 State, Honours, Armies vanish'd; nothing left
 But her own great unconquerable Mind.
 And yet, ere Evening comes, to larger Power
 Restor'd I see my royal Friend, and kneel
 In grateful Homage to the Gods, and her.
 Ye Powers, what, awful Changes often mark
 The Fortunes of the Great.

THOMPSON'S Sophonisba.

* Thus human Joys are leaven'd with Misfortunes,
 The Storm succeeds the Sun-shine.
 Now soft *Etesian* Gales and smiling Rays
 Flatter our wanton Hopes with happy Days;
 While yet we hope, the Shepherd views afar
 Black gathering Waters load the bending Air;
 The dreadful Column burst, breaks o'er the Plain,
 Lays waste the Land, and swells the foamy Main.

CH. JOHNSON'S Medea.

* Alas! how fickle is all human Grandeur,
 How strange, how sudden are the Turns of Fortune!
 Cou'd I imagine such a Storm at Hand,
 When every Thing around me seem'd so calm?
 Thus the great Ocean wears a pleasing Face,
 Smooth as a Glass, and still as standing Lakes!
 Too soon th' unwary Seaman is betray'd,
 His golden Hopes of Happiness are vain,
 The dreadful Tempest high as Mountains rise,
 Waves.

Waves beat on Waves, Billows on Billows roll,
And all their Fury on the Vessel falls.

TRACY's *Periander*.

* How sudden do our Prospects vary here!
And how uncertain ev'ry Good we boast!
Hope oft deceives us; and our very Joys
Shrink with Fruition; ——— pall, and rust away.
How wise are we in Thought! ——— How weak in
Practice!

Our very Virtue, like our Will is — nothing.
Frail Nature, take thy Course! 'tis almost vain
To struggle and oppose thee: — What is Life?
What all its Comforts, but delusive Dreams,
That play on Fancy with a Meteor Flame
Of empty, airy Good.

SHIRLEY's *Parricide*.

* Last Night how sad, how hopeless was my State!
I saw my Country on the Brink of Fate,
Saw every Treasure of the Brave and Free,
Their Loss all threaten'd in the Loss of thee;
But now the fair Event evinces this,
Who saves the Publick, saves his private Bliss.

PATERSON's *Arminius*.

* As newly wak'd from all my Dreams of Glory,
Those gilded Visions of deceitful Joys,
I stand confounded at the unlook'd-for Change,
And scarcely feel this Thunder-bolt of Fate.
The painted Clouds, which bore my Hopes aloft,
Alas, are vanish'd now to yielding Air,
And I am fallen indeed! ———
How weak is Reason, when Affection pleads!
How hard to turn the fond deluded Heart
From flatt'ring Toys, which sooth'd its Vanity!
The laurel'd Trophy and the loud Applause,
The Victor's Triumph, and the People's Gaze,

The

216 *The* B E A U T I E S *of*

The high hung Banner, and recording Gold,
Subdue me still, still cling around my Heart,
And pull my Reason down.

JONES's *Earl of Essex*.

V I C I S S I T U D E. See OPPORTUNITY.

Things at the worst, will cease, or else climb upward,
To what they were before.

SHAKESPEAR's *Macbeth*.

The lowest and most abject Thing in Fortune,
Stands still in Hopes, lives not in Fear :
The lamentable Change is from the best,
The worst returns to better.

SHAKESPEAR's *King Lear*.

For over all Men hangs a double Fate :
One gains by what another is bereft :
The frugal Destinies have only left
A common Bank of Happiness below,
Maintain'd like Nature, by an Ebb and Flow.

HOWARD's *Indian Emperor*.

To-Day a Conqueror, and To-night a Slave !
How short the Space, betwixt these vast Extreams !

HIGGON's *Generous Conqueror*.

Think on the slippery State of human Things,
The strange Vicissitudes, and sudden Turns
Of War, and Fate reviling on the Proud,
To crush a merciless and cruel Victor :
Think there are Bounds of Fortune, set above
Periods of Time, and Progress of Success,
Which none can stop, before the appointed Limits,
And none can push beyond.

DRYDEN's *Love Triumphant*.

VICTORY.

But Victory not always is intail'd :
The Wise their Conduct lose ; the Strong their Force :
'Tis Heaven alone the Fate of Empire weighs :
Whose Power resistless by all human Force,
Derides our Prudence, and our shallow Foresight,
By interposing the minute Accidents,
Unthought of, unforeseen by Man's dim Eyes ;
Tears from the Victor what he thought secure,
And turns the Fate of Battle !

HIGGON's *Generous Conqueror* :

This happy Day,
Such Fortune waits on our triumphant Arms,
The ruling Gods in Justice to our Cause,
Have crown'd our Toils with so compleat a Victory,
Glorious and great, e'en to Amazement great !
That *Rome* no more with Anguish shall reflect
On past Misfortunes, and successless Battles,
But think them doubly recompens'd in this.

BECKINGHAM's *Scipio*.

VILLAGER.

* Th' unbusied Shepherd, stretch'd beneath the
Hawthorn,

His careless Limbs thrown out in wanton Ease,
With thoughtless Gaze perusing the arch'd Heavens.
And idly whistling while his Sheep feed round him ;
Enjoys a sweeter Shade, than that of Canopies,
Hem'd in by Cares, and shook by Storms of Treason.

HILL's *Henry V*.

* The homely Villager, the Drudge of Life,
Who eats but as he toils, is happier far :
No Self-division, Bosom-anarchy,

VOL. III

L

Disturbs.

218 *The* BEAUTIES of

Disturbs his Hours ; thoughtless he labours on,
Nor is at Leisure to be wretched.

HAVARD's *Scanderbeg*.

* Oh ! that some Villager, whose early Toil
Lifts the penurious Morsel to his Mouth,
Had claim'd my Birth ! Ambition had not then
Thus step'd 'twixt me and Heav'n.

BROOKE's *Gustavus Vasa*.

VILLAIN.

Sure there never was any great Thing yet
Aspired to, but by Violence and Fraud :
And he that sticks for Folly of a Conscience,
To reach it, is a good religious Fool,
A superstitious Slave, and sure to die a Beast.

JOHNSON's *Cataline*.

The original Villain, sure no Good created !
He was a Bastard of the Sun, by Nile ;
Ap'd into Man, with all his Mother's Mud
Crusted about his Soul.

DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

A Villain, when he most seems kind,
Is most to be suspected.

LANDSDOWN's *Jew of Venice*.

Thou temperate Villain, in Unforgiveness cool,
Who putt'st a Gloss of Sanctity on Malice,
And seem'st to weep, and seem'st to pray for those
Thou would'st destroy !

A. PHILIPS's *Duke of Gloucester*.

* A half-strain'd Villain is a Coward too.

JEFFREYS's *Edwin*.

* What tho' I am a Villain, who so bold,
To tell me so ? Let your poor petty Traitors

Feel

Feel the vindictive Lash ; and scourge for Wrong ;
But who shall tax successful Villainy,
Or call the rising Traitor to account ?
Sublimely seated in the Pomp of State,
Greatly beyond the Malice of his Fate ;
He laughs at each Cabal and idle Jar,
The Rage of Factions, and their Party-War ;
By Friends surrounded, happy and unseen,
Safely he rides, and drives the great Machine.

HAVARD'S *Scanderbeg*.

* Do but observe the Face of Villainy,
How different from the Brow of Innocence !
See what a settled Gloom obscures his Visage,
Sure Emblem of the Horror of his Breast,
Where his false Heart enthron'd in native Darkness
(Unconscious and unwishing for the Light)
Broods o'er new Treasons, and enjoys the Mischief.

HAVARD'S *Regulus*.

* It is the Master-Piece of Villainy
To smoothe the Brow, and to outface Suspicion.

Ibid.

VINE.

Once like a Vine I flourish'd, and was young,
Rich in my ripening Hopes, that spoke me strong ;
But now a dry and wither'd Stock am grown,
And all my Clusters, and my Branches gone.

OTWAY'S *Don Carlos*.

The Vine will cling, while the tall Poplar stands :
But that cut down, creeps to the next Support,
And twines as closely there.

DRYDEN'S *Don Sebastian*.

VIRGINITY.

Virginity ! 'Tis not politick in the Commonwealth of Nature, to preserve Virginity. Loss of Virginity is rational Increase, and there was never Virgin got, till Virginity was first lost. That you are made of, is Metal to make Virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten Times found : By being ever kept, it is ever lost : 'Tis too cold a Companion, away with it ! To speak on the Part of Virginity, is to accuse your Mother ; which is most infallible Disobedience. He that hangs himself is a Virgin, Virginity murders itself, and should be buried in Highways, out of all sanctified Limit, as a desperate Offendress against Nature. Virginity breeds Mites, much like rotten Cheese ; consumes itself, in the very Parings, and so dies with feeding its own Stomach. Besides, Virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of Self love, which is the the most inhibited Sin in the Canon. Keep it not, you cannot chuse but lose by it. Within ten Years it will make itself two, which is a good Increase, and the Principal itself not much the worse. It is a Commodity will lose the Gloss with lying ; the longer kept, the less worth : Off with't, while 'tis vendible, answer the Time of Request. Virginity, like an old Courtier, wears her Cap out of Fashion, richly suited, but unsuitable : Your Date is better in the Pye, and your Porridge, than your Cheek ; and your old Virginity is like one of our *French* wither'd Pears, it looks ill, and eats dryly : Marry, 'tis a wither'd Pear ! It was formerly better : Marry, yet 'tis a wither'd Pear !

SHAKESPEAR's *All's well that ends well.*

Keep still that holy and immaculate Fire,
You chaste Lump of Eternity : 'Tis a Treasure
Too precious for Death's Moment to partake,
This Twinkling of short Life : Disdain as much,

To

To let Mortality know ye, as Stars to kiss the Pavement :

Ye have a Substance
As excellent as theirs, holding your Purenests ;
They look upon Corruption as you do,
But are Stars : Still be you a Virgin too.

MIDDLETON's *Mayor of Queenborough*.

V I R T U E.

Heav'n doth with us, as we with Torches do,
Not light them for ourselves : For if our Virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike,
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
touch'd,

But to fine Issues ; nor Nature ever sends
The smallest Scruple of her Excellence ;
But like a thrifty Goddess, she determines
Herself the Glory of a Creditor,
Both Thanks and Use.

SHAKESPEAR's *Measure for Measure*.

Our Life is short ; but to extend that Span
To vast Eternity, is Virtue's Work.

SHAKESPEAR's *Titus Andronicus*.

He lives in Fame, that dies in Virtue's Cause.

SHAKESPEAR's *Titus Andronicus*.

The chariest Maid is prodigal enough :
If she unveil her Beauty to the Moon,
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious Strokes.

SHAKESPEAR's *Hamlet*.

Virtue's a solid Rock, whereat being aim'd,
The keenest Darts of Envy, yet unhurt
Her marble Hero stands, built of such Basis,
While they recoil, and wound the Shooter's Face.

BEAUMONT's *Queen of Corinth*.

222 *The BEAUTIES of*

How strange a Riddle Virtue is !
They never miss it, who possess it not ;
And they who have it, ever find a Want !

ROCHESTER's *Valentinian*.

The Heav'ns have Clouds, and Spots are in the
Moon,
But faultless Virtue shines in her alone !

HOWARD's *Indian Queen*.

Good Deeds their Worth and Value have from
hence,
They their own Glory are, and Recompence.

OTWAY's *Alcibiades*.

How vain is Virtue, which directs our Ways,
Thro' certain Dangers, to uncertain Praise.
Barren and airy Name ! Thee Fortune flies,
With thy lean Train, the Pious and the Wise.
Heav'n takes thee at thy Word, without Regard,
And lets thee poorly be thy own Reward.
The World is made for the bold impious Man,
Who stops at nothing, seizes all he can.
Justice to Merit does weak Aid afford,
She trusts her Ballance, and neglects her Sword ;
Virtue is nice, to take what's not her own,
And while she long consults the Prize is gone.

DRYDEN's *Aurengzebe*.

Strong Virtue, like strong Nature, struggles still,
Exerts itself, and then throws off the Ill.

Ibid.

O *Aurengzebe* ! thy Virtues shine too bright !
They flash too fierce ! I, like the Bird of Night,
Shut my dull Eyes, and sicken at the Sight.

Ibid.

Then why should Virtue fear,
When with their murdering Shafts, the Gods appear ?
Guilt

Guilt tremble thou, when Heaven's wing'd Vengeance
flies,

Thro' frighted Cities, and when Storms arise!

CH. DAVENANT's *Circus*.

If when a Crown, and Mistress are in Place,
Virtue intrudes with her lean holy Face;

Virtue's then mine, and I not Virtue's Foe!

Why does she come, where she has nought to do?

Let her with *Anchorets*, not with Lovers lye;

Statesmen and they keep better Company.

DRYDEN's *Conquest of Granada*.

My Virtue, which I serv'd, is but a Name,
Since it betrays me to this publick Shame.

Virtue's no God, nor has she Power divine;

But he protects it, who did first enjoin.

Ibid.

Torment of Mind! O feeble Virtue hence!
I blow thee from the Palace to the Cottage,
To build in Hearts of Hinds; bless their rude
Hands,

With thy lean Recompence of endless Labour!

For me, since I have burst th' ungrateful Chain,

That held me to thee, like a shackled Slave;

I will enjoy whate'er the Gods have given,

And surfeit on the Beauties of *Semandra*!

LEE's *Mitbridates*.

A settled Virtue
Makes itself a Judge; and satisfied within,
Smiles at that common Enemy, the World.

I am no more afraid of flying Censures,

Than Heav'n of being fired with mounting Sparkles.

DRYDEN's *Rival Ladies*.

How few could follow those strict Rules they
gave,

For human Life will human Frailties have !
And Love of Virtue is but barren Praise,
Airy as Fame, not strong enough to raise
The Actions of the Soul above the Sense ;
Virtue grows cold without a Recompence.

DRYDEN's *Tyrannick Love*.

To what a Height of Arrogance she swells !
Pride or ill Nature still with Virtue dwells !

Ibid.

Hence with this peevish Virtue, 'tis a Cheat ;
And they who taught it first were Hypocrites.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

O Virtue, Virtue ! what art thou become,
That Man should leave thee for a Toy, a Woman,
Made from the Dross and Refuse of a Man ?

DRYDEN's *Spanish Friar*.

What shall I say, to speak thy wond'rous
Virtue !

My Tongue forsakes me, when I would go on,
Uncapable to form my dazzling Thoughts ;
And I can only gaze, and still admire thee !

SOUTHERN's *Loyal Brothers*.

Virtue, the more it is exposed,
Like purest Linnen, laid in open Air,
Will bleach the more, and whiten to the View.

DRYDEN's *Amphytrion*.

A noble Temper shines even thro' his Faults,
And gilds them into Virtue !

DRYDEN's *Love Triumphant*.

Is Virtue then

Given to make us wretched ? Ah ! sad Portion !

Fatal

Fatal to all that have thee ! Shunn'd on Earth,
Depress'd and shewn but in severest Trials :
Condemn'd to Solitude : Then shining most,
When black Obscurity surrounds ! Poor, poor !
But ever beautiful !

LANSDOWN's *Heroic Love*.

Blessings ever wait on virtuous Deeds ;
And tho' a late, a sure Reward succeeds.

CONGREVE's *Mourning Bride*.

Great Minds, like Heav'n, are pleas'd with doing
good,

Tho' th' ungrateful Subjects of their Favours
Are barren in Return. Virtue does still
With Scorn the mercenary World regard,
Where abject Souls do good, and hope Reward :
Above the worthless Trophies Man can raise,
She seeks not Honour, Wealth, nor airy Praise,
But with herself, herself the Goddess pays.

ROWE's *Tamerlane*.

Let Mortals learn,
When in Obedience to the Gods they tread
The doubtful Paths of Destiny, to affront
The dreadful'st Dangers with undaunted Spirit ;
Let them not even in worst Extremes despair ;
For while they keep to Virtue's narrow Paths,
With Guards invincible they march surrounded :
The Gods who surely guide them on the Way,
From them no more than from themselves can
fray,
For Virtue's of Divinity a Ray.

DENNIS's *Iphigenia*.

O pursue,
Pursue the sacred Counsels of your Soul,
Which urge you on to Virtue ! Let not Danger,

Nor the incumb'ring World, make faint your Purpose:

Affixing Angels shall conduct your Steps,
Bring you to Bliss, and crown your End with Peace ;
Rowe's Jant Shore.

To civilize the rude unpolish'd World,
And lay it under the Restraint of Laws :
To make Man mild, and sociable to Man ;
To cultivate the wild licentious Savage,
With Wisdom, Discipline, and lib'ral Arts ;
Th' Embellishments of Life ! Virtues, like these,
Make human Nature shine ; reform the Soul,
And break the fierce Barbarians into Men !

ADDISON's Cato.

* Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant Light, tho' Sun and Moon
Were in the flat Sea sunk.

MILTON's Comus.

* Against the Threats
Of Malice, or of Sorcery, or that Pow'r
Which erring Men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpriz'd by unjust Force, but not enthrall'd ;
Yea even that, which Mischief means most Harm,
Shall in the happy Trial prove most Glory.

Ibid.

* Virtue, like Gold, will take the Stamp from
Power.

CIBBER's Cæsar in Ægypt.

* Virtue never is defac'd ! unchang'd
By Strokes of Fate, she triumphs o'er Distress,
And ev'ry bleeding Wound adorns her Beauty.

Ibid.

* Well to succeed, my Friend, the Point will
prove

Non

Nor whether you obtain, but how you move,
Be always honest, and you cannot stray,
'Tis Virtue leads the sure unerring Way;
The sacred Guide have ever in your Eye,
And then, or rise, or fall, or live, or die,
'Tis right; the Gods alone know how to bless,
Whate'er the good Man meets with is Success.

LEWIS's *Philip of Macedon*.

* Who in the Paths of Virtue perseveres
Has nought to apprehend from impious Men.

EL. HAYWOOD's *Duke of Brunswick, &c.*

* Virtue, when distress'd, can smile at Death,
And, as a Friend, embrace it. — — — — —
— — — — — Yes thou shalt find
Women, when arm'd with Virtue, know no Fear
But Guilt or Shame—Dangers and Death they meet
With Minds more firm than impious Men like thee.

MARTYN's *Timoleon*.

* How oft that Virtue, which some Women boast,
And pride themselves in, but an empty Name,
No real Good, in Thought alone possess'd,
Safe in the Want of Charms, the homely Dame,
Secure from the seducing Arts of Man,
Deceives herself, and thinks she's passing chaste:
Wonders how others e'er could fall, yet when
She talks most loud about the noisy Nothing,
Look on her Face, and there you read her Virtue.

FROWDE's *Philotas*.

* What is this Virtue? What this foolish Pride
Of doing well, that the fond Christian dotes on?
Is it a Revelation but to them,
A Beam directed only to their Sect?
Or but the vain enthusiastick Talk
Of selfish Teachers? Is it more than Name?
Is it the Prejudice of Prepossession,

That

That actuates our Minds to think that true,
Which has but the Authority of Time,
Imbib'd an Infancy, and grown with Years.

HAVARD'S *Scanderbeg*.

* There breathes a felt Divinity in Virtue,
In candid unassuming generous Virtue,
Whose very Silence speaks ; and which inspires,
Without proud formal Lessons a Disdain
Of mean injurious Vice.

THOMPSON'S *Agamemnon*.

* Tho' you have trampil'd on my haughty Virtue,
That noble Pride of Soul, which knows no Fear,
And bears no Insult ; yet to you, at least,
To you of all Mankind, I will be bold,
As I had never err'd. *Ibid.*

* What is the Loss of Life to Loss of Virtue !——
And yet how can this heavenly Spark be lost ?
No ! Virtue burns with an immortal Flame.

THOMPSON'S *Edward and Eleonora*.

* O Virtue ! Virtue ! as thy Joys excel,
So are thy Woes transcendent, the gross World
Knows not the Bliss or Misery of either——

Ibid.

* O all ye pitying Powers that rule Mankind !
Who so unworthy but may proudly deck him
With this Fair-weather Virtue, that exults
Glad, o'er the Summer Main ? The Tempest comes,
The rough Winds rage aloud ; when from the Helm
This Virtue shrinks, and in a Corner lies
Lamenting.—Heavens ! if privileg'd from Trial,
How cheap a Thing were Virtue. *Ibid.*

* Bright Virtue, welcome ! Vigour of the Mind !
The Flame from Heaven that lights up higher Being
Thrice welcome ! *Ibid.*

* Virtue,

* Virtue, at *Midnight*, walks, as *safe, within,*
As in the conscious Glare of *flaming Day*.
She who in *Forms* finds Virtue, has *no Virtue*.
All the *Shame* lies, in *biding* honest Love.

- - - I was taught, in a *sincerer* Clime,
That Virtue, tho' it *shines* not, still is Virtue :
And *inbred* Honour grows not, *but at Home*.

HILL's *Alzira*.

* Go, study Virtue ; rugged, ancient Worth !
Rouse up that Flame our great Forefathers felt,
Who won those Honours you unworthy heir :
Nor trust such soft Refinements of the Schools,
As strip our noblest Passions of their Force,
The Lust of Greatness and the Love of Fame !

SHIRLEY's *Parricide*.

* Thou know'st but little, *Zaphna*,
If thou dost think true Virtue is confin'd
To Climes or Systems ; no, it flows spontaneous,
Like Life's warm Stream throughout the whole Cre-
ation,
And beats the Pulse of ev'ry healthful Heart.

MILLER's *Mabmet*.

The generous Pride of Virtue
Disdains to weigh too nicely the Returns
Her Bounty meets with——like the liberal Gods,
From her own gracious Nature she bestows,
Nor stoops to ask Reward.

THOMPSON's *Coriolanus*.

* There is but one ;
Not hard to find ; th' unerring Path of Virtue.
Virtue, that in itself commands its Happiness,
Of every outward Object independent.

FRANCIS's *Eugenia*.

• How

* How distant Virtue dwells from mortal Man !
Was't not that each Man calls for other's Virtue,
Her very Name on Earth would be forgot,
And leave the Tongue, as it has left the Heart.

YOUNG's *Brothers*.

* One Comfort never can forsake us,
The Mind to Virtue train'd, in ev'ry State
Rejoicing, grieving, dying, must possess
Th' exalted Pleasure to exert that Virtue.

GLOVER's *Boadicea*.

* A gen'rous Mind should never dare to quit
Virtue's firm Hold ; that gone, that sacred Anchor
Once parted from, there is no Stop—down drives
The desp'rate Bark before the foaming Torrent,
Breaks on a Rock, and sinks to rise no more !

Virginia.

UNCERTAINTY.

* But be not long, for in the tedious Minutes,
Exquisite Interval, I'm on the Rack ;
For sure the greatest Evil Man can know,
Bears no Proportion to the dread Suspence.

FROWDE's *Fall of Saguntum*.

* How wav'ring is the Mind with Fears oppress'd,
Dissatisfy'd and restless in its Choice !
The present pleases and delights awhile,
But then the future cancels that Content.

WANDESFORD's *Fatal Love*.

* Uncertainty !
Fell Dæmon of our Fears ! The human Soul,
That can support Despair, supports not thee.

MALLET's *Musapha*.

* You see me tossing on a Sea of Passions,
An Ebb and Flow of Contrarieties,

Which

Which now seem kindly wafting me to Shore,
And the next Moment plunge me back again
Into the Bosom of th' outrageous Deep.

MILLER's *Mahomet*.

* These sharp Vicissitudes of Hopes and Fears,
Tear me with Torture insupportable!
Conquest suspended is Captivity:
O dreadful agonizing Interval!

CIBBER's *King John*.

VOICE.

I hear a Tongue shriller than all the Musick,
Cry *Cæsar*.

SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Cæsar*.

There's wond'rous Musick in thy Voice! The Story
Of *Orpheus*, which appears so bold a Fiction,
Was prophesy'd of thee! Thy Voice has tam'd
The Tygers, and the Lions of my Soul!

DENHAM's *Sophy*.

Thy Voice, like sad, but pleasing Musick, flew!
Like dying Swans, 'twas sweet and fatal too!

LEE's *Sophonisba*.

Methinks your Voice is faint
As distant Echoes ———

LEE's *Mitbridates*.

Methought I heard a Voice, and yet I doubted,
Now roaring like the Ocean, when the Winds
Fight with the Waves, now in a still small Tone,
Your dying Accents fell as wrecking Ships,
After the dreadful Sink, murm'ring down
And bubble up a Noise.

DRYDEN's and LEE's *Oedipus*.

His Voice is soft as is the upper Air,
Or dying Lovers Words.

DRYDEN's *Rival Ladies*.

Methought

Methought I heard a Voice, *won did W*
 Sweet as the Shepherd's Pipe upon the Mountains;
 When all his little Flock's at Feed before him.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

Who talks of dying in a Voice so sweet,
 That Life's in Love with it? *Ibid.*

There's Heav'n still in thy Voice, but that's a Sign
 Virtue's departing; for thy better Angel
 Still makes the Woman's Tongue his rising Ground,
 Wags there a-while, and takes his Flight for ever.

DRYDEN's *Duke of Guise*.

That Voice was wont to come in gentle Whispers,
 And fill my Ears with the soft Breath of Love.

OTWAY's *Venice Preserv'd*.

His Voice, Attention still as Midnight, draws;
 His Voice more gentle than the Summer's Breeze,
 That mildly whispers thro' the waving Trees;
 Soft as the Nightingale's complaining Song,
 Or murmur'ing Currents as they roll along.

Oh! were my Voice a Trumpet loud as Fame,
 To reach the Round of Heav'n, and Earth, and Sea,
 All Nations should be summon'd to this Place!

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

U P B R A I D I N G.

O Emperor! thou Picture of a Glory!
 Thou mangl'd Figure of a ruin'd Greatness!
 O thou royal Villainy!
 In Purple dipp'd to give a Gloss to Mischief!
 Yet e'er thy Death enriches my Revenge,
 And swells the Book of Fate, thou statelier Madman,
 Plac'd by the Gods upon a Precipice,
 To make thy Fall more dreadful!
 By all th' immortal Gods, I will awake thee!
 I'll rouse thee, *Cæsar*, if strong Reason can!

If

If thou had'st ever Sense of *Roman* Honour,
Or the Imperial Genius ever warm'd thee !
Why hast thou used me thus for all my Service,
My Toils, my Fights, my Wounds in horrid War ?
Why didst thou tear the only Garland from me,
That could make proud my Conquests ?

ROCHESTER's *Valentinian*.

I take the Gods to witness with more Sorrow,
And more Vexation hear I these Reproaches,
Than were my Life dropp'd from me thro' an Hour-
Glass. *Ibid.*

Fly, begone !
And hide thee where bright Virtue never shone !
The Day will shun thee, nay, the Stars that view
Mischiefs and Murders, Deeds to thee not new,
Will start at this ! *LEE's Alexander*.

You have yourself your Kindness over-paid :
He ceases to oblige who can upbraid. *Over*
DRYDEN's State of Innocence.

Could I believe thee, could I think thee true :
But, Oh ! thou *Siren* ! I will stop my Ears
To thy enchanting Notes ! The Winds shall bear
Upon their Wings thy Words, more light than they.
DRYDEN's Troilus and Cressida.

What's Life without your Honour ?
Could you transform yourself into a *Gorgon*,
Or make that beardless Face like *Jupiter's*,
I would be heard in spite of all your Thunders !
O Pow'r of Guilt ! You fear to stand the Test
Which Virtue brings ! Like Sores your Vices shake
Before this *Roman* Healer ; But if you be not
Quite dead with Sleep, for ever lost to Honour,
Before I go, I'll rip the Malady ;

I'll let the Venom fly before your Eyes,
And lash you with keen Words from lazy Love.

LEE's *Theodosius*.

I would but shake him,
Rouse him a little from this Death of Honour,
And shew him what he should be.

Ibid.

Thou hast lost thy Honour! Oh! hadst thou dy'd
Ten thousand Deaths, e'er blasted *Grillon's* Glory!
Grillon! who sav'd thee from a barb'rous World,
Where thou had'st starv'd, or sold thyself for Bread,
Took thee into his Bosom, foster'd thee
As his own Soul, and laid thee in his Heart-strings!
And now for all my Cares to serve me thus.
It wrings the iron Tears from *Grillon's* Heart,
And melts me to a Babe!

DRYDEN and LEE's *Duke of Guise*.

A thousand Nights have brush'd their balmy Wings
Over these Eyes; but ever when they clos'd,
Thy tyrant Image forc'd them ope again,
And dry'd the Dews they brought.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

Tyrant! it irks me so to call my Prince,
But just Resentment, and hard Usage coin'd
Th' unwilling Word, and grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy Due.

Ibid.

If I'm a Traitor, think, and blush, thou Tyrant,
Whose Injuries betray'd me into Treason,
Effac'd my Loyalty, unhing'd my Faith,
And hurry'd me from Hopes of Heav'n to Hell!
All these, and all my yet unfinish'd Crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the Skies,
I charge on thee to make thy Damning sure.

Ibid.

I serv'd thee fifteen hard Campaigns,
And pitch'd thy Standard in these foreign Fields:

By

By me thy Greatness grew ; thy Years grew with it ;
But thy Ingratitude out-grew them both.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

* Insulting Tyrant

Cool, frosty-hearted Monster ! — with thee dead !
Why, 'tis the only glorious Hope I live for !
Think on the Miseries thou hast wrung my Soul with ;
The biting Shame, the never-dying Anguish !
Think on the Arts, the Oaths, the Subleties ;
The endless, inexpressible, Deceits !
The Wiles, and Perjuries, which have undone me !
Think on the feign'd Endearments ; studied Graces !
False Smiles ; enticing Raptures ! labour'd Flatteries !
And all that nameless Train of silent Treacheries,
Which help'd thy tempting Tongue to make me
wretched !

Look back on all this dreadful Pile of Baseness,
And then — Oh ! Heaven ! — if then, Thou
dar'st look farther !

If frighted Memory does not fly thy Soul ;
Think, in the bitter Agonies of Conscience,
What follow'd all this Train of Preparation !
See me abandon'd to the Lash of Shame ;
Turn'd out an Object for sharp-ey'd Derision,
By Friends forsaken, and disown'd by Kindred :
Wild, and distracted, with unconquer'd Sorrow !
Expos'd, to be the Mirth of wiser Hypocrites,
And stand the Scorn-Mark of the hooting World :
Death ! — Thou Destroyer ! think of this ! and
then,

In the cool Insolence of Pride, and Majesty,
Ask me again — if I can wish thee dead ?

HILL's *Henry V.*

* Ye noisy ! turbulent ! vain-glorious Rout !
Are you the Arbiters of *Cæsar's* Cause,
Like Fate, to limit, or with-hold his Conquests ?
Cou'd you presume, that your poor Aid withdrawn,
Wou'd

Wou'd leave his Standards naked in the Field ?
 If *Pompey's* routed Cause, o'er burning Sands,
 Can draw such Numbers to resume the War,
 Can *Cæsar's* Eagles droop, in full Success ?
 Can the Victorious fail of worthier Hands,
 To bear our Trophies, and divided Spoil,
 To *Rome* ? While you, inglorious in Repose,
 Are deafned with the Clangors of our Triumphs ?
 Hence, from my Sight ye murmuring heartless Herd !
 Ye Undeservers of *Pharſalian* Honour !
 Such dastard Spirits are unfit to follow,
 Where *Cæsar*, and his Fortune, leads the Brave.
 Hence, to your abject Homes ! there pine in Cor-
 ners !

There waste your winking Lamps of Life away,
 And leave your General to be singly glorious ?

CIBBER's *Cæsar in Ægypt*.

* T' insult thy noble Nature were a Crime
 My Soul disdains, and far beneath a Man,
 Reproach and Obloquy are Female Vengeance.

FROWDE's *Fall of Saguntum*.

* This Prince, for Vertue so rever'd and fam'd,
 Thinks Perj'ry and Ingratitude no Crimes !
 Seems to forget he ever lov'd, then left
 A helpless Maid to mourn her easy Faith,
 And curse, in Bitterness of Heart, the Time,
 When first she list'ned to his betraying Vows.

ELIZ. HAYWOODS *Duke of Brunswick-Lunenburgh*.

* You all are Bigots, Robbers, Ruffians all !
 It is the very Genius of your Nation.
 Vindictive Rage, the Thirst of Blood, consumes you.
 You live by Rapine, thence your Empire rose ;
 And your Religion is a meer Pretence
 To rob and murder in the Name of Heaven.

THOMPSON's *Edward and Eleonora*.

* Tho',

* Tho', as a Miser eyes his plunder'd Hoard,
From my Enjoyment I had seen thee borne
The guiltless Victim of an early Grave;
There to be lost with yet-remember'd Chiefs,
With Maids and Matrons, long the Themes of
Praise!

Illustrious Names! whose Virtue you've betray'd,
Whose Glory sully'd and whose Fame defil'd:—
Oh had my aged Eyes beheld thee dead:
The tender Tears which down my Cheeks had roll'd,
Would have been Balm to Pangs I now endure!
The Satisfaction then, at least I'd prove,
To see thee sink in honourable Dust,
And end, with Dignity, a noble Line
That had, for Ages, flourish'd with Renown.
The last strong Buttress yielding; so, the Pile,
The venerable Pile o'erspreads the Earth,
Magnificent in Ruins! Grateful, then,
Our noblest Matrons would have deck'd thy Grave!
Our noblest Virgins chaunted Hymns of Praise!—
I had but liv'd to pay a Parent's Debt
Of decent Grief, and sunk myself to Rest,
To everlasting, honourable Rest.
But what is now my hard, my dreadful Doom!
Thy Guilt deals all these agonizing Throes!
And, torn with Torment, hurls me down to Death.
And there, if Memory of past Wrongs subsists,
T'will ev'n imbitter all the Joys of Heav'n!
Oh, fatal Fall from Innocence and Duty:
Oh, Fiend! but born to damn a Father's Peace.

SHIRLEY's *Paricide*.

* Why didst thou leave the fair *Italian* Fields,
Thou filken Slave of *Venus*? What could move
Thee to explore these boist'rous northern Climes,
And change yon radiant Sky for *Britain's* Clouds?
What dost thou here effeminate? By Heav'n
Thou should'st have loiter'd in *Campania's* Villa's,
And

And in thy Garden nurs'd with careful Hands
 The gaudy-vested Progeny of *Flora*;
 Or indolently pac'd the pebbled Shore,
 And ey'd the Beating of the *Tuscan* Wave
 To waste thy irksome Leisure. Wilt thou tell me,
 What thou dost here in *Britain*? Dost thou come,
 To sigh and pine? Could *Italy* afford
 No Food for these weak Passions? Must thou tra-
 verse

Such Tracts of Land, and visit this cold Region
 To love and languish? Answer me, what Motive
 First brought thee hither? But forbear to urge
 It was in Quest of Honour; for the God
 Of War disclaims thee.

GLOVER'S *Boadicea*,

U S U R P E R.

A Sceptre snatch'd with an unruly Hand,
 Must be as boist'rously maintain'd as gain'd:
 And he that stands upon a slipp'ry Place,
 Makes nice of no vile Hold to stay him up.

SHAKESPEAR'S *King John*,

He who by Force a Sceptre does obtain,
 Shews he can govern that which he could gain.
 Right comes of Course, whate'er he was before,
 Murder and Usurpation are no more.

DRYDEN'S *Aurengzebe*.

Dare to be great without a guilty Crown!
 View it, and lay the bright Temptation down!
 'Tis base to seize on all because you may;
 That's Empire, that which I can give away.
 There's Joy when to wild Will you Laws prescribe,
 When you bid Fortune carry back her Bribe.
 A Joy which none but greatest Minds can taste,
 A Fame which will to endless Ages last!

Ibid.

Kings

Kings who did Crowns unjustly get
In Hell on burning Thrones are set :
And, oh ! uneasily their Crowns they wear,
And their own Guilt, amidst the Guards they fear ;
Cares, when they wake, their Minds inquiet keep,
And Ghosts, in Visions, lord it o'er their Sleep.

DRYDEN's *Tempest*.

O *Alphonso* !

I fear they come too late ! Her Father's Crimes
Hang heavy on her, and weigh down her Prayers :
A Crown usurp'd ! A lawful King depos'd !
In Bondage held, debarr'd the common Light !
His Children murder'd, and his Friends destroy'd !
What can we less expect, than what we feel,
And what we fear will follow ?

DRYDEN's *Spanish Friar*.

Avert it, Heaven !

Then Heav'n must not be Heav'n : Judge the Events,
By what has pass'd. Th' Usurper joy'd not long
His ill-got Pow'r ! 'Tis true, he dy'd in Peace :
Unriddle that ye Powers.

Ibid.

If I thought my Soul of Kin to thine,
Soon would I rend my Heart-Strings,
And tear out that Alliance : But thou, Viper,
Hast cancell'd Kindred, made a Rent in Nature ;
And thro' her holy Bowels gnaw'd thy Way
Thro' thy own Blood to Empire.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

* Let Usurpation, that eternal Slave
To Fear, the Tyrant's greater Tyrant, dye
Her thirsty Purple deep in native Blood ;
The lawful Prince, by daring to forgive,
Asserts the great Prerogative of Heaven,
And proves his Claim divine.

JEFFREYS's *Edwin*.

* Fierce

* Fierce in his Course,
The Usurper, like a raging Pestilence,
Breathes out Destruction, spreads Confusion round,
As if commission'd to destroy Mankind :
Like Death he ranges : Lust and Slaughter wait
His Will, and Delolation follow him.

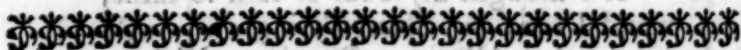
MARTYN's *Timoleon*.

* Trust me, *Timophanes*, these Frights, these Terrors
Are all the Attendants on Usurpers Thrones.
The Man who rises on his Country's Ruin,
Lives in a Croud of Foes, himself the Chief :
In vain his Power, in vain his Pomp and Pleasures !
His guilty Thoughts, those Tyrants of the Soul,
Steal in unseen, and stab him in his Triumph.
Wretched distracting State ! when ev'ry Object
Strikes him with Horror, ev'ry Thought with Fear.

Ibid.

* Marriage mends my Reign,
Her rightful Title consecrates Ambition :
And Usurpation whitens into Law.

HILL's *Merope*.



W A N T.

FAMINE is in thy Cheeks,
Need and Oppression staring in thy Looks,
Contempt and Beggary hang on thy Back.

SHAKESPEAR's *Romeo and Juliet*.

Poor naked Wretches, wherefoe'er you are,
That 'bide the pelting of this pitiless Storm ;
How shall your houseless Heads and unfed Sides,
Your lopp'd and window'd Raggedness defend you
From

From Seasons such as these ; take Physick, Pomp,
Expose thyself to feel what Wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the Superflux to them,
And shew the Heav'n's more just.

SHAKESPEAR's *King Lear*.

Take this Purse, thou whom Heaven's Plagues
Have humbled to all Strokes. That I am wretched
Makes thee the happier : Heavens deal so still,
Let the superfluous and Lust-dieted Man,
That slaves, your Ordinance that will not see,
Because he does not feel, feel your Power quickly ;
So Distribution should undo Excess,
And each Man have enough. *Ibid.*

To Men

Prefs'd by their Wants, all Change is ever welcome.

BEN. JOHNSON's *Cataline*.

Oh ! we must change the Scene,
In which the past Delights of Love were tasted ;
The Poor sleep little ; we must learn to watch
Our Labours late and early e'ery Morning,
'Midst Winter Frost, sparingly clad and fed,
Rise to our Toils, and drudge away the Day.
Want, worldly Want, that hungry meagre Fiend,
Is at our Heels, and chases us in View.
Canst thou bear Cold and Hunger ? Can these Limbs,
Fram'd for the tender Offices of Love,
Endure the bitter Gripes of smarting Poverty ?
When in a Bed of Straw we sink together,
And the bleak Winds shall whistle round our Heads,
Wilt thou then talk to me thus ?
Thus hush my Cares, and shelter me with Love ?

OTWAY's *Venice Preserv'd*.

Oh ! we will bear our wayward Fate together,
And ne'er know Comfort more.

OTWAY's *Venice Preserv'd*.

If all her former Woes were not enough,
Look on her now ! Behold her where she wanders,
Hunted to Death, distress'd on e'ery Side,
With no one Hand to help ; and tell me then,
If ever Misery were known like her's ?

And can she bear it, can that delicate Frame
Endure the Beating of a Storm so rude ?
Can she, for whom the various Seasons chang'd,
To court her Appetite, and crown her Board ;
For whom the foreign Vintages were press'd ;
For whom the Merchant spread his filken Stores ;
Can she entreat for Bread, and want the needful
Raiment

To wrap her shiv'ring Bosom from the Weather ?
Now sad and shelterless perhaps she lies,
Where piercing Winds blow sharp, and the chill Rain
Drops from some Penthouse on her wretched Head,
Drenches her Locks, and kills her with the Cold ;
While her Head rests on what cold Stone she pleases.

Rowe's *Jane Shore*.

W A R.

So shaken as we are, so wan with Care,
Find we a Time for freighted Peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded Accents of new Broils,
To be commenc'd in Strands a-far remote :
No more the thirsty Entrance of this Soil
Shall daub her Lips with her own Childrens Blood :
No more shall trenching War channel her Fields,
Nor bruise her Flow'rets with the armed Hoofs
Of hostile Paces : Those oppos'd Eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heav'n,

All

All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine Shock,
And furious Close of civil Butchery,
Shall now in beauteous well-beseeming Ranks,
March all one Way, like an ill-sheathed Knife
No more shall cut his Master.

SHAKESPEAR's *Henry IV.*

O War ! thou Son of Hell !
Whom angry Heavens do make their Minister,
Throw in the frozen Bosoms of our Part
Hot Coals of Vengeance ! Let no Soldiers fly.
He that is truly dedicate to War
Hath no Self-Love ; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by Circumstance,
The Name of Valour.

SHAKESPEAR's *Henry VI.*

The Fight grows hot, the whole War's now at work ;
And the goar'd Battle bleeds at e'ery Vein.

SHAKESPEAR's *King Lear.*

Oh ! Now for ever,
Farewel the tranquil Mind ; farewell Content :
Farewel the plumed Troops, and the big War
That makes Ambition Virtue : O farewell,
Farewel the neighing Steed, and the loud Trump.
The Spirit-stirring Drum, and the shrill Fife,
The Royal Banner, and all Quality,
Pride, Pomp, and Circumstance of glorious War !
And, oh ! ye mortal Engines, whose rude Throats
Th' immortal *Jove's* dread Clamours counterfeit,
Farewel : *Othello's* Occupation's gone.

SHAKESPEAR's *Othello.*

Now glorious War, farewell :
 Thou Child of Honour and ambitious Thoughts,
 Begot in Blood, and nurs'd with Kingdoms Ruins !
 Thou golden Danger, courted by thy Followers,
 Thro' Fires and Famines, for one Title from thee !
 A long Farewel I give thee ! Noble Arms,
 Ye Ribs for mighty Minds, ye iron Houses,
 Made to defy the Thunder-Claps of Fortune,
 Rust, and consuming Time must now dwell with you !
 And thou, good Sword, that knewst the Way to Con-
 quest,

Upon whose fatal Edge Death and Despair dwelt,
 That when I shook thee thus, foreshew'd'st Destruction,
 Sleep now from Blood, and grace my Monument !
 Farewel my Eagle ! When thou flew'st, whole Armies
 Have stoop'd below thee ! At Passage I have seen
 thee

Ruffle the *Tartars* as they fled thy Fury,
 And bang them up together as a Tassel
 Upon the Stretch, a Flock of fearful Pigeons !

I yet remember when the *Volga* curl'd !
 The aged *Volga* ! when he held his Head up,
 And rais'd his Waters high to see the Ruins,
 The Ruins our Swords made, the bloody Ruins !
 Then flew this Bird of Honour, bravely flew !
 But this must be forgotten, quite forgotten ;
 And all that tends to Arms, by me for ever.

BEAUMONT's *Loyal Subject*.

New Storms of War like Hail around us fall :
 Fury that sat at home on massy Shields,
 Now heaves them up, and ranges thro' the Fields :
 With all her hundred Whips of Wire she comes,
 And drives despairing Monarchs to their Tombs.
 War ! how it sounds ! Away, to Arms ! to Arms !
 My Soul to Battle now all fiery turns ;

Swift

Swift as the Gods, in Haste outstrips the Wind,
And leaves the Coursers of the Day behind !

LEE's *Sophonisba*.

The neighbouring Plain with Arms is cover'd o'er ;
The Vale an iron Harvest seems to yield
Of thick-sprung Lances in a waving Field ;
The polish'd Steel gleams terribly from far,
And e'ery Moment nearer shews the War.

DRYDEN's *Aurengzebe*.

When *Greeks* join'd *Greeks*, then was the Tug of
War ;

The labour'd Battle sweat, and Conquest bled.

LEE's *Alexander*.

Then planting at the Walls a Scaling-Ladder,
I mounted spite a Show'r of Cranes, Bars, Arrows,
And all the Lumber which they thunder'd down.
I left the Walls to fly among my Foes,
And like a baited Lion, dy'd myself
All over with the Blood of those dire Hunters ;
'Till spent with Toil I battel'd on my Knees,
Pluck'd forth the Darts, that made my Shield a Forest,
And hurl'd them back with most unconquer'd Fury.

Ibid.

Oh ! spare the Wounds our bleeding Country fears,
The thousand Ills that civil Discord brings !
O ! still the Noise of War ; whose dread Alarms
Frighten Repose from Country Villages :
And stir rude Tumult up, and wild Distraction,
In all our peaceful Cities !

ROWE's *Ambitious Stepmother*.

Yet, yet a little, and destructive Slaughter
Shall rage around, and mar this beauteous Prospect !
Pass but an Hour, which stands betwixt the Lives

246 *The* BEAUTIES *of*

Of Thousands and Eternity ! what Change
Shall hasty Death make in that glitt'ring Plain !
O thou fell Monster, War ! that in a Moment
Lay'st waste the noblest Part of the Creation ;
The Boast and Master-piece of the great Maker !
That wears in vain th' Impression of his Image,
Unprivileg'd from thee !

ROWE's *Tamerlane*.

War is the Province of ambitious Men,
Who tear the miserable World for Empire.

Ibid.

Enough of War the wounded Earth has known !
Weary at length, and wasted with Destruction,
Sadly she rears her ruin'd Head to shew
Her Cities humbled, and her Countries spoil'd,
And to her mighty Master sues for Peace.

Ibid.

The dreadful Bus'ness of the War is o'er ;
And Slaughter, that from Yester Morn till Ev'n,
With Giant Steps pass'd striding o'er the Field,
Besmear'd and horrid with the Blood of Nations,
Now weary sits among the mangled Heaps,
And slumbers o'er her Prey.

Ibid.

All the dire Calamities
Of raging War chain'd up in Discipline,
Are now broke loose, trooping in horrid March
To fright the World :
Now Lust and Rapine both divide the Spoil ;
And Giant Murder now bestrides our Streets,
Stalking in State, and wading deep in Blood.

SOUTHERN's *Fate of Capua*.

Remember him, the Villain, righteous Heaven,
In thy great Day of Veng'ance : Blast the Traitor

And

And his pernicious Counfels ; who, for Wealth,
For Pow'r, the Pride of Greatness or Revenge,
Would plunge his native Land in Civil Wars.
Have we so soon forgot those Days of Ruin,
When like a Matron butcher'd by her Sons,
And cast beside some common Way, a Spectacle
Of Horror, an Affright to Passers-by,
Our groaning Country bled at e'ery Vein :
When Murders, Rapes, and Massacres prevail'd ;
When Churches, Palaces, and Cities blaz'd ;
When Insolence and Barbarism triumph'd,
And swept away Distinction : Peasants trod
Upon the Necks of Nobles : Low were laid
The reverend Crosier, and the holy Mitre ;
And Desolation cover'd all the Land !
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to sheath a Dagger in his Heart,
Whose damn'd Ambition would renew those Horrors,
And set once more that Scene of Blood before us ?

ROWE's *Jane Shore*.

From hence let fierce contending Nations know,
What dire Effects from civil Discord flow.
'Tis this that shakes our Country with Alarms,
And gives up *Rome* a Prey to *Romans* Arms ;
Produces Fraud, and Cruelty, and Strife ;
And robs the guilty World of *Cato's* Life.

ADDISON's *Cato*.

The shining Images of War are fled,
The fainting Trumpets languish in my Ear,
The Banners furl'd, and all the sprightly Blaze
Of burnish'd Armour, like the setting Sun,
Insensibly is vanish'd from my Thought ;
No Battle, Siege, or Storm, sustain my Soul,
In wonted Grandeur, and fill out my Breast.

YOUNG's *Busiris*.

I am near you in the Day of Danger,
In toilsome Marches and the bloody Field,
When Nations against Nations clash in Arms,
And half a People in one Groan expire.

YOUNG's *Busiris*.

* War, my Lord,
Is of eternal Use to human Kind ;
For ever and anon when you have pass'd
A few dull Years in Peace and Propagation,
The World is overstock'd with Fools, and wants
A Pestilence at least, if not a Hero.

JEFFREYS's *Edwin*.

* When Violence and Rapine sound to Arms,
Bankrupts and Prodigals are warm for War.

CIBBER's *Cæsar in Egypt*.

* Rash fruitless War, from wanton Glory wag'd,
Is only splendid Murder.

THOMPSON's *Edward and Eleonora*.

* What Woes attend on War ! when the dire God
Rides forth in red Array ! around him Rage
Despair and Ruin ; at his iron Wheels
Captivity is dragg'd ; and in his Train
Come rav'ning Famine and devouring Plague !
Before him should luxuriant Nature pour
Her richest Treasures, lo ! he comes, he treads,
And waste behind him lies the howling Desert.

PATERSON's *Arminius*.

* Check not that Ardour which no Foes can curb,
And which in Time must make the World your own :
I know the Hardships of a lengthen'd War ;
What Treasures it must cost — what Streams of Blood
What vast Expences — what unnumber'd Toils,
Equipping Fleets, and mustering Armies ask.

HAVARD's *Regulus*.

* Un-

* Unchain'd *Bellona* from her Temple rushes,
With all the Crimes and Vices in her Train;
Earth fades at her Approach. To rural Peace,
Fair Plenty, and the social Joy of Cities,
Soon will succeed Rage, Rapine, Devastation,
Each cruel Horror sanctify'd by Names.

O Mortals ! Mortals ! when will you, content
With Nature's Bounty, that in full Flow,
Still as your Labours open more its Sources,
Abundant gushes o'er the happy World ;
When will you banish Violence, and Outrage
To dwell with Beasts of Prey in Woods and Desarts ?

THOMPSON'S *Coriolanus*.

* Why should'st thou learn each Chance of varying
War,
Which takes a thousand Turns, and shifts the Scene
From bad to good, as Fortune smiles or frowns.

WHITEHEAD'S *Roman Father*.

* Too long my Friend, has the wild Waste of
War
Rag'd o'er the Earth : Oh ! were the scept'red War-
riors,

Whose Lust of Empire sets the World in Arms,
Were they to see the Widow's keen Affliction,
Or hear the Mother's Shrieks in her Despair,
What could Ambition answer.

FRANCIS'S *Constantine*.

WEEPING.

Why holds thy Eye that lamentable Rheum,
Like a proud River, peering o'er its Bound !

SHAKESPEAR'S *King John*.

250 *The* BEAUTIES of

Now all my Mother comes into my Eyes,
And gives me up to Tears.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Henry V.*

Look ! the good Man weeps,
And strangles all his Language in his Tears.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Henry VIII.*

He with his Tears, augments the Morning Dew,
And adds to Clouds, more Clouds with his deep Sighs.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Romeo and Juliet.*

Back, foolish Tears, back to your native Spring,
Your tributary Drops belong to Woe ;
Which you, mistaken, offer up to Joy. *Ibid.*

Joy had the like Conception in our Eyes,
And at that Instant, like a Babe sprung up.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Timon of Athens.*

Now is that noble Vessel full of Grief,
That it runs over even at his Eyes.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Julius Caesar.*

O I could weep my Spirits from mine Eyes.

Ibid.

My Tears begin to take his Part so much,
They mar my Counterfeiting.

SHAKESPEAR'S *King Lear.*

His Eyes,

Altho' unus'd unto the melting Mood,
Drop Tears more fast, than the *Arabian* Tree
Or medicinal Gums.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Othello.*

The Weeping of an Heir should still be Laughter,
Under a Vifor.

B. JOHNSON'S *Volpone.*

Fall,

Fall, fall, chrystal Fountains !
And ever feed your Streams, ye rising Sorrows,
Till you have wept your Mistress into Marble !

ROCHESTER's *Valentinian*.

Oh ! that my Tears could make thy Heart relent !
Then would I drain those chrystal Sluices dry ;
Rivers I'd weep, and long luxuriant Streams !

LEE's *Nero*.

Her wat'ry Eyes assault my very Soul ;
They shake my best Resolves !

LEE's *Alexander*.

Forbear these strict Embraces !
Your Tears, your hanging on my Bosom thus,
Your Sighs, reduce my Age to sobbing Childhood,
And make an Infant of your poor old Man !

LEE's *Mitbridates*.

You smother all
Your Words with Groans ! Dry up this womanish
Grief.

Ibid.

By Heaven he weeps ! poor good old Man, he
weeps !
The big round Drops course one another down
The Furrows of his Cheeks.

DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

Oh ! break not yet my Heart :
Tho' my Eyes burst, no Matter !

Ibid.

He making Shew, as he would rub his Eyes,
Disguis'd, and blotted out a falling Tear.

Ibid.

So thro' a watry Cloud,
The Sun at once seems both to weep and shine.

DRYDEN's *Secret Love*.

Then

Then setting free a Sigh, from her fair Eyes,
She wip'd two Pearls, the Remnant of wild Show'rs,
Which hung like Drops, upon the Bells of Flow'r's.

DRYDEN'S *Secret Love*.

Monimia weeping! —

So Morning Dews, on new-blown Roses lodge,
By the Sun's amorous Heat to be exhal'd.

OTWAY'S *Orphan*.

Why dost thou weep, and pour into my Wounds
New Oil, to make 'em blaze?

LEE'S *Cæsar Borgia*.

I weep, 'tis true: But, *Machiavel*, I swear
They're Tears of Vengeance; Drops of liquid Fire!
So Marble weeps, when Flames surround the Quarry,
And the pil'd Oaks spout forth such scalding Bubbles,
Before the general Blaze.

Ibid.

I could perceive with Joy, a silent Show'r
Run down his Silver Beard.

LEE'S *Lucius Junius Brutus*.

Behold a Joy,
A watry Comfort rising in his Eyes?

Ibid.

Oh! why *Semanthe*, why these falling Tears?
I swear my Love, not the last Drops of Life,
Just flowing from my Heart, are dearer to me
Than those rich Pearls that trickle from thy Eyes!
Give me thy Grievs, pour all thy Sorrows here,
Into my Breast, and pant within my Arms:
Tho' Fortune frown, and e'ery Thing conspire,
Yet we may love *Semanthe*!

SOUTHERN'S *Loyal Brother*.

Had you seen her Dove-like Sorrow,
When she begg'd for Rome;

With

With Eyes Tear-charg'd, yet sparkling thro' the Dew;
Whilst charming Pity dimpled each soft Cheek.

TATE'S *Coriolanus*.

Her Soul in Sadness, and her Eyes in Tears,
Sighing, she said, she fear'd her Heart might break:
Then at my Feet, in all the Storm of Grief,
Such Floods of Sorrow burst from her bright Eyes,
I could not keep my Manhood, but wept too!

SOUTHERN'S *Disappointment*.

She came weeping forth,
Shining thro' Tears, like *April* Suns in Show'rs,
That labour to o'ercome the Cloud, that loads them!
While two young Virgins, on whose Arms she lean'd,
Kindly look'd up, and at her Grief grew sad,
As if they catch'd the Sorrows that fell from her;
Even the lew'd Rabble, that were gather'd round,
To see that Sight, stood mute when they beheld her,
Govern'd their roaring Throats, and grumbled Pity!

OTWAY'S *Venice Preserv'd*.

Bear my Weakness,
If throwing thus my Arms about thy Neck,
I play the Boy, and blubber in thy Bosom!

Ibid.

Thou know'st the gentle Temper of my Soul,
Which the mistaken World good Nature call;
Tho' easy to be rais'd, more easy to be calm'd:
Like to Heav'n's Anger, my relenting Rage,
Begins in Tempests, and is laid in Show'rs!
Thy swelling Drops burst thro' their lucid Orbs,
And chase each other down my flowing Cheeks,
Which blush with Shame, at the old Soldier's Weak-
ness.

HIGGON'S *Generous Conqueror*.

Those moving Tears will quite dissolve my Frame:
They melt that Soul, which Threats could never
shake!

Ibid.

These

These Thanks I pay you :
And know, that when *Sebastian* weeps, his Tears
Come harder than his Blood !

They plead too strongly,
To be withstood : My Clouds are gathering too,
In kindly Mixture with his royal Show'r.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

O Sir ! what have you done ? You've burst the Heart
Of your old *Gasper*, with this Flood of Greatness !
And see it gushes from my aged Eyes !

LEE's *Massacre of Paris*.

Down her Cheeks flow'd the round Drops :
And as we see the Sun shine thro' a Show'r,
So look'd her beauteous Eyes,
Casting forth Light and Tears together !

LANSDOWN's *Heroic Love*.

But these are Tears of Joy ! To see you thus, has fill'd
My Eyes with more Delight than they can hold !

CONGREVE's *Mourning Bride*.

By Day she seeks some melancholy Shade,
To hide her Sorrows from the prying World :
At Night she watches all the long, long Hours,
And listens to the Winds, and beating Rains,
With Sighs as loud, and Tears that fall as fast !

ROWE's *Fair Penitent*.

Had her Eyes been fed from that rich Stream
Which warms her Heart, and numbred
For e'ery falling Tear a Drop of Blood,
It had not been too much

Ibid.

So Silver *Thetis*, on the *Phrygian* Shore,
Wept for her Son, fore-knowing of his Fate !
The Sea-Nymphs sat around, and join'd their Tears,
While from his lowest Deep, old Father *Ocean*,
Was heard to groan, in Pity of their Pain !

ROWE's *Ulysses*.

Why

Why thou art wet with weeping, as the Earth,
When vernal *Jove* descends into gentle Show'rs,
To cause Increase, and bless the infant Year!
When every spiry Grass, and painted Flow'r,
Is hung with pearly Drops of heav'nly Rain.

Rowe's *Ulysses*.

Thou weep'st, O stop that Shower of falling Sor-
rows,
Which melts me to the Softness of a Woman,
And shakes my best Resolves. TRAP's *Abramule*.

The Accents die upon her charming Tongue,
And leave her lovely overflowing Eyes,
To pour out the Abundance of her Soul!

DENNIS's *Liberty Asserted*.

Look how her mournful Eyes move melting Pity!
In which the Greatness of her Mind appears,
That struggles to repress her mighty Woe! *Ibid.*

Why bend thy Eyes to Earth?
Wherefore these Looks of Heaviness and Sorrow?
Why breathes that Sigh, my Love, and wherefore
falls
That trickling Show'r of Tears, to stain thy Sweet-
ness?

Rowe's *Jane Shore*.

Oh! haste, conduct me to the lovely Mourner!
Oh! I will kiss the pearly Drops away;
Suck from her rosy Lips the fragrant Sighs;
With other Sighs her panting Breasts shall heave;
With other Dews her swimming Eyes shall melt;
With other Pangs her throbbing Heart shall beat;
And all her Sorrows shall be lost in Love!

SMITH's *Phædra and Hyppolitus*.

I feel the Woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my Heart: My Tears will flow!

ADDISON's *Cato*.
* Friendship

* Friendship, my Prince, can weep,
As well as Love——But while I weep thy Fortune,
Let me not weep thy Virtue sunk beneath it.

THOMPSON's *Edward and Eleonora*.

* The Eye, that will not weep another's Sorrow,
Should boast no gentler Brightness than the Glare,
That reddens in the Eye-Ball of the Wolf.—

MASON's *Elfrida*.

W E L C O M E.

A general Welcome from his Grace
Salutes you all : This Night he dedicates
To fair Content and you : None here he hopes,
In all this noble Bevy, has brought with her
One Care abroad : He would have all as merry,
As first good Company, good Wine, good Welcome,
Can make good People.

SHAKESPEAR's *Henry VIII*.

Not Wealth to Misers, Honour to the Brave ;
Health to the Sick, or Freedom to the Slave,
Could be more welcome.

SEDLEY's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Welcome as Mercy to a Man condemn'd ;
Welcome to me, as to a sinking Mariner,
The lucky Plank that bears him to the Shore.

DRYDEN's and LEE's *Oedipus*.

O happy Night ! not to the weary
Pilgrim half so welcome,
When after many a toilsome bleeding Step,
With joyful Looks he 'spies his long'd for Home,
Thus comes to the despairing Wretch the glad
Reprieve ! 'Tis Mercy, Mercy at the Block !
Thus the toss'd Seaman, after boist'rous Storms,
Lands on his Country's Breast, thus stands and gazes,
And runs it o'er with many a greedy Look ;

Then

Then shouts for Joy, and makes
Th' echoing Hill, and all the Shores resound.

LEE's *Cæsar Borgia*.

Welcome as Life, as Victory and Fame,
As Hope to Lovers, or the tortur'd Wretch
Cessation of his Pain. HIGGON's *Generous Conqueror*.

Welcome as Light
To chearful Birds, or to the Lovers, Night.
DRYDEN's *Tyrannic Love*.

Welcome as after Darkneſs chearful Light,
Or to the weary Wanderer downy Night.
LANSDOWN's *British Incanter*.

Welcome as Night with ſweet refreshing Shade,
And balmy Dews to the faint Traveller,
Who journies o'er a Waſte of burning Sands,
With painful Steps, and ſlow. FENTON's *Marianna*.

W I D O W.

* O, I could cut my Face! what, for a Widow!
Leave me, for *Porcien*! O thou, dull, dull *Guiſe*!
Wilt thou ſit down to the Refuſe of Meals!
A Widow! what, the Monument of Man!
The Tomb, Grave-Vault, the very Damp of Nature!
For this, I hate thee more than e'er I lov'd thee;
And from my Preſence baniſh thee for ever.

LEE's *Maſſacre of Paris*.

W I F E.

Here I kneel;
If e'er my Will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his Love,
Either in Diſcourſe, or Thought, or actual Deed;
Or that my Eyes, my Ears, or any Senſe,
Delighted them, or any other Form,
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, tho' he do ſhake me off

To

To beggarly Divorcement, love him dearly ;
 Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much :
 And this Unkindness may defeat my Life,
 But cannot taint my Love. SHAKESPEAR's *Othello*

The best of Women ;
 Of Wives the perfectest ! Let me speak this,
 And with a Modesty declare thy Virtues :
 Chaster than Chrystal on the *Scythian* Cliffs,*
 The more the proud Winds court, the more the purer :
 Sweeter in thy Obedience than a Sacrifice,
 And in thy Mind a Saint, that even yet living,
 Producest Miracles ; and Women daily
 With crooked and lame Souls, creep to thy Goodness ;
 Which having touch'd at, they become Examples.
 The Fortitude of all their Sex is Fable,
 Compar'd to thine ; and they that fill'd up Glory,
 And Admiration in the Age behind us,
 Out of their celebrated Urns are started,
 To stake upon the Greatness of thy Spirit,
 Wond'ring what new Martyr Heav'n has begot,
 To fill the Times with Truth, and ease their Stories.
 BEAUMONT's *Double Marriage*.

A Wife is Man's best Piece ; who, till he marries,
 Wants making up : She is the Shrine to which
 Nature doth send us forth on Pilgrimage ;
 She was a Scion taken from that Tree,
 Into which if she have no second Grafting,
 The World can have no Fruit ; she is Man's
 Arithmetic, which teaches him to number
 And multiply himself in his own Children ;
 She is the good Man's Paradise, and the Bad's
 First Step to Heav'n ; a Treasure which who wants,
 Cannot be trusted to Posterity,
 Nor pay his own Debts ; she's a golden Sentence,
 Writ by our Maker, which the Angels may

Discourse

Discourse of, only Men know how to use,
And none but Devils violate

JAMES SHIRLEY's *Love's Cruelty*.

To so perverse a Sex all Grace is vain;
It gives them Courage to offend again:
For with feign'd Tears they Penitence pretend,
Again are pardoned, and again offend:
Fathom our Pity, when they seem to grieve,
Only to try how far we can forgive:
Till launching out into a Sea of Strife,
They scorn all Pardon, and appear all Wife.

DRYDEN's *Aurengzebe*.

If I-but hear Wife nam'd, I'm sick that Day;
The Sound is mortal, and frights Life away. *Ibid.*

Our wise Creator, for his Choirs divine,
Peopled his Heav'n with Souls all Masculine:
Ah! why must Man from Woman take his Birth?
Why was this Sin of Nature made on Earth?
This fair Defect, this helpless Aid call'd Wife,
The bending Crutch of a decrepid Life?

DRYDEN's *State of Innocence*.

Better with Brutes my humble Lot had gone,
Of Reason void, accountable to none:
Th' unhappiest of Creation is a Wife;
Made lowest in the highest Rank of Life:
Her Fellow's Slave, to know, and not to chuse,
Curs'd with that Reason she must never use. *Ibid.*

I look on Wives, as on good dull Companions
For elder Brothers to sleep out their Time with:
All we can Hope for in the Marriage Bed,
Is but to take our Rest; and what care I
Who lays my Pillow for me.

DRYDEN's *Rival Ladies*.

Then

Then art thou true! Is such a Thing in Nature,
As a true Wife? No, *Bellamira!* no!
Thou would'st be monstrous then, e'en to Derision:
For the whole Flock of common Wives would hoot
thee,

And drive thee like a Bird, without one Feather
Of thy own Kind. *LEE's Cæsar Borgia.*

When you would give all the worldly Plagues a
Name,

Worse than they have already, call 'em Wife!
But a new married Wife's a teeming Mischief,
Full of herself: Why, what a deal of Horror
Has that poor Wretch to come, that married Yesterday!
OTWAY's Orphan.

What! Hunt a Wife

On the dull Soll! Sure a stanch Husband,
Of all Hounds, is the dullest. Wilt thou never,
Never be wean'd from Caudles and Confections?
What Feminine Tale hast thou been listening to,
Of unair'd Shirts, Catarrhs, and Tooth-ach got
By thin soal'd Shoes. *OTWAY's Venice Preserv'd.*

We hope to find

That Help which Nature meant in Womankind,
To Man that supplemental Self design'd;
But proves a burning Caustic when apply'd:
And *Adam* sure could with more Ease abide,
The Bone when broken, than when made a Bride. }

CONGREVE's Old Batchelor.

O wretched Husband! While she hangs about
thee,

With idle Blandishments, and plays the fond one!
Even then her hot Imagination wanders,
Contriving Riot, and loose 'Scapes of Love;
And while she clasps thee close, makes thee a Monster.

ROWE's Fair Penitent.

* Wife!

* Wife!

A Rite at best, of Form and doting Custom:
Built on Distrust, and servile Superstitions.
She but, perchance, receiv'd him to her Arms,
Constrain'd, a Victim to designing Parents;
The Pledge of future Views, and growing Friend-
ship:

While Pride, Resentment, more than real Passion,
Or Tenderness for him, now fire her Soul.

FROWDE'S *Philotas*.

W I N D.

Seas are the Fields of Combats for the Winds;
But when they sweep along some flow'ry Coast,
Their Wings move mildly, and their Rage is lost.

DRYDEN'S *Rival Ladies*.

As wanton as the Breath of Western Winds,
Whose spicy Breath thro' all these flow'ry Plains,
Maintains eternal Spring.

DENNIS'S *Rinaldo and Armida*.

So the Wind roars o'er the wide fenceless Ocean,
And heaves the Billows of the boiling Deep;
Alike from North, from South, from East, from
West,

With equal Force the Tempest blows by Turns,
From every Corner of the Seamen's Compass.

ROWE'S *Jane Shore*.

W I S D O M.

Wisdom's too froward to let any find
Trust in himself, or Pleasure in his Mind:
She takes by what she gives, her Help destroys;
She shakes our Courage, and disturbs our Joys.

HOWARD'S *Indian Queen*.

The

262 *The* B E A U T I E S *of*

The Wise and Active conquer Difficulties,
By daring to attempt them : Sloth and Folly
Shiver and shrink at Sight of Toil and Hazard,
And make th' Impossibility they fear.

Rowe's *Ambitious Stepmother*.

Vain Boast of Wisdom,
That with fantastic Pride, like busy Children,
Builds Paper Towns and Houses, which at once,
The Hand of Chance o'erturns, or loosely scatters.
Ibid.

* Wisdom's self
Oft seeks so sweet retired Solitude ;
Where, with her best Nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her Feathers, and lets grow her Wings,
That in the various Bustle of Resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.

MILTON's *Comus*.

* Where, tell me where is Wisdom to be found ?
Priests barter it for Gold ;—the Politician
Mistakes his little crafty Guile for Wisdom.

CH. JOHNSON's *Medæa*.

* Perhaps there is in Wisdom, gentle Wisdom,
That knows our Frailties, therefore can forgive,
Some healing Comfort, for a guilty Mind,
Some Power to charm it into Peace again,
And bid it smile anew with right Affections.

THOMPSON's *Agamemnon*.

W I S H E S.

So blind we are, our Wishes are so vain,
That what we most desire, proves most our Pain.

DRYDEN's *Marriage A-la-mode*.

For Wishes often are extravagant,
They are not bounded with Things possible :

Desire's

Desire's the vast Extent of human Mind,
It mounts above, and leaves poor Hope behind.

DRYDEN's *Aurengzebe*.

Multiplying Wishes is a Curse,
That keeps the Mind perpetually awake.

DRYDEN's *Secret Love*.

WITCH.

She was a Witch, and one so strong,
She would controul the Moon, make Ebbs and Flows,
And deal in her Command without her Pow'r.

SHAKESPEAR's *Tempest*.

What are these

So wither'd, and so wild in their Attire?
They look not like the Inhabitants o'th' Earth,
And yet are on it: Live you? Or are you aught,
That Man may question? You seem to understand
me,

By each, at once, her choppy Fingers laying,
Upon her skinny Lips.

If you can look into the Seeds of Time,
And see which Grain will grow, and which will not;
I conjure you, by that which you profess,
To answer me:

Tho' you untie the Winds, and let 'em fight
Against the Churches; tho' the yesty Waves
Confound and swallow Navigation up;
Tho' bladed Corn be lodg'd, and Trees blown down;
Tho' Castles topple on their Warders Heads;
Tho' Palaces and Pyramids do slope
Their Heads to their Foundations:
Even till Destruction sicken, answer me.

SHAKESPEAR's *Macbeth*.

On the Corner of the Moon
Hangs a vap'rous Drop profound,

I'll catch it e'er it come to Ground :
 Which distill'd by magic Slights,
 Shall raise artificial Sprites ;
 Thrice the brindled Cat hath mew'd ;
 Twice, and once the Hedge-pig whin'd ;
Harper cries, 'tis Time ! 'tis Time !
 Round about the Cauldron go,
 In the poison'd Entrails throw :
 Pour in Sow's Blood, that has eat
 Her nine Farrow ; Grease that's sweet
 From the Murderer's Gibbet, throw
 Into the Flame.

Toad that under the cold Stone,
 Days and Nights, has thirty-one ;
 Swelter'd Venom sleeping got,
 Boil thou first i'th' charmed Pot ;
 Fillet of a fenny Snake,
 In the Cauldron boil and bake :
 Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frog,
 Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dog,
 Adder's Fork, and Blind-worm's Sting,
 Lizard's Leg, and Howlet's Wing,
 For a Charm of powerful Trouble,
 Like a Hell-broth, boil and bubble.
 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolf,
 Witch's Mummy, Maw and Gulph
 Of the ravin'd Salt-Sea Shark,
 Root of Hemlock digg'd i'th' Dark ;
 Liver of blaspheming Jew,
 Gall of Goats, and Slips of Yew,
 Silver'd in the Moon's Eclipse ;
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's Lips ;
 Finger of Birth-strangl'd Babe,
 Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab ;
 Make the Gruel thick and slab :
 Add thereto a *Dutchman's* Chaudron,
 For the Ingredients of our Cauldron :

Cool it with a Baboon's Blood;
Then our Charm is firm and good.

SHAKESPEAR's *Macbeth*.

But see, they're gone,
The Earth has Bubbles as the Waters have,
And these are some of them: They vanish'd
Into the Air, and what seem'd corporal,
Melted as Breath into the Wind.

Ibid.

She was a Charmier, and could almost read
The Thoughts of People.

SHAKESPEAR's *Othello*.

These midnight Hags,
By Force of potent Spells, of bloody Characters,
And Conjurations, horrible to hear,
Call Fiends and Spectres from the yawning Deep,
And set the Ministers of Hell at Work.

ROWE's *Jane Shore*.

W O M A N, Generally Character'd.

A strange dissembling Sex we Women are,
Well may we Men, when we ourselves deceive:
Long has my secret Soul lov'd *Troilus*;
I drank his Praises from my Uncle's Mouth,
As if my Ears could ne'er be satisfy'd.
Why then, why said I not, I lov'd the Prince;
How could my Tongue conspire against my Heart,
To say I lov'd him not? O childish Love!
'Tis like an Infant froward in his Play,
And what he most desires, he throws away.

SHAKESPEAR's *Troilus and Cressida*.

Hard Nature! Hard Condition of poor Women!
That we are most su'd to, we must fly most.
The Trees grow up, and mix together freely:
The Oak not envious of the failing Cedar;

The lusty Vine not jealous of the Ivy,
 Because she clips the Elm; the Flow'rs shoot up,
 And wantonly kiss one another hourly;
 This Blossom glorying in the other's Beauty:
 And yet they smell as sweet, and look as lovely:
 But we are ty'd to grow alone. O Honour!
 Thou hard Law to our Lives, Chain to our Free-
 doms,

He that invented thee had many Curses.

BEAUMONT'S *Lovers Progress*.

Curs'd Vassalage of Womankind!
 First idoliz'd, till Love's hot Fit be o'er;
 Then Slaves to those who courted us before.

DRYDEN'S *State of Innocence*.

Inspire me, Woman!
 That what my Soul desires above the World,
 May seem impos'd and forc'd on my Affection.

LEE'S *Theodosius*.

Why was I made with all my Sex's Softness,
 Yet want the Cunning to conceal its Follies?
 I'll see *Cassio*; tax him with his Falshood;
 Be a true Woman: Rail, protest my Wrongs;
 Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still!

OTWAY'S *Orphan*.

No Woman, once well pleas'd, can thoroughly hate.
 I gave them Beauty to subdue the Strong;
 (A mighty Empire, but it lasts not long!)
 I gave them Pride to make Mankind their Slave,
 But in Exchange, to Men I Flattery gave;
 Th' offending Lover, when he lowest lies,
 Submits to conquer, and but kneel to rise.

DRYDEN'S *Amphytrion*.

Forbidding me to follow, she invites me:
 This is the Mould of which I made the Sex;

I gave

I gave them but one Tongue to say us nay,
And two kind Eyes to grant.

DRYDEN's *Amblytrion*.

Hard Fate of Lovers, subject to our Laws !
Fools we must have, or else we cannot sway ;
For none but Fools will Womenkind obey :
If they prove stubborn, and resist our Will,
We exercise our Power, and use them ill ;
The passive Slave that whines, adores, and dies,
Sometimes we pity, but we still despise ;
But when we doat, the self-same Fate we prove,
Fools at the best, but double Fools in Love :
We rage at first with ill-dissembled Scorn,
Then falling from our Height, more basely mourn ;
And Man, the insulting Tyrant, takes his Turn :
Leaves us to weep for our neglected Charms,
And hugs another Mistress in his Arms ;
And that which humbles our proud Sex the most,
Of all our slighted Favours, makes his Boast.

DRYDEN's *Cleomenes*.

The wittiest Men are all but Woman's Tools,
'Tis our Prerogative to make them Fools :
For one sweet Look, the Rich, the Beau, the Brave,
And all Mankind, run headlong to be Slaves :
Ours is the Harvest, which those *Indians* mow,
They plow the Deep, but we reap what they sow.

DRYDEN's *Love Triumphant*.

Women, like Summers Storms awhile are cloudy,
Burst out in Thunder and impetuous Showers :
But strait the Sun of Beauty dawns abroad,
And all the far Horizon is serene.

ROWE's *Tamerlane*.

How hard is the Condition of our Sex !
Thro' every State of Life the Slaves of Men !
In all the dear delightful Days of Youth,

A rigid Father dictates to our Wills,
 And deals out Pleasures with a scanty Hand;
 To his the Tyrant Husband's Reign succeeds;
 Proud with Opinion of superior Reason,
 He holds domestic Business and Devotion,
 All we are capable to know; and shuts us up
 Like cloister'd Ideots, from the World's Acquaintance,
 And all the Joys of Freedom. Wherefore are we
 Born with high Souls, but to assert ourselves,
 Shake off this wild Obedience they exact,
 And claim an equal Empire o'er the World.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Were you, ye Fair, but cautious whom you trust,
 Did you but think how seldom Fools are just,
 So many of your Sex would not in vain
 Of broken Vows and faithless Men complain;
 Of all the various Wretches Love has made,
 How few have been by Men of Sense betray'd!
 Convinc'd by Reason, they your Power confess,
 Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bless,
 And conscious of your Worth, can never love you
 less.

Ibid.

Such is the Fate unhappy Women find,
 And such the Curse intail'd upon our Kind;
 That Man the lawless Libertine may rove,
 Free and unquestion'd thro' the Wiles of Love,
 While Woman, Sense and Nature's easy Fool,
 If poor weak Woman swerves from Virtue's Rule;
 If strongly charm'd, she leaves the thorny Ways,
 And in the softer Paths of Pleasure strays;
 Ruin ensues, Reproach and endless Shame,
 And one false Step entirely damns her Fame.
 In vain with Tears the Loss she may deplore,
 In vain look back to what she was before,
 She sets like Stars, that fall to rise no more.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

How

How fierce a Fiend is Passion ! with what Wildness,
What Tyranny untam'd it reigns in Woman !
Unhappy Sex, whose yielding easy Temper
Gives Way to every Appetite alike,
Each Gust of Inclination uncontroll'd,
Sweeps thro' their Souls, and sets them in an Up-
roar :

Each Motion of the Heart rises to Fury ;
And Love in their weak Bosoms is a Rage,
As terrible as Hate, and as destructive :
So the Winds roar o'er the wide senseless Ocean,
And heave the Billows of the boiling Deep ;
Alike from North, from South, from East and West ;
With equal Force the Tempest blows by Turns,
From every Corner of the Seaman's Compass.

ROWE'S *Jane Shore*.

When Love once pleads Admission to our Hearts,
In spite of all the Virtue we can boast,
The Woman that deliberates is lost.

ADDISON'S *Cato*.

* Cou'd Women be, at once, in Love, and wise,
And drive the 'Tell-tale Softness from their Eyes,
Th' encourag'd Tempter cou'd not, then, betray,
Aw'd by cold Looks, those Rubs in Passion's Way ;
Then all his Arts wou'd sooth our Sex in vain,
Nor Hours of Bliss be paid with Years of Pain.

HILL'S *Henry V.*

* Oh ! why does Custom, (Tyrant over Reason)
Confine to Man alone all great Decisions ?
Woman more resolute, more bold, more daring,
Yields not her Purpose till by Force compell'd.

EL. HAYWOOD'S *Frederick D. of Brunswick, &c.*

* Think as you list of our unhappy Sex,
Too much subjected to your tyrant Force ;
Yet know that all, we were, not all at least,

270 *The* BEAUTIES *of*

Form'd for your Trifles, for your wanton Hours.
Our Passions too can sometimes soar above
The household Task assign'd us, can extend
Beyond the narrow Sphere of Families,
And take great States into th' expanded Heart,
As well as yours, ye partial to yourselves.

THOMPSON's *Sophonisba*.

* Excuse

A Woman's Frailty : Where she once has lov'd,
Strong is the Passion ; and, howe'er suppress'd
In smothering Embers, still the Flame bursts out ;
And strives to climb above our just Resentment.

FROWDE's *Philetas*.

* Thy Sex *Creusa*, is by Nature weak,
Made up of Tenderness and soft Compassion,
Unapt to combat with the Cares of Life :
The Gods have form'd you in the Arts of Peace,
To sweeten and reward the Hero's Toils.
The Warrior is the fair one's strong Defence,
Her Bulwark 'gainst Adversity and Violence.

CH. JOHNSON's *Medea*.

* Oh, wretched Woman ! Oh defenceless Sex !
Of the whole animated Race most helpless.
We purchase Slavery with Wealth and Honours ;
And when we take a Husband, buy a Tyrant ;
A stern, domestick Foe, morose, unjust ;
Bound by no Law himself ; and yet demanding
A strict Obedience from the Frail and Weak.

Ibid.

* O Woman ! cou'dst thou now review thyself
As in a Mirror, and behold the Charms
Chaste Manners give, thy Passions wou'd be held
For ever in the Rein of godlike Reason. *Ibid.*

* If what to me seems worthier much of Praise,
An humble Nature, and a generous Will

To

To exercise the Duties of a Woman :
 The prompt Forgiveness for the Starts of Passion,
 The lenient Arts to tune discordant Souls,
 And soften all the manly Cares of Life :
 If such a Disposition carries aught
 Of Virtue with it, then may *Ariana*
 From gentle *Edmund* and his Friends, perhaps,
 In Time deserve Esteem.

SHIRLEY's *Partridge*.

* They who have often blasted mighty Heroes,
 Who oft have stol'n into the firmest Hearts,
 And melted them to Folly ; they, my Friend,
 Will do what Wisdom never could effect.

THOMPSON's *Coriolanus*.

* Woman's Heart
 Was never won by Tales of bleeding Love :
 'Tis by Degrees the sly Enchanter works,
 Assuming Friendship's Name, and fits the Soul
 For soft Impressions, e're the fault'ring Tongue,
 And guilty blushing Cheek, with many a Glance,
 Shot inadvertent, tells the secret Flame.

WHITEHEAD's *Roman Father*.

* The weak Sex demand
 Our Pity, not our Anger ; their soft Breasts
 Are nearer touch'd, and more expos'd to Sorrows
 Than Man's experter Sense. Nor let us blame
 That Tendernefs which smooths our rougher Natures,
 And softens all the Joys of social Life. *Ibid.*

W O M A N, P R A I S E of

Woman, they say, was only made of Man :
 Methinks 'tis strange they should be so unlike !
 It may be all the best was cut away,
 To make the Woman, and the naught was left
 Behind with him.

BEAUMONT's *Coxcomb*.

O Woman ! that some one of you would take
 An everlasting Pen into your Hands,
 And grave in Paper, which the Writ shall make
 More lasting than the marble Monuments,
 Your matchless Virtues to Posterity !
 Which the defective Race of envious Man
 Strive to conceal.

BEAUMONT's *Coxcomb*.

Imagine something between young Men and Angels,
 Fatally beauteous, and have killing Eyes,
 Their Voices charm beyond the Nightingale's,
 They're all Enchantment, those who once behold 'em
 Are made their Slaves for ever.

DRYDEN's *Tempest*.

It was not best for Man to be alone :
 An Equal, yet thy Subject, is design'd,
 For thy soft Hours, and to unbend thy Mind ;
 Thy stronger Soul shall her weak Reason sway,
 And thou thro' Love her Beauty shalt obey ;
 Thou shalt secure her helpless Sex from Harms,
 And she thy Cares shall sweeten with her Charms.

DRYDEN's *State of Innocence*.

Man was at first a rude unpolish'd Mass,
 Till Nature fram'd that charming Creature Woman,
 All kind and soft, all tender and divine,
 To mend our Faults, and mould us into Virtue ;
 And by the Sweets of her refreshing Goodness,
 Prepare our Tastes for never-ending Joys.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

O Woman ! lovely Woman ! Nature made you
 To temper Man : We had been Brutes without you.
 Angels are painted fair, to look like you :
 There's in you, all that we believe of Heaven ;

Amazing

Amazing Brightness, Purity, and Truth,
Eternal Joy, and everlasting Love!

OTWAY's *Venice Preserv'd*.
Grant me but Life, good Heav'n, and give me
Means

To make this wond'rous Goodness some Amends,
And let me then forget her if I can!
Oh! she deserves of me much more than I
Can lose for her! Tho' I again could venture,
A Father and his Fortune for her Love!
You wretched Fathers, blind as Fortune all,
Not to perceive that such a Woman's Worth
Weighs down the Portions you provide your Sons;
What has she in my Absence undergone!

SOUTHERN's *Fatal Marriage*.
Thou! I would call thee somewhat higher still:
But when my Thoughts search Heaven for Appel-
lation,
They eccho back the sovereign Name of Woman!
Thou Woman, therefore! O thou loveliest Woman!

HILL's *Fair Inconstant*.
* In that soft Mould are often cast
Heroic, manly Souls; th' illustrious Names
Of Clelia and Lucretia, adorn our Annals.
Their fair Example, and the Roman Blood,
That warms the generous Timandra's Heart,
Should fire her Soul to worthy Emulation.

FROWDE's *Fall of Saguntum*.
* O Woman!—Let the Libertine decry,
Rail at the virtuous Love he never felt,
Nor wish'd to feel—Among the Sex there are
Numbers, as greatly good, as they are fair;

Where rival Virtues strive which brightens most,
 Beauty the smallest Excellence they boast ;
 Where all unite substantial Bliss to prove,
 And give Mankind in them, a Taste of Joys above.

HAVARD's *Scanderbeg*.

• I have prov'd it
 That Woman, tender, amiable, and constant,
 Is Virtue's best Reward.

FRANCIS's *Eugenia*.

W O M A N C E N S U R E D .

She is a Woman, therefore may be woo'd ;
 She is a Woman, therefore must be won ;
 She is *Luvinia*, therefore must be lov'd.
 What, Man ! more Water glideth by the Mill
 Than wots the Miller of ; and easy 'tis
 Of a cut Loaf to steal a Shive we know.

SHAKESPEAR's *Titus Andronicus*.

See thyself, Devil !
 Proper Deformity seems not in the Fiend
 So horrid as in Woman.

SHAKESPEAR's *King Lear*.

O Devil ! Devil !
 If that the Earth could teem with Woman's Tears,
 Each Drop she falls would prove a Crocodile.

SHAKESPEAR's *Othello*.

Could I find out
 The Woman's Part in me ; for there's no Motion
 That tends to Vice in Man, but I affirm
 It is the Woman's Part : Be it Lying, note it
 The Woman's : Flatt'ring hers : Deceiving hers :
 Lust and rank Thoughts hers : Revenge hers :
 Ambitions, Covetings, Change of Pride, Disdains,
 Nice

Nice Longings, Slanders, Mutability;
All Faults that may be nam'd, nay, that Hell knows,
Why hers in Part, or all: But rather all; for even to
Vice

They are not constant, but are changing still
One Vice but of a Minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. SHAKESPEAR's *Cymbelline*.

They shall find,
That to a Woman of her Hopes beguill'd
A Viper trod on, or an Aspic's mild.
BEAUMONT's *Spanish Curate*.

Women! Keep me from Women!
Place me before a Cannon, 'tis a Pleasure:
Stretch me upon a Rack, a Recreation:
But Women! Women! O the Devil, Women!
Curtius' Gulph was never half so dangerous!
BEAUMONT's *Custom of the Country*.

Oh! th' uncomfortable Ways such Women have!
Their different Speech, and Meaning! no Assurance
In what they say or do! Dissemblers
Ev'n in their Pray'rs! As if the weeping *Greek*
That flatter'd *Troy* a-fire had been their *Adam*!
Lyars, as if their Mother had been made
Only of all the Falshood of the Man,
Dispos'd into that Rib!
BEAUMONT's *Martial Maid*.

The Plague, War, Famine,
Nay, put in Dice and Drunkenness, (and those,
You'll grant, are pretty Helps,) kill not so many,
I mean so many Noble, as your Loves do,
Rather your Lewdness. I crave your Mercy, Wo-
men!
BEAUMONT's *Lovers Progress*.

Thou!

Thou ! I want a Name
By which to stile thee ! All articulate Sounds,
That do express the Mischief of vile Woman,
That are, or have been, or shall be, are weak
To speak thee to the Height !

BEAUMONT's *Double Marriage*.

There's not a Grain of Faith or Honesty
In all your Sex : You've Tongues like the *Hyena*,
And only speak us fair, to ruin us :
You carry Springs within your Eyes, and can
Outweep the Crocodile, till our too-much Pity
Betray us to your merciless Devouring.

SHIRLEY's *Love's Cruelty*.

The Fox,
Hyena, Crocodile, and all Beasts of Craft,
Have been distill'd to make one Woman.

RANDOLF's *Jealous Lovers*.

Women enjoy'd, Like Rivers in the Sea,
Lose both their Taste and Name. Suppose 'em *Juno's*
In the Pursuit, they're Clouds in the Enjoyment.

WILSON's *Cheats*.

Ah ! the whole Sex is naught, false and unkind ;
Falsier than flatt'ring Seas, or fleeting Wind !
With panting Fears and Hopes they rack our Breast,
Snatch our soft Sleep, and ravish downy Rest !

LEE's *Nero*.

Shun 'em *Massina*, as thou wouldst thy Fate,
As Things which by Antipathy we hate :
Not all the Horrors of a bloody War,
Not Lions, Tygers, such hid Fury bear :
None ever yet destroy'd, but still she smil'd :
They are all Grief when they appear all Joy ;
Like Lightning, while they glitter, they destroy.

LEE's *Sophonisba*.

Nature

Nature made
Nothing but Woman dangerous and fair,
DRYDEN's *Tempest*.

Ah Trait'refs! ah Ingrate! ah faithless Mind!
Ah Sex, invented first to damn Mankind!
Nature took care to dress you up in Sin,
Adorn'd without, unfinish'd left within!
Hence, by no Judgment you your Love direct;
Talk much, ne'er think, and still the Wrong affect:
So much Self-love in your Composure's mix'd,
That Love to others still remains unfix'd:
Greatness and Noise, and Shew are your Delight:
Yet wise Men love you in their own Despight:
And finding in their native Wit no Ease,
Are forc'd to put your Folly on to please.
DRYDEN's *Aurengzebe*.

Our Serpents, 'tho' new born, are poisonous still,
And Women ne'er so young, have Craft and Guile.
SEDLEY's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

On Woman's Virtue who too much rely,
To boundless Will, give boundless Liberty.
Restraint you will not brook, but think it hard,
Your Prudence is not trusted as your Guard:
And to yourselves so left, if Ill ensues,
You first our weak Indulgence will accuse.
Curs'd be that Hour,
When, sated with my single Happiness,
I chose a Partner to controul my Bliss,
Who wants that Reason which her Will should sway,
And knows but just enough to disobey.
DRYDEN's *State of Innocence*.

O Women! Women! Women! All the Gods
Have not such Pow'r of doing Good to Man
As you of doing Harm.
DRYDEN's *All for Love*.
That

That thoughtless Sex, is caught by outward Form
And empty Noise, and loves itself in Man.

DRYDEN's and LEE's *Oedipus*.

These Women are such cunning Purveyors,
Mark where their Appetites have once been pleas'd !
The same Resemblance in a younger Lover,
Lies brooding in their Fancies the same Pleasures,
And urges their Remembrance to Desires. *Ibid.*

Thou'rt Woman, a true Copy of the first,
In whom the Race of all Mankind was curs'd ;
Your Sex by Beauty was to Heaven ally'd,
But your great Lord, the Devil, taught you Pride.
He too an Angel, till he durst rebel,
And you are sure the Stars that with him fell.
Weep on ! a Stock of Tears, like Vows you have,
And always ready when you would deceive.

OTWAY's *Don Carlos*.

Who trusts his Heart with Woman's surely lost :
You were made fair on purpose to undo us ;
Whilst greedily we snatch th' alluring Bait,
And ne'er distrust the Poison that it hides.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

Woman ! the Fountain of all human Frailty :
What mighty Ills have not been done by Woman !
Who was't betray'd the Capitol ? A Woman !
Who lost *Mark Antony* the World ? A Woman !
Who was the Cause of a long ten Years War,
And laid at last old *Troy* in Ashes ? Woman !
Destructive, damnable, deceitful Woman !
Woman to Man, first as a Blessing-given,
When Innocence and Love were in their Prime ;
Happy, a while, in Paradise they lay,
But quickly Woman long'd to go astray ;
Some foolish new Adventure needs must prove,
And the first Devil she saw, she chang'd her Love :

To

To his Temptations lewdly she inclin'd
Her Soul, and for an Apple damn'd Mankind.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

A Woman ! If you love my Peace of Mind,
Name not a Woman to me ! But to think
Of Woman were enough to turn my Brains,
Till they ferment to Madness ! A Woman is the
Thing
I would forget, and blot from my Remembrance !

Ibid.

Who can describe
Women's Hypocrisies ! Their subtle Wiles,
Betraying Smiles, feign'd Tears, Inconstancies ?
Their painted Outfides, and corrupted Minds ?
The Sum of all their Follies, and their Falshoods !

Ibid.

Intolerable Vanity ! Your Sex
Was never in the Right ! You're always false
Or silly ! even your Dresses are not more
Fantastick than your Appetites ! You think
Of nothing twice ! Opinion you have none :
To Day you're nice, To-morrow not so free ;
Now smile, then frown ; now sorrowful, then glad ;
Now pleas'd, now not ; and all you know not why :
Virtue you affect, Inconstancy you practise :
And when your loose Desires once get Dominion,
No hungry Churl feeds coarser at a Feast ;
Every rank Fool goes down.

Ibid.

That Sex was first in Mock'ry of us made ;
They are the false deceitful Glasses, where
We gaze, and dress ourselves to all the Shapes
Of Folly : What is't a Woman cannot do ?
She'll make a Statesman quite forget his Cunning,
And trust his dearest Secrets to her Breast,
Where Fops have daily Entrance ; make a Priest,
Forgetting

Forgetting the Hypocrisy of's Office,
Dance, and shew Tricks, to prove his Strength and
Brawn;

Make a Projector quibble ; an old Judge
Put on false Hair, and paint. And after all,
Tho' she be known the lewdest of her Sex,
She'll make some Fool or other think her honest.

OTWAY's *Caius Marius*.

O Woman in Perfection !
Thou dazzling Mixture of ten thousand *Circes*
In one bright Heap, cast by some huddling God.

LEE's *Cæsar Borgia*.

I'll stay and fix my Imagination
On all their Mischiefs, Murders, Massacres,
And Seas of Blood they've spilt in former Ages :
Women no more ! And when my Heart is going,
Sound but that Name : The pow'rful Spell shall
bind

Beyond *Circean* and *Egyptian* Charms ;
'Twill raise the lowest Devils up in Swarms,
Unhinge the Globe, and put the World in Arms !
Woman ! that dooms us all to one sure Grave,
And faster damns, than Providence can save !

LEE's *Constantine*.

Henceforth not name a Woman :
'Tis Treason to my Ear ! They are
The Bane of Empire, and the Rot of Power ;
The Cause of all our Mischiefs, Murders, Massacres !
What Seas of Blood they've spilt in former Ages !

Ibid.

Woman ! Woman !
What can I call thee more ? If Devil, 'twere less.
Sure thine's a Race was never got by *Adam* ;

But

But *Eve* play'd false, engendring with the Serpent,
Her own Part worse than his.

DRYDEN's *Duke of Guise*.

Devil ! Devil ! as they're all !

'T is true, at first, she caught the heav'nly Form ;
But now Ambition sets her on her Head :
By Hell, I see the cloven Mark upon her. *Ibid.*

For since the Conquest *Adam* made on *Eve*,
'Thas been the Sex's Business to deceive.

SOUTHERN's *Disappointment*.

I've made
A Study of the Sex, and found it frail :
The black, the brown, the fair, the old, the young,
Are earthly-minded all : There's not a She,
The coldest Constitution of her Sex,
Nay, at the Altar, telling o'er her Beads,
But some one rises on her heavenly Thoughts,
That drives her down the Wind of strong Desire,
And makes her taste Mortality again. *Ibid.*

Their Sex is one gross Cheat ! Their only Study
How to deceive, betray, and ruin Man !
They have it by Tradition from their Mothers,
Which they improve each Day, and grow more ex-
quisite !

Their Painting, Patching, all their Chamber-Arts,
And public Affectations, are but Tricks
To draw fond Man into that Snare, their Love !

OTWAY's *Atkeist*.

The Bard who charm'd the Shades, made Furies weep,
And lull'd the Damn'd amidst their Pain to Sleep ;
Who Panthers could reclaim, or Beast more fell,
Could not the Rage of furious Woman quell :
Her wilder Heart no Power of Sound could tame,
While the Creation melted with his Flame.

HICCONS's *Generous Conqueror*.

The

The Brave

Could scorn the Snares of that deluding Sex,
 Nor sacrifice to such a Toy as Woman,
 Their Interest, their Happiness and Fame :
 With Woman always, they most Favour find,
 Who have the least of Merit. *Ibid.*

What Faith can be in Woman,
 The very Fragments of the whole Creation !
 Whose sever'd Souls, like many parted Mirrors,
 Reflect the Face of all Mankind at once :
 Who with their weeping Smiles and laughing Tears,
 Were they allow'd a Heav'n, as sure they are not,
 Would tempt the Angels to a second Fall.

LEE's *Massacre of Paris.*

That Man that would successful be in Mischief,
 Must by one Means or other hook in Woman :
 Mischief's their Study, Mischief is their Trade ;
 And sure 'twas for that only they were made :
 For when a Woman once in Mischief joins,
 She's sure to gain whatever she designs.

POWEL's *Treacherous Brother.*

O Woman ! Woman ! thou primitive Seducer,
 That with the Serpent clubb'd for our Damnation !
 Man was forewarn'd, and could have stood his
 Guile ;
 But thou, the greater Fiend, not being suspected,
 Finish'd what Satan but imperfect drew !

MOUNTFORD's *Successful Stranger.*

This is a very Woman :
 Her Sex is Avarice ; and she, in one,
 Is all her Sex.

DRYDEN's *Amphytrion.*

Woman ! Woman !
 Whence comes your Empire over us ? Whence the
 Pow'r
 That chains us all your Slaves ? Sure we, at first,
 Were

Were meant the Masters! But by some strange Turn,
Some most prodigious Whirl of unfix'd Fate,
The subtle Sex has chang'd the Laws of Heav'n:
Heav'n, when it made them, meant them to obey,
Design'd them Slaves, who now have learn'd to sway:
To them the Heroes of the Earth fall down,
Pleas'd when they smile, but dying when they
frown:

To them we offer up our frequent Pray'rs,
They move above our Heads in higher Spheres,
And the large Rule of all the World is theirs.

HOPKINS'S *Pyrrhus*.

Mankind from *Adam* have been Woman's Fools;
Women, from *Eve*, have been the Devil's Tools;
Heaven might have spar'd one Torment when we fell;
Not left us Women, or not threaten'd Hell.

LANDDOWN'S *Shi-Gallant*.

Tho' Hearts for Hearts uncertainly prevail,
Riches and Pow'r are Baits that never fail:
He makes most Progress in a Woman's Breast,
Who proffers highest, not who loves her best.

LANDDOWN'S *Heroic Love*.

So many Shapes have Women for Deceit,
That Man's a Fool whenever we think fit.

LANDDOWN'S *Jew of Venice*.

Who can describe
Their Affectation, Pride, Ill Nature, Noise,
Proness to Change, even from the Joy that pleas'd 'em?
So gracious is their Idol, dear Variety,
That for another's Love they would forego
An Angel's Form, to mingle with a Devil's:
Thro' every State and Rank of Men they wander,
Till even their large Experience takes in all
The different Nations of the peopl'd Earth.

Rowe's *Ambitious Step-mother*.
Prophet

Prophet take Notice, I disclaim thy Paradise,
 Thy fragrant Bowers, and everlasting Shades;
 Thou hast placed Woman there, and all thy Joys are
 tainted. ROWE's *Tamerlane*.

Thou hast in Camps and fighting Fields been bred,
 Unknowing in the Subtleties of Women:
 It is the constant Cozenage of their Sex,
 One of the common Arts they practise on us,
 To sigh and weep: Then when their Hearts beat high
 With Expectation of the coming Joy.

ROWE's *Fair Penitent*.

Fatally fair they are, and in their Smiles
 The Graces little Loves, and young Desires, inhabit:
 But all that gaze upon them are undone;
 For they are false, luxurious in their Appetites,
 And all the Heaven they hope for, is Variety.
 One Lover to another still succeeds:
 Another, and another after that:
 And the last Fool is welcome as the former,
 Till having lov'd his Hour out, he gives Place,
 And mingles with the Herd that went before him.

Ibid.

Methought even now I mark'd the Starts of Guilt
 That shook her Soul, tho' damn'd Disimulation
 Skreen'd her dark Thoughts, and set to public View
 A specious Face of Innocence and Beauty!
 O false Appearance! what is all our Sovereignty,
 Or boasted Power, when they oppose their Arts?
 Still they prevail, and we are found the Fools;
 With such smooth Looks, and many a gentle Word,
 The first fair She beguil'd her easy Lord:
 Too blind with Love, and Beauty, to beware,
 He fell unthinking in the fatal Snare.
 Nor could believe that such a heavenly Face
 Had bargain'd with the Devil to damn her wretched

Race.

Ibid.

Milchief

Mischief never thrives,
Without the Help of Woman. *TRAP's Abimalech.*

Who trusts himself to Woman, or the Waves,
Should never hazard what he fears to lose:
For he that ventures all his Hopes like me,
On the frail Promise of a Woman's Smiles,
Like me will be deceiv'd, and curse his Folly,

OLDMIXON's Governor of Cyprus.

How poor a Thing is he, how worthy Scorn,
Who leaves the Guidance of imperial Manhood
To such a paltry Piece of Stuff as this is!
A Moppet made of Prettiness and Pride,
That oftner does her giddy Fancies change,
Than glittering Dew-drops, in the Sun change Co-
lour.

Was our Reason given
For such a Use, to be thus puff'd about,
Like a dry Leaf, an idle Straw, a Feather,
The Sport of every whistling Blast that Blows?

It is wondrous strange,
Sure there is something more than Witchcraft in
them,
That masters even the wisest of us all.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

Sure Nature form'd all Women for our Shame,
Perverse of ill, and obstinate in Wrong,
Where Law and Custom give 'em no Pretence,
Their curious Tempers and their Passions drive
The weakest Sex to do the greatest Ills,
And mar and spoil all Mischief but their own.

SEWEL's Sir Walter Raleigh.

Join to a slender Shape a Syren's Head,
Two Eyes of Basilisks, a Serpent's Tongue,
The Heart and Whining of a Crocodile,
The Dazzling of the Sun, the Moon's Inconstancy;
To

To this odd Compound give but Hands and Feet,
And cover all with a soft Skin, and fair Complexion,
You'll make a perfect Woman.

H. SMITH's *Princess of Parma*.

Thus when the common Parent of thy Sex,
Pattern of Falshood, had betray'd her Lord,
Had talk'd, and sigh'd, and wept him into Ruin,
And lost his *Eden* for one Taste of Pleasure,
She hung upon him with a Shew of Fondness!
Grief's pearly Dew gave Lustre to her Eyes,
The Eloquence of Love dwelt on her Tongue,
And heighten'd Beauty blush'd upon her Cheek!
Thus, like the Vernal Morning dress'd in Show'rs,
The charming Mischief sooth'd th' uxorious Wretch,
And bought his cheap Forgiveness with a Tear.

Earl of Warwick.

* O Woman! Woman! Stain of the Creation!
Let no Philosopher henceforth perplex
His Brain to find the Region of the Damn'd,
For Woman is our Hell ——— Not all the Plagues,
Not all the fancy'd Tortures of the Poets
Combin'd in one, can equal what I feel: —
Can such a Soul be made in such a Frame!
Much the compleatest Workmanship of Heav'n;
Whose Beauty governs with unbounded Sway,
Her Mind yet tainted with such damn'd Spots;
Heav'n shines conspicuous in her outward Form,
But in her inward, blackest Hell conceal'd:
Oh most pernicious of Creation's Works!
Oh that the Gods cou'd find some other Way
To give our lower World the human Race.

TRACY's *Periander*.

* O Woman! Woman! Woman!
Demons, Delusions, Miracles ——— what not,

Are

Are all call'd in ——— rather than own your Falshoods,
The very steady Laws of Nature change,
No, no, *Miranda*, that Nature's still the same,
Thou art thyself a Proof. ———
From the first fair Deceiver down to thee,
Thus beautifully false, ———
You've look'd, and smil'd, and sigh'd, to our Destruction,
Dæmons ! ———

——— What Dæmons can torment us like yourselves !
Or what Delusions can deceive the Sense
Like Women ! obstinate in artful Wiles !
Bred from your Infancy to hide your Souls
In the mysterious Schools of Female-fraud.
The Mother to the Daughter hands the Art,
From Age to Age traditionally down,
One long accumulated Train of close Dissimulation;

BELLERS's Injured Innocence.

* Wonder not, the Sex are all the same,
Their Appetites alike delight in Change,
Desire the only lasting Passion there
At first the easy Lesson made its Way,
And sunk into her Soul ——— The Object gone,
Was she to mortify with Sighs and Tears,
And grieve her Youth away — She better thought. —
Believe it she is mine, howe'er, Appearance
At first deceiv'd you with the Show of Favour.

HAVARD's Scanderbag.

* Right Woman ! ——— resolute in every Whim,
And violent in all they undertake. ———
With what a Torrent do their Passions drive !
A Gust will banish Reason from its Seat,
And fill the Mind with Anarchy and Uproar !

SHIRLEY's Parricide.

* Simple

* Simple Woman
Is weak in Intellect, as well as Frame,
And judges often from the partial Voice
That sooths her Wishes most. *The Regicide.*

* Why, what a wilful, wayward Thing is Woman!
Even in their best Pursuits for loose of Soul,
Every Breath of Passions shakes their Frame,
And every Fancy turns them. But her Threats—
They too are weak and womanish. *Eugenia*—
If she has aught of Woman in her Form,
Their universal Vanity, their Pride,
Their wandering Appetites, their Sense of Shame,
And Dread of Infamy, she must be mine.

FRANCIS'S *Eugenia*

W O O I N G

Into these Ears of mine,
These credulous Ears, he pour'd the sweetest Words
That Art or Love could frame.

BEAUMONT'S *Maid's Tragedy.*

Which Way, *Lutina*, hope you to escape
The Censure both of Tyrannous and Proud,
While your Admirers languish by your Eyes
And at your Feet an Emperor despairs:
Gods! why was I mark'd out of all your Brood
To suffer tamely under mortal Hate?
Is it not I that do protect your Shrines?
Am Author of your Sacrifice and Prayers?
Forc'd by whose great Commands, the knowing
World

Submits to own your Beings and your Power;
And must I feel the Torments of Neglect?
Betray'd by Love, to be the Slave of Scorn?
But 'tis not you, poor harmless Deities,

That

That can make *Valentinian* sigh and mourn :
 Alas ! all Power is in *Lucina's* Eyes !
 How soon could I shake off this heavy Earth,
 Which makes me little lower than yourselves,
 And sit in Heaven an Equal with the first !
 But Love bids me pursue a nobler Aim,
 Continue mortal, and *Lucina's* Slave,
 From whose fair Eyes, would Pity take my Part,
 And bend her Will, to save a bleeding Heart ;
 I in her Arms such Blessings should obtain,
 For which th' unenvy'd Gods might wish in vain.

ROCHESTER's *Valentinian*.

You like the Sun, great Sir, are plac'd above ;
 I a low Myrtle in the humble Vale,
 May flourish by your distant Influence :
 But should you bend your Glories nearer me,
 Such fatal Favours wither me to Dust :
 Or I in foolish Gratitude aspire,
 To kiss your Feet, by whom I live and grow,
 To such a Height I should in vain aspire,
 Who am already rooted here below :
 Fix'd in my *Maximus's* Breast I lie ;
 Torn from that Bed, like gather'd Flowers die.

Ibid.

Cease to oppress me with ten thousand Charms ;
 There needs no Succour to prevailing Arms :
 Your Beauty has subdu'd my Heart before,
 Such Virtue could alone enslave me more.
 I burn *Lucina* like a Field of Corn,
 By burning Streams of kindled Flames o'erborn,
 When North-winds drive the Torrent with a Storm :
 Those Fires into my Bosom you have thrown,
 And must in Pity quench them in your own.

Ibid.

I'm fill'd with such Amaze,
 So far transported with Desire and Love,
 My slippery Soul flies to you while I speak.

Ibid.

Oh! were the World return'd to antient Chaos,
Thy Looks would force the warring Elements
Into a sacred Order, and beget
A Harmony like this they now enjoy!

DAVENANT's *Albionine*.

O speak again! The Breath that tells you love,
Approaches like the gentle Winds, that move
Over the Tops of fragrant Flowers, and bring,
To the blest Sense, their Souls upon the Wing.

HOWARD's *Vestal Virgin*.

First he began to look,
And then he sigh'd, and then he look'd again;
At length he said, my Eyes wounded his Heart:
And after that, he talk'd of Flames and Fires,
And such strange Words, that I believe he conjur'd.

DRYDEN's *Marriage A-la-mode*.

Oh! 'Tis most true, that while
I stand in View of thee, thy Eyes will wound me!
Thy Tongue will make me wanton as thy Wishes:
And while I feel thy Hand, my Body glows!

LEE's *Alexander*.

These Praises breath'd from any Lips but yours,
Lord of my Life, and Idol of my Love,
Would make me think with Shame, or scorn the Flat-
terer!

But as they come from you, from that lov'd Mouth,
The tender Offspring of your fond Desire:
I take them all, and die upon the Sound!
To the driven Air my flying Soul is fasten'd;
Each Word, each Syllable you speak is mine:
Yes I am fair! a Queen, a Goddess! any Thing
That my lov'd Lord is pleas'd to have me be.

LEE's *Mitbridates*.

O beaux

O beauteous Maid !
 O thou, to whom my Vows were ever paid !
 And with such modest, chaste, and pure Affection,
 The coldest Nymph might read them without blushing !
 DRYDEN's and LEE's *Oedipus*.

Oh ! Let me kneel and swear,
 And on thy Hand seal my religious Vow :
 Straight let the Breath of Gods blow me from Earth ;
 Swept from the Book of Fame, forgotten ever,
 If I prefer thee not, O *Athenais* !
 To all the *Persian* Greatness !

LEE's *Theodosius*.

What says my Fair ? Drive *Athenais* from me !
 Start me not into Frenzy, lest I rail
 At all Religion, and fall out with Heav'n !
 And what is she, alas ! that should supplant thee ?
 Were she the Mistress of the World, as fair
 As Winter's Stars, or Summer's setting Suns,
 And thou set by in Nature's plainest Dress,
 With that chaste modest Look, when first I saw thee
 The Heiress of a poor Philosopher ;
 I swear by all I wish, by all I love,
 Glory, and thee, I would not lose a Thought,
 Nor cast an Eye that Way, but rush to thee,
 To these lov'd Arms, and lose myself for ever !

Ibid.

I know that she deserves a Crown :
 Yet 'tis to Reason much, tho' not to Love.

Ibid.

I am unpractis'd in the Art of Courtship,
 And know not how to deal Love out with Art :
 Onsets in Love seem best, like those in War,
 Fierce, resolute, and done with all the Force.

So I would open my whole Heart at once,
And pour out th' Abundance of my Soul.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

He sigh'd his Passion in such soft Complaints,
Court'd with such winning Modesty,
Ev'n in his Silence, eloquent his Words,
So artfully disorder'd, as might move
Vestals devoted to a living Grave.

TATE's *Loyal General*.

Thou art the Blood of Heav'n,
The kindest Influence of the teeming Stars !
A God thy Father was, a Goddess was his Wife ;
The Wood-nymphs found thee on a Bed of Roses,
Lap'd in the Sweets and Beauties of the Spring !
Diana foster'd thee with Nectar Dews.
Thus tender, blooming, chaste she gave me thee,
To build a Temple sacred to her Name.

LEE's *Lucius Junius Brutus*.

O stop not here ! for ever bless my Ears,
With the delightful Story of thy Love !
My Heart is ravish'd with Excess of Joy,
Leaps in my Breast,
And dances to the Musick of thy Voice !

SOUTHERN's *Loyal Brother*.

Oh ! thou disturb'st me with such charming Plea-
sure,
I love and tremble, as at Angel's View !

DAYDEN's *Duke of Guise*.

Did you but know what 'tis to love, like me ;
Without a Dawn of Bliss, to dream all Day,
To pass the Night in broken Sleeps away ;
Toss'd in the restless Tides of Hopes and Fears,
With Eyes for ever running o'er with Tears :

To

To leave my Couch, and fly to Beds of Flowers,
T' invoke the Stars, to curse the dragging Hours,
To talk like Madmen to the Groves and Bow'rs :
Could you know this, and blame my tortur'd Love,
If thus it throws my Body at your Feet ?
O fly not hence !
Vouchsafe but just to view me in Despair :
I ask not Love, but Pity from the Fair.

LEE's *Princess of Cleve.*

He answers not my Glances, stupid Man !
My tender Look, my languishing Regards
Are like misaiming Arrows lost in Air,
And miss the flying Prey !
Perhaps he dares not think, I would be lov'd :
Then must I make the Advance ! and making, lose
The vast Prerogative our Sex enjoys,
Of being courted first ! Courted ! to what ?
To our own Wishes. There's the Point ! But still,
To speak our Wishes first, forbid it Pride !
Forbid it Modesty ! True, they forbid it.
But Nature does not ! When we are athirst,
Or hungry, will imperious Nature stay ?
Nor eat, nor drink, before 'tis bid fall on ?

DRYDEN's *Cleomenes.*

I would, but cannot speak,
The Shame that should to Womankind belong,
Flows from my Bosom, hovers on my Tongue !

Ibid.

I am all Love, and thou all over Charms !
Thou hast no Equal ! A superior Ray,
Unrival'd as the Light that rules the Day.

LANSDOWN's *British Enchanters.*

My Care shall be to pay Devotion here,
At this fair Shrine to lay my Laurels down,
And raise Love's Altar on the Spoils of War.

294 *The* BEAUTIES *of*

Conquest and Triumph now are mine no more ;
Nor will I Victory in Camps adore :
For lingering there in long Suspense she stands,
Shifting the Prize in unresolving Hands :
Unus'd to wait, I broke thro' her Delay,
Fix'd her by Force, and snatch'd the doubtful Day :
Now late I find, that War is but her Sport,
In Love the Goddess keeps her awful Court :
Fickle in Fields, unsteadily she flies,
But rules with settl'd Sway in *Zara's* Eyes.

CONGREVE's *Mourning Bride*.

Exquisite Charmer ! Now by *Orosmandes*,
I swear thy each soft Accent melts my Soul !
The Joy of Conquest, and immortal Triumph,
Honour and Greatness, all that fires the Hero
To high Exploits, and everlasting Fame,
Grows vile in Sight of thee ! My haughty Soul,
By Nature fierce, and panting after Glory,
Could be content to live obscure with thee,
Forgotten and unknown of all but my *Amisiris*.

No Son of great *Arfacis*, tho' my Soul
Shares in my Sex's Weakness, and would fly
From Noise and Faction, and from fatal Greatness ;
Yet for thy Sake, thou Idol of my Heart !
For thy lov'd Sake, Spite of my boding Tears,
I'll meet the Danger which Ambition brings,
And tread one Path with thee !

ROWE's *Ambitious Stepmother*.

Forbear to argue with that Angel Face,
Against the Passion thou wert form'd to raise :
Alas ! thy frozen Heart has only known
Love in Reverse, not tasted of its Joys ;
The Wishes, soft Desires, and pleasing Pains,
That centre all in most extatic Bliss.
O lovely Maid ! mispend no more that Treasure
Of Youth and Charms, which lavish Nature gives !
The *Paphian* Goddess frowns at thy Delay :
By her fair self, and by her Son she swears, Thy

Thy Beauties are devoted to her Service.
Now! now she shoots her Fires into my Breast,
She urges my Desires, and bids me seize thee,
And bear thee as a Victim to her Altar;
Then offer up ten thousand, thousand Joys,
As an Amends for all thy former Coldness.

ROWE'S *Ambitious Step-mother*.

To every Power divine I will appeal,
Nor shall thy Beauty bribe them to be partial;
Their Altars now expect us: Come fair Saint,
And if thou wilt abide their righteous Doom,
Their Justice must decree my Happiness,
Reward thy Sufferings, and my Flame approve;
For they themselves have felt the Power of Love.

Ibid.

What Queens are those of most celestial Form,
Whose Charms can drive thy Image from my Breast?
Oh! were they cast in Nature's fairest Mold,
Brighter than Cynthia's shining Train of Stars,
Kind as the softest She that ever clasp'd
Her Lover, when the bridal Night was past!
I swear I could prefer thee, O Cleone!
With all thy Scorn and cold Indifference;
Would chuse to languish, and to die for thee,
Much rather than be blest, and live for them!

Ibid.

O Armida!

Why wert thou form'd so exquisitely fair?
The Angel stamp'd upon that beauteous Face,
Without a Mind proportion'd to thy Form.
Bright as a Star! Why wilt thou not pour down
Propitious Influence to preserve Mankind?
But like a Comet, with portentous Blaze
Of threatening Beauty shine; and arm'd with Fate,
Presage Destruction, and the Fall of Kings!

HIGGONS'S *Generous Conqueror*.

O 4

Pleasure

Pleasure flows streaming from those lovely Eyes,
And with its Sweetness overcomes my Soul!

DENNIS's *Rinaldo and Armida*.

Why wert thou form'd with that surprizing Beauty,
That might transport an Angel from his Sphere,
And fix him by divine Resemblance here?

Ibid.

To thee my secret Soul more lowly bends,
Than Forms of outward Worship can express.

ROWE's *Tamerlane*.

If it were possible my Heart could stray,
One Look from thee would call it back again,
And fix the Wanderer for ever thine.

Ibid.

My fond Eyes gaze with Joy and Rapture on thee:
Angels and Light itself are not so fair!

Ibid.

In vain all Arts a Love-sick Virgin tries,
Affects to frown, and seems severely wise,
In Hopes to cheat the wary Lover's Eyes :
If the dear Youth her Pity strives to move,
And pleads with Tenderness the Cause of Love,
Nature asserts her Empire in her Heart,
And kindly takes the faithful Lover's Part :
By Love, herself, and Nature thus betray'd,
No more she trusts in Pride's fantastick Aid ;
But bids her Eyes confess the yielding Maid.

Ibid.

Oh ! I will woo thee
With Sighs so moving ; with so warm a Transport,
That thou shalt catch the gentle Flame from me,
And kindle into Joy.

ROWE's *Fair Penitent*.

Oh ! I behold thee as my Pledge of Happiness,
And know none fair, none excellent beside thee !
I still will love thee with unwearied Constancy ;

Thro'

Thro' every Season, every Change of Life ;
Thro' wrinkled Age, thro' Sickness and Misfortune !
Rowe's *Fair Penitent*.

Behold where gentle *Altamont*,
Kind as the softest Virgin of our Sex,
And faithful as the simple Village Swain,
Sighs at your Feet, and woos you to be happy.
Ibid.

Can I behold thee, and not speak of Love ?
E'en now thus sadly as thou stand'st before me ;
Thus desolate, dejected, and forlorn,
Thy Softness steals upon my yielding Senses,
Till my Soul faints, and sickens with Desire.
How canst thou give this Motion to my Heart,
And bid my Tongue be still ?
Rowe's *Jane Shore*.

For you I'd quit my Crown, and stoop beneath
The happy Bondage of an humble Wife !
With thee I'd climb the steepy *Ida's* Summit,
And in the scorching Heat, and chilly Dews,
O'er Hills, o'er Vales, pursue the shaggy Lion,
Careless of Danger, and of wasting Toil ;
Of pinching Hunger and impatient Thirst,
I'll find all Joys in thee.
SMITH'S *Phædra and Hyppolitus*.

WORDS.

Were all the *Roman* Piles,
And *Scythian* Darts, and *Parthia's* poison'd Arrows
Shot through this Body, her Words wound me more.
SHAKESPEAR'S *Titus Andronicus*.

I'll speak the kindest Words,
That Tongue e'er utter'd, or that Heart e'er thought.
DRYDEN'S *Indian Emperor*.
O 5 Your

298 *The* BEAUTIES *of*

Your Words are like the Notes of dying Swans,
Too sweet to last ! DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

How much distracted are your Thoughts, and how
Disjointed all your Words !

The *Sybil's* Leaves more orderly were laid.
 DRYDEN's *Secret Love*.

My Ears will not be charm'd with sounding
Words,
Or pompous Phraſe, the Pageantry of Sounds !
 CONGREVE's *Mourning Bride*.

Oh ! I'm ſtruck, thy Words are Bolts of Ice,
Which ſhot into my Breſt, now chill and freeze me !
I chatter, ſhake, and faint with thrilling Fears !

Ibid.

Teach me ſome Power, that happy Art of Speech,
To dreſs my Purpose up in gracious Words ;
Such as may ſoftly ſteal upon her Soul,
And never waken the tempeſtuous Paſſions !
 ROWE's *Fair Penitent*.

Go, tell it all, but in ſuch artful Words,
Such tender Accents, and ſuch melting Sounds,
As may appeaſe his Rage, and move his Pity !
 SMITH's *Phœdra and Hyppolitus*.

* Your Language labours with important Senſe ;
I hear the ſolemn Voice of opening Fate ;
And ſummon'd to ſuſtain the threaten'd Charge,
My Spirits hurry to my throbbing Heart ;
As at the Signal of approaching Fight,
The Warriors ſcatter'd o'er the diſtant Plain,
Spur to the Sound, and form the Front of Battle.

JEFFREYS's *Edwin*.

• Thy

* Thy Words sweetly descending, drop as Oil,
The Balm of wounded Minds.

CH. JOHNSON'S *Medæa*.

WORLD.

I hold the World but as a Stage, *Gratiano*,
Where e'ery Man must play some certain Part.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Merchant of Venice*.

At first the Infant,
Mewling and puking in the Nurse's Arms ;
And then the whining School-boy, with his Satchel
And shining Morning Face, creeping, like Snail,
Unwillingly to School ; and then the Lover
Sighing like Furnace, with a woful Ballad
Made to his Mistress' Eyebrow : Then a Soldier
Full of strange Oaths, and bearded like a Pard,
Jealous in Honour, sudden and quick in Quarrel,
Seeking the Bubble Reputation,
Ev'n in the Cannon's Mouth : And then the Justice,
In fair round Belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With Eyes severe, and Beard of formal Cut,
Full of wise Saws, and modern Instances,
And so he plays his Part. The Sixth Age shifts,
With the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,
With Spectacles on Nose, and Pouch on Side ;
His youthful Hose, well sav'd, a World too wide
For his shrunk Shank ; and his big manly Voice
Turning again towards childish treble Pipes,
And whistles in his Sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful History,
Is second Childishness and mere Oblivion,
Sans Teeth, sans Eyes, sans Taste, sans every Thing.

SHAKESPEAR'S *As you like it*.

The World's a Lab'rinth, where unguided Men
Walk up and down to find their Weariness :
No sooner have we measur'd with much Toil

300 *The BEAUTIES. of*

One crooked Path, in hope to gain our Freedom,
But it betrays us to a new Affliction.

BEAUMONT's *Night-Walker*.

Where solid Pains succeed our senseless Joys,
And short-liv'd Pleasures pass like fleeting Dreams.

ROCHESTER's *Valentinian*.

Come; the tumultuous World we visit now,
There to successful Vice the Virtuous bow:
The Pious quarrel, Ignorance is loud,
All is amiss in Schools, the Wise are proud;
At Court they patient Modesty despise,
Only the Impudent are sure to rise.

CH. DAVENANT's *Circe*.

Is it a Pride, alas! to please the World,
Where honest Thoughts are a Reproach to Man,
Where Knaves look great, and groaning Virtue
starves,

A World of Madness, Falshood and Injustice?

H. SMITH's *Princess of Parma*.

The World's a stormy Sea,
Whose e'ery Breath is strew'd with Wrecks of
Wretches,

That daily perish in it.

ROWE's *Ambitious Stepmother*.

W O R T H.

* I prithee who is greatest? can you tell?
Sad Tales beset my Woe! I'll tell you one.
" A Salmon as she swam into the Sea
" Met with a Dog-fish, who encounters her
" With this rough Language: Why art thou so bold
" To mix thyself with our high State of Floods
" Being no eminent Courtier, but one,
" That for the calmest, and freshest Time o' th' Year
" Dost

" Dost live in shallow Rivers, Rank't thyself
 " With silly Smelts and Shrimps? and darest thou
 " Pass by our Dog-ship without Reverence?
 " O, quoth the Salmon, Sister, be at Peace;
 " Thank *Jupiter*, we have both past the Net,
 " Our Value never can be truly known,
 " Till in the Fisher's Basket we be shewn.
 " I'th' Market then my Price may be the higher,
 " Even when I am nearest to the Cook and Fire."
 So, to great Men the Moral may be stretched:
 Men oft are valu'd high when they're most wretched:
 WEBSTER'S *Unfortunate Dutchess*, &c.

WOUNDS.

Like dumb Mouths, his Wounds
 Open'd their ruby Lips?
 SHAKESPEAR'S *Julius Caesar*.

There *Duncan* lay:
 His silver Skin lac'd with his golden Blood,
 And his gash'd Stabs look like a Breach of Nature,
 For Ruin's wasteful Entrance.
 SHAKESPEAR'S *Macbeth*.

Old as I am, and quench'd with Scars and Sor-
 rows,
 Yet could I make this wither'd Arm do Wonders,
 And open in an Enemy such Wounds,
 Mercy would weep to look on.
 ROCHESTER'S *Valentinian*.

With many a Wound she made her Bosom gay;
 Her Wounds, like Flood-Gates, did themselves
 display,
 Thro' which Life ran in scarlet Streams away.
 LEE'S *Nero*.

They

They made bare their Breasts,
Lac'd with long Scars, and studded o'er with
Thrusts,
The noble Wardrobe of the scarlet War.

LEE's *Mitbridates*.

Those Wounds heal ill that Men have given them-
selves,
Because they give them deepest.

DRYDEN's *Troilus and Cressida*.

I've seen him when he has been all over Blood;
And hack'd with Wounds that seem'd to moutch his
Praises.

LEE's *Theodosius*.

W R E T C H. See W A N T.

Look who comes here! A Grave unto a Soul;
Holding the eternal Spirit against her Will
In the vile Prison of afflicted Breath.

SHAKESPEAR's *King John*.

My Loss is such as cannot be repair'd,
And to the wretched, Life can be no Mercy.

DRYDEN's *Marriage A-la-mode*.

My Soul is pierc'd! I'm tortur'd every where!
Behold me as a Wretch forlorn and poor;
Imagine every Form of Misery,
And when you've summ'd up all, then look on me!

OTWAY's *Alcibiades*.

Where, where is this most wretched of Mankind,
This stately Image of imperial Sorrow?
Whose Story told, whose very Name but mention'd,
Will cool the Rage of Fevers, and unlock
The Hand of Lust from the pale Virgin's Hair,
And throw the Ravisher before her Feet.

DRYDEN's and LEE's *Oedipus*.

I'm

'Tis better not to be, than be unhappy,
'Tis better not to be, than to be *Creon*.
A thinking Soul is Punishment enough;
But when 'tis great like mine, and wretched too,
Then every Thought draws Blood.

DRYDEN's and LEE's *Oedipus*.

I'm too unlucky to converse with Men!
I'll pack together all my Mischiefs up,
Gather with Care each little Remnant of 'em,
That none of them be left behind. Thus loaded
Fly to some Defart, and there let 'em loose,
Where they may never prey upon Mankind.

DRYDEN's *Rival Ladies*.

I fear you're on a Rock will wreck your Quiet,
And drown your Soul in Wretchedness for ever.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

Think you this Solitude I now had chos'n,
Left Joys just op'ning to my Sense, fought here
A Place to curse my Fate in, measur'd out
My Grave at length, wish'd to have grown one Piece
With this cold Olay, and all without a Cause? *Ibid.*

To live, and live a Torment to myself!
What Dog would bear't, that knew but his Condi-
tion?

We've little Knowledge, and that makes us Cowards,
Because it cannot tell us what's to come. *Ibid.*

What means all this! why all this stir to plague
A single Wretch! If but your Word can shake
This World to Atoms, why so much ado
With me? Think me but dead, and lay me so! *Ibid.*

There's not a Wretch that lives on common Cha-
rity,
But's happier far than me: For I have known

The

The luscious Sweets of Plenty; e'ery Night
Have slept with soft Content about my Head,
And never wak'd but to a joyful Morning;
Yet now must fall, like a full Ear of Corn,
Whose Blossom 'scap'd, but wither'd in the Ripen-
ing.

OTWAY's *Venice Preserv'd.*

How curs'd is my Condition! Toss'd and jostled
From every Corner: Fortune's common Fool!
The Jest of Rogues, an instrumental As
For Villains to lay Loads of Shame upon,
And drive about just for their Ease and Scorn!
Ibid.

I am the Center of all Miseries:
What wander from me, leave their proper Course.
CROWN's *Darius.*

One whom Heaven forsakes;
One who has tir'd Misfortune with pursuing;
One driv'n about the World, like blasted Leaves,
And Chaff, the Sport of adverse Winds; till late
At length imprison'd in some Cleft of Rock,
Or Earth, it rests, and rots to silent Dust.

CONGREVE's *Mourning Bride.*

To be a Dog, and dead,
Were Paradise to such a State as his:
He holds down Life, as Children do a Potion
With strong Reluctance, and convulsive Strugglings,
While his Misfortunes press him to disgorge it.

ROWE's *Tamerlane.*

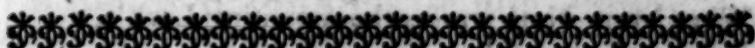
O that my Head were laid! my sad Eyes clos'd!
And my cold Coarse wound in my Shroud to Rest!
My painful Heart will never cease to beat,
Will never know a Moment's Peace till then!

ROWE's *Jane Shore.*

* On

On the foaming Beach,
A miserable Figure beck'ning stood,
Horrid and wild, with Famine worn away ;
His plaintive Voice, half by the murmuring Surge
Absorpt, just reach'd our Ears. In *Greek* he call'd,
And strong adjur'd us by the gentle Gods,
That make the Wretched their peculiar Care,
To bear him thence, from savage Solitude,
Into the chearful Haunts of Men again.

THOMPSON'S *Agamemnon*.



YOUTH.

THE Spring of Life, the Bloom of gawdy
Years,
Before the tender Nerves had strung his Limbs,
And knotted into Strength.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Troilus and Cressida*.

Grief seldom join'd with blooming Youth is seen,
Can Sorrow be where Knowledge scarce has been.

HOWARD'S *Indian Queen*.

Fortune does well for heedless Youth provide,
But Wisdom does unlucky Age misguide.

Ibid.

In the Heat of Youth
When my Blood boil'd, and Nature work'd me high !

LEE'S *Alexander*.

When youthful Grace,
And the first Down began to shade his Face.

DRYDEN'S *Aurengzebe*.

Then

Then Heat new bends thy slacken'd Nerves again,
And a short Youth runs warm in every Vein.

DRYDEN's *Conquest of Granada*.

To erring Youth there's some Compassion due,
But while with Rigour you their Crimes pursue,
What's their Misfortune is a Crime in you.
Hence learn offending Children to forgive;
Leave Punishment to Heav'n, 'tis Heav'n's Prerogative.

SOUTHERN's *Fatal Marriage*.

There was a Time in the gay Spring of Life,
When every Note was as the mounting Lark's,
Merry and chearful, to salute the Morn;
When all the Day was made of Melody.

SOUTHERN's *Fate of Capua*.

* Youth is unbridled, blind, and void of Fear,
Ever determin'd, — deaf to Consequence,
And rolling forward upon Pleasure's Byass;
All Youth is thus.

HILL's *Henry V.*

* Youth is, ever, apt to judge in haste.
And lose the Medium, in the wild Extreme.

HILL's *Alzira*.

* O permit me
To plead the Cause of Youth — their Virtue oft,
In Pleasure's soft Enchantment lull'd a-while
Forgets itself; it sleeps and gaily dreams.
Till great Occasions rouse it: Then all Flame
It walks abroad, with heighten'd Soul and Vigour,
And by the Change astonishes the World

THOMPSON's *Tancred and Sigismunda*.

* What has gay Youth like thine to do with
State?
Eyeless and dark, amid the gloomy Wilds:
Of Court Intrigue, thou want'st the Torch of Time
To

To light thee, through the mazy *Curves* of Power ;
Or, burn *Obstruction's* Fabricks down, before thee.

HILL's *Merops*.

Z E A L.

* Forgive me, pardon my mistaken Zeal,
That left my Country, cross'd the stormy Seas,
To war with the brave Prince, to war with Honour.

Now that my Passions give me leave to think ;
The Hand of Heaven appears in what I suffer'd,
My erring Zeal has suffer'd by a Zealot.

THOMPSON's *Edward and Eleonora*.

* He's tutor'd to accomplish thy Design ;
Palmira too, who thinks thy Will is Heav'n's,
Will nerve his Arm to execute thy Pleasure.
Love and Enthusiasm blind her Youth !
They're still most zealous who're most ignorant.

MILLER's *Mahomet*.

* To do whate'er Heav'n gives in sacred Charge,
Nor dare to sound its fathomless Decrees,
This, and this only's meritorious Zeal. *Ibid.*

* Love of my Duty, Nation, and Religion,
Inspir'd me with the rash, accursed Zeal,
To perpetrate an Act more black, more horrid,
Than e'er the Sun cast Eye on, than e'er Tears
Can cleanse from its foul Strain, than e'er sweet
Mercy

Can intercede for, or than Hell can punish.

Ibid.

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